

verse 1

DOOR MAMA

- \* 1 when I was young me & my mama had beef  
lil years old kidded out on the streets
- \* 2 thought back at the time I never thought I'd C her face  
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mamas place
- \* 3 Suspended from school & scared 2 go home I was a fool  
with the big boyz breakin all the rules
- \* 4 I shed tears with my baby sister  
Over the years we was poorer than the other lil kids
- \* 5 and even though we had different daddys the same drama  
When thingz went wrong we'd blame mama
- \* 6 I reminisce on the stress I caused; it was hell  
Huggin on my mama from a jail cell
- \* 7 & who would think in elementary?  
hey I C the penitentiary, one day
- \* 8 & RUNNIN from the police, thatz right  
mama catch me, put a whoopin 2 my backside
- \* 9 & even as a crack fiend, mama  
YOU always was a Black Queen mama
- \* 10 I finally understand  
4 a woman it ain't easy tryin to raise a man
- \* 11 I always was co committed  
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did it
- \* 12 there's no way I can pay U back  
But the plan is 2 show U that I understand  
YOU'RE APPRECIATED!

YO-YO  
ICE CORSE

written by T. Shakurz  
Ypae C K

## Dear MAMA verse 1

- \* 1 Now aint nobody tell us it was fair  
No love from my daddy cause the crowd wasnt there
- \* 2 He passed away & I didn't cry, cause my anger  
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger
- \* 3 They say that I'm wrong & I'm heartless, but all along  
I was looking 4 a father He was gone
- \* 4 I hung around with the thugz & even though they sold drugs  
they showed a young brother love
- \* 5 I moved out & started really hangin  
I needed money of my own so I started slangin
- \* 6 I ain't guilty cause even though I sell rocks  
it feelz good puttin money in your mailbox
- \* 7 I love payin rent when the rents due  
I hope ya got the diamond necklace that I sent 2 u
- \* 8 Cause when I was low you was there for me  
& never left me alone because you cared 4 me
- \* 9 & I could C u comin home after work late  
You're in the kitchen tryin 2 fix us a hot plate
- \* 10 Ya just working with the scraps you was given  
& MAMA made miracles every Thanksgiving
- \* 11 But now the road got rough, you're alone  
You're tryin 2 raise 2 bad kidz on ur own
- \* 12 & theres no way I can pay u back  
But my plan is 2 show you that I understand

written by T. Shakur  
Lupae A Sh

verse III

Dear MAMA

# 1 Pour at some liquor I reminisce cause though the drinks  
 I can always depend on my mama

# 2 & when it seems that I'm hopeless  
 u say the words that can get me back in focus

# 3 when I was sick as a lil kid  
 2 keep me happy theres no limit to the things u did

# 4 & all my childhood memories  
 are full of all the sweet things u did 4 me

# 5 & even though I act crazy  
 I gotta thank the Lord ~~that~~ made me

# 6 there are no words that can express how I feel  
 u never kept a secret, always stayed real

# 7 & I appreciate how u raised me  
 & all the extra things that u gave me

# 8 I wish I could take the pain away  
 if u can make it through the night theres a brighter day

# 9 everything will be alright if u hold on  
 its a struggle everyday, gotta roll on

# 10 there's no way I can pay u back  
 But my plan is 2 show u that I understand!!

[Some m. [redacted] say that I have been raped in jail  
 they want me dead for how I succeeded in rap game!]

Keep the truth in your  
throat wife  
 & wife

*[Handwritten signature]*