

## Pearl Copper

### "Part Time Mutha"

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(cutting and scratching)  
She's a part time  
a part time  
part time  
She's a (part time mutha)  
A part time  
A part time  
part time  
She's a (part time mutha)

Meet Cindi, she's twenty-two, lives right on the dope  
track  
Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic-Tac  
Now what's that say about, this big epidemic  
This hypocritical world, and the people in it  
Now speaking of in it Cindi loved to get buckwild  
Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust nuff styles  
That would be cool, if she was your lover  
But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother  
Welfare checks never stepped through the front door  
Cuz moms would run to the dopeman once more  
All those days, had me fiending for a hot meal  
Now I'm a crook, got steel, I do not feel  
So don't even trip, when I flip, with my thirty-eight  
Revenge is a bitch, and my hit shake the murder rate  
Word to the mutha, I'm touched  
When moms come by, niggaz hush or get rushed  
Maybe one day she'll recover  
But what will it take, to shake, or break  
My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time  
A part time  
A part time  
She's a (part time mutha)  
A part time  
A part time  
She's a (part time mutha)

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me  
Moms would hit the pipe, everynight, she would fight

me

Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest  
He's feeling on my chest, with his hand in my dress  
Just another pest, and yes I was nervous  
Blood sensor tests, I just don't deserve this  
I wanna tell mom, but would she listen  
She's bound to be bitchin if she hasn't got a fix in  
So... now I lay me down to sleep  
Lord don't let him rape me  
If he does my soul to keep  
Don't let the devil take me  
Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom  
Thinkin how my step dad, raped me in the bathroom  
Every day I make class, and yet I'm missing periods  
The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm  
fearing it  
I gotta tell mom, before she sees me  
I told her how he G'd me, and she didn't believe me  
Callin me a slut cuz my butt's kinda big so  
Still that ain't no way to be talkin to your kids though  
I can't believe the way you call it  
Gotta believe in him, and dissin her own daughter  
Time for me to break and find another  
That's when I discovered  
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

I got a part time  
A part time  
A part time  
She's a (part time mutha)  
Part time  
A part time  
A part time mutha  
She's a (part time mutha)

I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her  
She blushed, the clothes came off, and I bust her  
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block  
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cot  
She's gone, and I'm thinkin that my game's so strong  
Pat myself on the back and move on  
Is this just how it is hell no  
Cuz she came back with the kid and yo  
I been payin ever since  
The clothes the food the cars and oh the rent  
All of my time gets spent at the workplace  
No time to kiss her got me list in the first place  
So I do the dishes and clean the floor  
When I sleep I can't dream anymore  
Oh no... now I'm a part time mutha  
And I, change the diapers and clean the shit

The tables are turned I can't take this  
Oh no... now I'm a part time mutha

A part time  
A part time mutha  
Now I'm a part time mutha  
I'm a (part time mutha)  
A part time  
A part time  
Part time  
Now I'ma (part time mutha)  
She's a part time  
A part time mutha  
He's a part time mutha  
She's a (part time mutha)  
A part time  
A part time  
A part time  
Part time mutha  
A part time  
A part time mutha  
Pa-pa-pa-part time  
Pa-pa-pa-part time...

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