

## Loud and Proud

When I get on the bus people intend to be mean.  
There are some nice ones out there but it's hard for them to be seen.  
When I walk down the street they stare and glare like  
*All eyes on me.*  
As my child calls me mom they stop and look straight at me.  
They can look, they can judge, but I know that I am loved.  
I hear them say, "Young and, stupid. Not done school.  
she ain't even fit to be a mom."  
They think I'm not listening,  
well guess what—yes I am fit to be a mom.  
I will be the best that I can,  
because I'm my daughter's number 1  
because I'm only 18 I don't have much to say  
They are nothing above me.  
They are as low as the dirt on my shoes  
cause they could only sit and chat me.  
I am proud to be me, for being a mom,  
for carrying her for 9 whole months.  
I'm proud of the hours I was in labour,  
for looking and touching her for the first time  
for keeping her safe,  
for making sure she'd always be healthy.  
*I'm saying it loud because I'm proud.*