Daddy wasn't home so mama raised me
I'ma thug but still mama bathed me
I live my life as a thug, roll wit' some killas
Slang crack to some dope fiends, ride wit' some drug dealers
Find me in 3rd ward pullin' all nightas
Keep a tech 9 cocked for any nigga that don't like me
Throw up your soldier rags if you rowdy
I represent a million muthafuckas thats 'bout it
Mama couldn't control my destiny as a street thug
Find me in the Range Rover buyin, sellin street drugs
Even though, this ghetto got me crazy
Everytime I go to jail mama get me out cause I'm her baby

I'ma gangsta, located in the alleys and Cali Shoot dice wit' killas and smoke wit' the dealers You can't tell me shit 'bout these streets homey I don' seen it and done it and lived the real from the phony Out for this money, homies maintain they composure Since kids on the streets sellin' dope by the police Now I'ma a soldier muthafucka for the chips When I dips the trips, GP straight for DP But the scripts how mama raised me Pops wasn't home, left us all alone Wasn't no thang, cause my mama had game She showed me everythang except how to be a man I understand, for all the streets and the jail time I caught The pain I brought, that wasn't what you taught It's probably pops fault how I ended up Gangbangin', crack slangin', not given' a fuck Two strikes in my life, a nigga fed up Mama said don't let up, and baby boy keep your head up

Now picture me a ghetto child, runnin' wild
Maybe if you emphasize, niggas supposed to pick us
The world wouldn't be like it is now
I made moms proud, when you mention me she smile
If feels good buyin' moms a car and a house
And my pops been locked up for ten years
Life was a struggle moms shed so many tears
That's why baby ain't got nothin' that I love so much
The only one can hurt my feelings, when she fuss
Momma I love you cause you brought me hear
But niggas startin' to hate and it's gettin' dark in here
But I remember what you told me, and what ya' showed me
Take it slowly

[CHORUS (4X)]