

Brand Nubian, Momma

[Grand Puba]

Yeah

I'd like to send this one to my favorite girl, uhh

Momma momma momma

Ohh momma momma momma, yeahh

[Lord Jamar]

Yo she was young and so tender

Had a baby born Knowledge God day of September

It was her first child, baby boy little bundle of joy

She married Larry, for 9 months she had to carry

me and she did it gladly, but sadly

things didn't all work out, so she merked out

Pregnant again with my brother Wise

My grandmother let her in, she had tears in her eyes

Now she's back at the crib, with 2 kids

She gotta get a job, she put all her faith in God

Naive to the world; believed all the stories

she received as a girl, she had one more seed

Another boy, reality, now that makes 3

All from a man that she hardly ever gets to see

She did the best with the things she was blessed

And I know I cause drama and stress

to my momma, so I wanna just say yo..

[Chorus: Puba (Brand Nubian)]

I always loved my momma (she's my favorite girl)

And I always loved my momma (she brought me in this world)

See I always loved my momma (she taught me right from wrong)

Cause I always loved my momma (you only get one, you only get one, yeah)

[Sadat X]

Past feudin, mask for age, still lookin elegant

Front page, Ebony Jet

Pam Grier threath in seventy-four

What these bitches is wearin now, she wore before

On tour she said you just stay pure I say sure

Watched my sister's son and my little one make me fool

When the po-lice came she said that she hardly see me

I'm in the living room drinkin beer and watchin TV

She say that she love me but sometimes I don't think

She wish I wouldn't smoke as much and throw up when I drink

I think, that it wasn't no day finer

that when my pops snatched my mother up from North Carolina

And my uncle snatched her sister and brought her, right behind her

She like china, you won't find a heart finer

The designer, I'll shoot for my moms, yes I will

Shoot you in the side and let you live a spill, hehe

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

Uh - at childhood I never really understood

all your heartache and pain and how difficult it was for you to maintain

To make sho' yo' seeds eat

Even if we had to foodstamp it every week

Always did your best to try to keep us out the street

If niggaz didn't listen boy that ass got beat

'Member that time you said, "Have yo' ass upstairs by 9"

But I was grown and had some other shit in mind

Word is bond, 10 o'clock she came downstairs

with rollers in her hair and a nightgown on

But I was gone, ran through the back, cut through the laundrymat

Got upstairs and still caught it with the Hot Wheel track

But that was cool with me; cause at least
it wasn't in front of the buildin for the whole projects to see
I remember as a kid, sometimes I used to think
you used to beat me for some shit that my daddy did
I realize, now I'm older and wise
When you used to put it on me still had love in your eyes
I remember what you used to say
You might not like it now, but you'll thank me someday

[Chorus]

[Puba: over Chorus]
Thanks mom, I love you
For teachin me left from right
For showin me the proper way

[Puba]
Uhh, yeah
Momma momma momma - aight
Ohh momma momma momma, yeah
Uhh, to all the beautiful mothers, in the world today
Who strive to do they best, I know it's hard sometimes
But we wanna let y'all know we recognize
And we love what you do, keep doin what you doin
One love, Brand Nubian
Peace