

2pac "Part Time Mutha"

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[cutting and scratching]

She's a part time
a part time
part time
She's a (part time mutha)
A part time
A part time
part time
She's a (part time mutha)

Meet Cindi, she's twenty-two, lives right on the dope
track
Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic-Tac
Now what's that say about, this big epidemic
This hypocritical world, and the people in it
Now speaking of in it Cindi loved to get buckwild
Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust nuff styles
That would be cool, if she was your lover
But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother
Welfare checks never stepped through the front door
Cuz moms would run to the dopeman once more
All those days, had me fiending for a hot meal
Now I'm a crook, got steel, I do not feel
So don't even trip, when I flip, with my thirty-eight
Revenge is a bitch, and my hit shake the murder rate
Word to the mutha, I'm touched
When moms come by, niggaz hush or get rushed
Maybe one day she'll recover
But what will it take, to shake, or break
My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time
A part time
A part time
She's a (part time mutha)
A part time
A part time
She's a (part time mutha)

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me
Moms would hit the pipe, everynight, she would fight
me

Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest
He's feeling on my chest, with his hand in my dress
Just another pest, and yes I was nervous
Blood sensor tests, I just don't deserve this
I wanna tell mom, but would she listen
She's bound to be bitchin if she hasn't got a fix in
So... now I lay me down to sleep
Lord don't let him rape me
If he does my soul to keep
Don't let the devil take me
Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom
Thinkin how my step dad, raped me in the bathroom
Every day I make class, and yet I'm missing periods
The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm
fearing it
I gotta tell mom, before she sees me
I told her how he G'd me, and she didn't believe me
Callin me a slut cuz my butt's kinda big so
Still that ain't no way to be talkin to your kids though
I can't believe the way you call it
Gotta believe in him, and dissin her own daughter
Time for me to break and find another
That's when I discovered
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

I got a part time
A part time
A part time
She's a (part time mutha)
Part time
A part time
A part time mutha
She's a (part time mutha)

I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her
She blushed, the clothes came off, and I bust her
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cot
She's gone, and I'm thinkin that my game's so strong
Pat myself on the back and move on
Is this just how it is hell no
Cuz she came back with the kid and yo
I been payin ever since
The clothes the food the cars and oh the rent
All of my time gets spent at the workplace
No time to kiss her got me list in the first place
So I do the dishes and clean the floor
When I sleep I can't dream anymore
Oh no... now I'm a part time mutha
And I, change the diapers and clean the shit
The tables are turned I can't take this

Oh no... now I'm a part time mutha

A part time
A part time mutha
Now I'm a part time mutha
I'm a (part time mutha)
A part time
A part time
Part time
Now I'ma (part time mutha)
She's a part time
A part time mutha
He's a part time mutha
She's a (part time mutha)
A part time
A part time
A part time
Part time mutha
A part time
A part time mutha
Pa-pa-pa-part time
Pa-pa-pa-part time...

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