

angela the **kid-dropper** /1/ **judge** not lest whatever

If people wanna think I'm, like, abusive **or whatever**, that's their problem. 'Cause I know I'm a good mom, and **that's all that matters**. But damn, **I'd better not have** Social Services **going after** me **just 'cause I dropped** Liondrae at Dollar City today.

After it happened, some **skinny** stock guy and some **uptight-looking** bitch turned around to **stare at** me and I **was like**, "What the hell are you looking at?" **You could tell** they were the **judging** type, and I don't want any **cops at** my door.

I **hardly ever** drop my baby. Why aren't people **around** when everything's fine? **What about when** Liondrae's sitting in his high chair **eating candy bars**? Or when I **let him play** in the **sink** with his diaper **on**? Or **that time when** my homegirl Kimmi **came over to** make cake with us and pierced 'Drae's ear?

I love my baby so **bad**. I don't wanna **smack him around**. His older sister, Rywanda, **she's the one** I wanna take down **once in a while**. But only 'cause she **misbehaves**, not 'cause I like to hit my babies **for no reason**.

Besides, it **wouldn't have happened** if he **hadn't been leaning over** trying to **grab** that silly pink thing **off** the toy **shelf**. I had him in my right arm and he, like, **let go of** my shoulder and was **spreading his arms**, and I had my other hand on the **grocery cart**, so **all of a sudden** he **topples over**. Doesn't he know I can't watch his **ass** every second?