

# I Don't Think My Momma Ever Loved Me

Brotha Lynch Hung

This song right here, I made this song to... eh  
Really say what's on my mind so I hope... ah  
Nobody gets mad at me for saying what's on my mind  
That's what I'm known for, you know what I mean?  
Saying what's really on my mind  
Yeah! Ay!

I don't think my momma ever loved me  
Didn't even hug me, tackled me like rugby  
I don't give a fuck, I'm just tired of being lonely  
When they beat you up I had to go buy me a chrome piece  
I was only 14, maybe 130, soaking wet  
3 years later I'm at a homeboy's smoking wet  
NewPort cigarettes, 01 8 English  
1 year later, now I'm higher than a Phoenix  
2 months later I was GBC'n it  
Couldn't wait to see my 98 human beings  
Light blue regal  
I was in the streets before you bitch niggas was three tho  
Sky blue eagles  
Momma didn't see nothing, she was off that old  
Rocks in my pocket like the bottom of the sea though  
Had the fiends walking like C-3PO  
Now momma's gone and it's all up to me, so...

Hey momma!  
I saw everything but love  
Had a struggle growing up  
Wondered why you don't hold me in your arms  
And say that it's alright  
Hey momma!  
The pleasant memories fade away  
Many things I wish she said to me  
But I don't think that momma ever loved me

I don't think that nigga ever loved me  
I feel it in my tummy, shit's getting ugly  
All over a bitch playing games cause she want me  
Prank calls talking about they really gonna hunt me  
They don't understand I was hungry  
Madesicc they said, but we wasn't running  
Got me an investor with a whole lotta money  
Back on Twitter talking "May 6th coming"  
About to eat thanksgiving dinner, nigga yummy  
They played me like a dummy, what...  
What the fuck you want from me?  
Felt like it's a wrap like a mummy  
Hit 'em up with text messages  
I wondered what kind of success this is  
Nigga I was set up  
63 days and I watched them throw their set up  
They never got fed up  
Life is like a fat ass bitch that won't shut up  
Money ain't everythang, she can get wetter

I don't think that label ever loved me  
Maybe it's a West Coast thang, cause they fucced me

Even in my new situation I'm struggling  
Feeling like nobody on the label even trust me  
Waiting around till I see if they gon' cut me  
I'm so giant, rap game's Kobe Bryant  
Who would wanna try to touch me?  
Running for my life again, running for the Heisman  
Nigga if you're my brother you won't hear the fucking lies again  
Where the fuck is summer? Maybe I'mma fly again  
Fuck you came with I got a box of Timing  
Might have to die again, come back to life again  
Might have to eat your motherfucking wife again  
Thunder and lightning  
Standing in the bedroom window, sliding in  
Give 'em a headache without a vitamin  
Try again, I think we should start all over  
Try again, If you say we ain't starting all over  
Shame on me again

It's what it is  
I been through a lot while I was recording this album  
So within it anyway  
Everything that I said, man  
I really mean it