

Mac Lethal, My Mom Izza Thug

My mom is a thug with the bomb-diggy bud
And her palm on her gun just for blastin that ass
Actin insane for the platinum chain
And her new album's on Aftermath
Kicks my teeth in if I act goofy
Birthday cakes in the shape of a Uzi
Wakes me up like, "Let's get paid"
Beams with blades on her Escalade
Every morning yelling, "Mac
get your ass out of bed and sell some crack"
Mom is a thugged out parent of course
Out on the block with a harem of whores
Better not creep if you're fake and soft
Cause she'll pull out the strap and break you off
Like prrrhhhaaa, cut you loose
But I can't leave the crib without my bubblegoose
Cause

[CHORUS x2]

My mom is a thug, she'll fuck you up
She'll fuck you up (what what!)
You better run and get yourself up

Shot and you're hurtin and off to the surgeon
A little gunpowder in her laundry detergent
She still makes me mind my manners
Cookin dinner listenin to the police scanner
You know my throat gets slit
If I forget one thing off the grocery list
And she'll choke my friends if they call too late
And pistol-whip my girlfriend with a .38
Calls my cell like, "Son, I'ma hurt you
If you're home one single minute past curfew"
My thugged out mama keep the cheeba sticky
Every single morning she'd crease my Dickey's
Scrambled hollow tips for my breakfast
Packs my lunch and shines my necklace
Pours a little liquor, then says (goodbye)
But one bad grade, I get stabbed in the eye

[CHORUS]

My mom is a thug, she'll fuck you up
She'll fuck you up (what what!)
You better run and get yourself up
My mom is a thug, she'll fuck you up
She'll fuck you up (what what!)
You better run and get yourself up
My mom is a thug, she'll kill you, bitch
She'll kill you, bitch (what what!)
You better run and get yourself up
My mom is a thug
She'll fuck you up

Wait, I'm DEAD SERIOUS
Hrrraaahh
Alright

It's the last day of school, gotta make an appearance, It's a must
But I slept in a little too late and missed the bus
And my mom's got a clip to bust if I ask for a ride
I'd rather graduate than be a homicide
So I dipped across the street and started walkin
But I heard Tech N9ne playin and her horn honkin
There she was in a Corolla with bloodshot eyes

I was scared and almost fainted from her Glock size
I turned around to make a run for it
But she crashed and kicked me in the throat like she was Chuck Norris
And instead of sittin here and punchin me hard
She said, "Get your lunchbox and get the fuck in the car"
She hit the gas and grabbed a roach out the ashtray
"Mac, why the fuck would you try to skip on your last day?"
I wasn't, I was walkin, I swear
When the bus came by I was washin my hair
Just then I heard police officer sirens
I said, "Hey mom I think the cops are behind us"
She was swervin like she was a little drunk
And it sounded like there was a dead body in the trunk
She told me to open up the glove compartment
And pulled out her black handgun to spark shit
I counted the bullets, there was like four
Rolled down the window and hung over the side door
I looked back but there was only one cop
And he couldn't see me hangin out the window with my gun cocked
I licked one shot and struck him in the head
Looked back and said, "Mom, that motherfucker's dead"
"Oh good boy Mac, I'm proud of you
If you missed that shot I woulda grounded you
But because of that shot my freedom is saved
Here's five dollars, after school hit the arcade"