

Master P "Mama Raised Me"

Visit "[Mama Raised Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mama raised me, raise me
I'm a thug but still mama baby
Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby

Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby
Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby

I live my life as a thug, roll with some killas
Slang crack to some dope fiends, ride with some drug
dealers
Find me in a 3rd ward, pullin' all nightas
Keep a tech 9 cocked for any nigga that don't like me
Throw up your soldier rags if you rowdy

I represent a million muthafuckas that's bouded
Mama couldn't control my destiny as a street thug
Find me in the Range Rover buyin', sellin' street drugs
Even though, this ghetto got me crazy
Everytime I go to jail mama get me out 'cause I'm her
baby

They weren't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby
Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby

I'ma gangsta, located in the alleys and Cali
Shoot dice with killas and smoke with the dealers
You can't tell me shit 'bout those streets homie
I done, seen it and done it and lived the real from the
phonies
Out for this money, homies maintain their composure
Since kids on the corners sellin' dope by the polas

Now I'ma a soldier muthafucka for the chips
When I dips the trip, GP straight for DP
Live the scripts, it's a trip, how my mama raised me
Pops wasn't home, left us all alone
Wasn't no thang 'cause my mama got game

She showed me everything except how to be a man

I understand, for all the streets and the jail time I
caught
The pain I brought, that wasn't what you taught
It's probably pops fault, how I ended up
Gangbangin', crack slangin', not given a fuck
Two strikes in my life, a nigga fed up
Mama said, "Don't let up and baby boy, keep your head
up"

Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby
Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby

Now picture me, a ghetto child, runnin' wild
Maybe if you emphasize, niggas supposed to pick us
The world wouldn't be like it is now
I made mom proud, when you mention me, she smile
If feels good buyin' moms a car and a house

And my pop been locked up for ten years
Life was a struggle, mom's shed so many tears
That's why baby, ain't got nothin' that I love so much
The only one can hurt my feelings, when she fuss

Momma, I loved you 'cause you brought me here
But niggas startin' to hate and it's gettin' dark in here
But I remember what you told me
And do what you showed me, to take it slowly

Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby
Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby

Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby
Daddy wasn't home, so mama raised me
I'm a thug but still mama baby

Visit [Master P](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.