

Horst Chmela

"Mommie Dearest"

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[Pudgee]

Here's a true story and I want you all to know
About my man about my man around the way his name
was Joe

He and his mother lived together up on 45th
But the way they looked you mighta thought that they
were rich

I used to see 'em but I didn't stop to conversate
I was always in a rush, that woulda made me late
He didn't hang outside, he always stayed at home
He never had no company and didn't have a phone (no
phone)

His mother would come home from work, and never be
seen again

Until 7 A.M., the very next morning

I'm not the one that got the bouquet that's the bottom
line

But everyone wanted to know - what was his past time?
So me and a couple of my friends, went in his building
up to his floor, rang the bell on the apartment door
(*ding dong*)

It took him a while to come to the door but yo we didn't
care

Now they had me dyin to know what's goin on in there
So finally he opened up, body full of sweat

Pants unzipped, breathin hard, smellin like sex

They didn't know what to say, I said, "I'm sorry yo -
we wouldn'tve came if we knew that you was here with
a ho"

All of a sudden he got this look and he said "Man to
man,

you call my moms another name and I'ma whip yo' ass"

I stopped to think for a minute and then I said oh
(ohhhh)

Oh shit! His moms was the fuckin ho

The nigga was doin his moms, don't he know that's a
sin?

Born from his mother's pussy, now he tryin to get back
in

It's gettin deeper everyday it's gettin tougher

Yo he fucked his mother so he was a motherfucker

I know nobody ever thinks of shit like this
It's goin on somewhere out there, so here tell your
mommie dearest

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