

Lil Mama

"L.I.F.E."

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L is for the liars that have surrounded me
I insecurity, my head down in these streets
F my future, there isn't one
E ternal hope and this is my life

I wake up everyday to the same old foster mother
I ain't got no pictures of my mother
She was a crack fiend, nothing like pot mother
She didn't make a difference, even though she
could've

I'm ashamed, ashamed of my life
Papa tried to sell me twice on the late night stop by
Look in my eyes, bags from the tears that I cried
And the people who lied

Telling me that this was my place
Phony tried to smile in my face
But I should've knew something was real
Smile when she open the mail

Kept a nice mink on her back
Meanwhile I got a goose and my goose's got patches
I'm so mad, this is me, I'm so hurt, this is me
So why should it be but I'm a be alright though

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I'm pregnant by a dude and he's not 16
But I like his style, his whip is mean
My momma told me to find a man to take care of me
And he does buy me things but he beats on me

I come to her for a little advice
She tolds her something's up with a black eye
Telling me to know my place
So I stay, wait for my body phase
Telling myself that it's a lil' pregnancy phase
When all in reality I'm being discouraged

And disrespected and under depression
And I don't really blame the man
I blame my mother for not teaching me the different
types of man

Life never understood its stand
My side of the story being that it's so consistent
18 years and 9 months developing, raising in prison
I guess I'll never make a difference

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Born orphans with nothing to offer is the least of my
problems
Parents like dÃfÂ©jÃfÂ vu, stomach is starving
3 months pregnant idiotically I departed
So ashamed of a life that was started

I ask God if He could take the pain away
He made me in denial of every word I pray
Everyday it's the same old no talent
I'm feeling like my life is unbalanced

No telling what tomorrow gonna look like, yeah right
Wrapped up in a fast light for suicidal act
Why is my life set up for failure y'all
I can care less what the people say to y'all

We break out in rage, venting all the hurt inside
Who am I to tell you what you failed to realize
The voice that you hold within you
The voice that you are, the voice of the young people

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