

Mommy Dearest (A Eulogy)

Boldy James

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Get out of line and I'm gunnin' you down, so stay in single file
'Fore you in the line of fire, tryna renege
Like you threw a nine of diamonds out when I led with spades
And you sittin' trump tight
We got hand grenades, I pull this pin, it's goodnight
Sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite
Keep a razor blade or jagged-edge butcher knife
Street life - don't catch them lead slugs, strike or get struck
Like a match, need a light? Light you up like a lamp
Lickin' shots like some cunt or a stamp
With my lightning and thunderous twin Five-seveNs
Mommy, my aunties and grandma are stressin'
That I need a job, but I can't stop peddlin' drugs
With them Drug Zone ConCreature Spartans
I don't show love, I'm heartless

'Cause she don't even love me like she did when I was younger
Seems to me she's showing favoritism to my younger
Sibling, thinking, "I wonder if he even love me"
I love you, I just got a fucked up way of showin' it
'Cause she don't even-

Askin' our mommy, "Where Daddy went?"
To our daddy, "Where Mommy at?"
Him tellin' me, "She ain't comin' back"
Me lookin' at my four-year-old sister
Tears runnin' down her poor little dimples, damn
Memories when it was hard for your little mans
Can it be that it was all so simple then?
Tellin' me that you was on your way to come see me
And left me sittin' on the porch in the rain, freezing
Had me feelin' like an orphan, the pain stingin'
And gettin' stung by a hornet ain't the same, neither
It run further and way deeper
Than a heartbreakin', mind-bogglin' brain freezer
Tellin' James that what I'm never sellin' dope
And when he said, "Never", that's when he let me know
To never say never, because you never know
And if you love someone, let 'em know

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Sibling, thinking, "I wonder if he even love me"
I love you, I just got a fucked up way of showin' it
'Cause she don't even love me like she did when I was younger
Suckin' on her breast just to stop my fuckin' hunger
Since I was a itty-bitty baby in her stomach
I know my mother wish she got a-wish she got a

Dear, dear Mommy dearest, I'm dying to live so I stay strapped
You tried to kill me, I died and I came back
Not to mention I gotta deal white and sell crack
You gotta feel me, 'cause I ain't have them racetrack cars for Christmas
Or a Nintendo, they stole 'em from us the night 'fore Christmas
The window was broken out the house we lived in
On Fairfield, it was way back, I can remember

When I ain't had this Pyrex pot to whip in
Or no endo to smoke a ounce of, a pot to piss in
A window to throw it out of, now I'm shittin'
With this toilet tissue roll of dollars
I wipe my ass with the Grants, I'm a hundred dollar dollar billin'
In Detroit, we get 'em on consignment
I'm tryna get it 'cause now I'm on some other kinda type of shit
That didn't kill me, now I'm stronger, mama
My fears, I learned to overcome 'em

Was there any particular song of yours you remember
That she really, that she found super depressing?
I referenced, uh, Biggie's song where he said, you know
His mama wished she had a fuckin abortion
I made a hook out of that line and it was just called "Mommy Dearest"
This, of course, is the Biggie track "Suicidal Thoughts"
From Ready To Die that Boldy sampled for "Mommy Dearest". Unfortunately, "Mo
mmy Dearest" doesn't appear to be anywhere online
And because Boldy's out on tour
He was unable to get us the track in time for the release of this episode
The song's just dark, my man Sterling Toles
He produced it, and he used to always tell me to be more personal
So, the more personal I got, the darker my music got
And then people had to, like, bring me back to the light
And started telling me like, "Why don't you try to have fun
And party more with your music?"
So that's where we at with it now (Mhm)

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