

## Pastor Troy "Hey Mama"

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[Talking:]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is  
This ya boy P. Troy checkin in  
And we doin this one, for all the mothers  
For them gangsta boys, gangsta lil' girls  
Doin time in this system, y'all know how it go  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (c'mon)

[Chorus: x2]

Hey mama, I'm writin you from jail  
Them crackers got me fucked up, they got me in a cell  
I know you disappointed, and I apologize  
Don't want no visitation I don't wanna see yo eyes

[Verse 1:]

Yeah, hey mama, I hope you all good  
I guess I'm doin fine, I just miss the hood  
I got a little time but I took it like a man  
But it ain't the end, I'll get another chance  
You always told me bout the company I kept  
I guess that I'm a victim of the hood that I rep  
A Southside gangsta facin five to the do'  
Before they took me, I had to let 'em know

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Yeah, hey mama, I know you probably sad  
But holler at my sibilings, holler at my dad  
Tell everybody that I'm doin just fine  
And I'm in here because my life was on the line  
Mama, niggas hatin when your pockets get straight  
They think that they can rob, they think that they can take  
They thinkin that your fake cause they see you on T.V.  
Surprise for them suckas, don't ever try me  
I had to let it bang, I had to let it pop  
I had to let it sang, I had to make 'em drop  
And if I wouldnt have shot then I'd probably been the victim  
That .40 cal. glock first I cock then I hit 'em  
They got me down here Right Street 7th floor

Ain't nothin I can change I just go with the flow  
I'm feelin kinda low, but I guess I'll be straight  
Just hit the lawyer up and try to rush the court date

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Yeah, verse 3, verse 3

Hey mama, they shipped me off to prison  
A home cooked meal only thang that I'm missin  
So holler at my girl, so holler at my son  
And tell 'em that I'm sorry for the wrong that he done  
Maybe this could've been avoided but I'd doubt it  
All I can do is write another rap about it  
And try to stay 'sane, it's all in the game  
When some here for killing, when some here for 'caine  
When some here for chilling wrong place wrong time  
When some here situation just like mine  
But I have no regrets, it could've been worse  
I could've been dead if I didn't bust first  
So mama, I hope that I'm forgiven  
I write you everyday while I'm chillin off in prison  
I'm tryin to get religion, I'm tryin to do better  
With all my love, til' I write your next letter, your son

[Chorus x4]

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