Wonder Why Your Child So Bad

Lil Boosie

Mama wonder why your child so baad
Look where we aat
Mama wonder why your child so baad (Soo Baaad)
Look where we aaat

We grew up thuggin n da soufside
Lookin up to da road
Heartz and street smartz what it took as a soulja
When I wuz small, what i saw was fo no kid
Daddy beat my mama cuz he couldnt git a hit
Ma you wonder why yo child so bad, ask the teacher
Or maybe the preacher cuz he couldnt touch lil boosie neither
My woah lil penell he died bustin at da people (Bohw!)
My cousin lil trell got a F before he was legal
And they put gin up in my baby bottle and made me swallow
It got me where I wanted cus they hate to hear me holla
I growed up, all I saw wuz 4's up
40 oz. poured up, and half ounces rolled up
Knowin I wuz sho nuff, everybody runnin to da sales
And soon we wuz runnin to da jails
And I hit puberty I wondered thru my whole community
Im doin dis rap thang for you and me (mama)

{x2}
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(2)
This one goes out to my black queen, ma
You kno I luv you and i'll neva put a thang above ya
But you raised me n da gutta, where everythang struggle
So boosie if I fought I wont die, sickness cus they have nickel
But you told my baby jetty
When you wuz six months pregnant, you see that type of shit I can never resp
ect it
And all my role models they killaz
We splittaz and dope dealaz
So what you thank im headed fo nigga?(our hearts)
And hard head, is what my mama labeled me
She told me she would pray for me cuz wasnt nothin she could say to me
Boy you aint nothin but a thug, scum, i know you wanted to buck
When you found out I sold drugz, trust
Tears runnin down yo face like a water fall
Whole family turned out aint nobody but god to call
Im a product of my environment
So da white folks they wont hire me
Street smartz dats my knowledge
So ma please stand by me

{x2}
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We used to live cross da street from a shit pack, Git that
Daddy smokin caddy's plus he heavy on dat 6 packs
My cousinz they b thuggin livin tha life of a G
10 yrs old turned high powered rifles at me
Mama I thank you for da days you put dem J'z on my feet
And im sorry for the days I wuz makin you weak
Im cryin for ya in my heart cus it cant come out my eyes (uh-uh)
You'd lose yo mind if ya baby boy died
And my community is full of guns, drugs, and welfare
People in wheel chairs but just happy they still here
Roaches and rats, n da cracks of da halls
Fools at school, totin tools, comin thru walls
And I looked out my project window
And I saw lil ones like lil junior comin thru in rentos
The blood from our kenfolks
Look at my house, look at my paw
Look at my niggaz who dead and gone for tryin to play da game raw

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