

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Mama's Pride and Joy"

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verse 1:

It's been on every day since they cut the umbilical
chord
Been on a mission since my circumcision
Destined to be hard-core
74 the year the Steelers whipped on Minnesota
July 30 was the day that mama had a soldier
My big sister older than me by four years
Fed me when I was hungry and dried up all my tears
But I was a mama's boy spoiled to the core
Fifteen years later I became X-Raided
Hard headed and don't regret it
My mama told me to chill but I ignored her when she
said it
Cuz by the time I was fifteen, I felt like I was twenty
Always wanted more even though I had plenty
I was honor be ?? no matter what mama say
Kickin it with Joshua, my Terry O, and Johnny Ray
Acting crazy cuz crazy was my nature
Gangsta rituals hereditary
Sometimes its scary cuz I think I hate ya
What could I have done to get myself a better life
Go to college and have some kids after I met a wife
I'm a non believer but leave it to beaver
Cuz in the neighborhood I grew up being what ???
It wasn't nothing but a gang of niggas like me
One put in the grave, the other in the penitentiary
It wasn't nothing else to destroy except for myself
The creation of my mama's pride and joy

Chorus: x2

1974, The president was Nixon
The cut the umbilical chord and did the circumcision
I was eight pounds, eight ounces
A bouncing baby boy
America's nightmare, my mama's pride and joy

Verse 2:

Now mama I never meant to cause so much pain
Gettin suspended from school, stealing cars, and
running with gangs
I only wanted to be a man but never knew how
Only if I knew then what I know now
It would be a different story you would be glorified
Treated like a queen and put up on a pedestal way high
I can't deny it, I did wrong
But mama I tried to be strong, but I didn't fit in
Didn't belong
And papa didn't stick around to keep us safe and
sound
Dysfunctional family and nobody to handle me down to
do whatever
Thought I was clever but I ended up
Stuck in the penitentiary with forever
And a minute don't go by that I don't reminisce about
the days
Mama held me in her arms keeping me out of harms
way
Can you tell me, how did mamas baby become a killer
Who turned this African into an American nigga
With rage in my soul
Tearin me apart got me mad at the world with so much
pain in my heart
>From the start
Columbus and his boys was on a mission to destroy
Mama's pride and joy

Chorus: x2

Verse 3:

I wish my life didn't turn out the way it had
If I could only do it all again but at last
It's too late for all that coulda shoulda woulda mess
And I'm way too strong to be walkin around sad and
depressed
But I get mad when I think about the way it is
And the way it was when me and my big sister was kids
Who's to blame
It's a shame
I'm so confused and deep in my soul I feel the pain
Mama it's true, I don't know where I came from
Where am I headed
When will it all be ?? instead of hectic
My childhood was non existent
My sister had to be a woman at sixteen with no
assistance
Where was your god when my life was going down the
drain

Late at night didn't you hear me calling out his name
Or was it meant for me to be a black sheep when all I
wanted to be was happy
Now how hard could that be
For mama's pride and joy

Chorus: x2

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