

Esham

"Mama Was A Junkie"

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[Esham]

Mama was a junkie, sometimes I used to wonder.
Whether she would better of a live or six feet under.
Late nights go by no sleep, born into a junkies world,
its so deep.
Crack pipes, crack valves, cracked up person.
somedays its bad and otehr days much worst.
Used to never go to sleep in fear, trying to hid the pain.
and front like i didnt care.
The neighborhood knew just what had happen to me,
at night they said the devil was rappin to me.
But on the streets I could feel my mothers heartbeat,
and everytime she gets frightened, It quickly repeats.
The way a junkie lives and what the junkie gives,
hard times, and problems and stress with their own
kids,
no sense in rehibition, growing up in humiliation,
the aroma of base makes me choak. I could almost
die of the crack smoke. Different men, going out,
and coming in and in my eyes I witnessed the first
peoples sin, and I was only three, they thought i
couldnt,
see. But in my eyes Momma was a junkie.

[Chorus]

[Esham]

J-U-N-K-I-E to me some close their eyes and try not to
see. But you can still smell the sin just as well my
mothers unconscience and trapped in hell.
Now here life is on line (line)
stuck to the grind(grind)
time after time(time)
shes on my mind(mind)
Im thinking how could this happen to my mother not me
bro,
but some nigga in my hood is slangin kilos.
He's got a spot around the corner fucked up crib,
lord forgive her for all the things she did.

Im thinking where was the police when she was
buyin this, but i know that the police could
give a fuck less. about a another basehead,
in the street. But they rather pretend they dont see it

when they walk the beat, a black cop aint good for shit
but black male and he knows that my mothers out there
smoking yale, but black cops are blind they cant see
because in my eyes momma was a junkie.

[Chorus]

[Esham]

Mama lived the fast life, pregnant at 14,
back in those days it wasnt crack it was heroin,
Shot it in her viens to try to ease the pain,
an unplanned pregnancy was made then I came,
straight from the wound to witness my mama's doom,
in and my heard, i knew it that its coming soon.

Of all these junkism nieghborhood critisizm,
her mind was gone, i felt she needed a exorcism.
speedballin booze and the fast times pretty soon,
my mama lost her whole fucking mind, adc welfare
recieptent, three children, not enough defadent.
few good times, only badtimes and worst from
speedballin

her motherfuckin bursts. I wish i coulda said I love you
before she left, now my mind forever haunted with my
mama's death, I asked my self how could this happen
to

me my mother o.d. 'cause my mama was a junkie.

[Chorus]

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