

# 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

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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

{x2}

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