

# 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  
Hrrraahh  
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, &quot;Get your lunchbox and get the fuck in the car&quot;  
She hit the gas and grabbed a roach out the ashtray  
&quot;Mac, why the fuck would you try to skip on your last day?&quot;  
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, &quot;Hey mom I think the cops are behind us&quot;  
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, &quot;Mom, that motherfucker's dead&quot;  
&quot;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&quot;