

Vixen

"Meet the Parents"

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Woo! Uhh, uhh
It's "The Gift & the Curse"
Uhh, uhh yea
First they love me then they hate me then they love me
again
.. they love me again
Let's take a trip down.. I gotcha

Let's take a trip down memory, lane at the cemetary
Rain grey skies, seems at the end of every
young black life is this line, "Damn - him already?
Such a good kid," got us pourin Henn' already
Liquor to the curb for my, niggaz up above
When it, cracks through the pavement that's my way of
sendin love
So, give Big a hug, tell Aa-liyah I said hi
'Til the next time I see her, on the other side
He was just some thug that, caught some slugs
And we loved him cause, in him we, saw some of us
He walked like ussss, talked like ussss
His back against the wall, nigga fought like us - damn
Poor Isis, that's his momma name
Momma ain't strong enough to raise no boy, what's his
father name?
Shorty never knew him, though he had his blood in him
Hot temper, momma said he act just like her husband
Daddy never fucked with him, so the streets raised him
Isis blamin herself, she wish she coulda saved him
Damn near impossible, only men can raise men
He was his own man, not even him can save him
He put his faith in a, thirty-eight in his waist
But when you live by the gun you die by the same fate
End up, dead before thirty-eight and umm
That's the life of us raised by winter, it's a cold world
Old girl turned to coke, tried to smoke her pain away
Isis, life just, ended on that rainy day
When she got the news her boy body could be viewed
down at the City Morgue, opened the drawer, saw him
nude
Her addiction grew, prescription drugs, shift and brew
Angel dust, dipped in WOO!

She slipped into, her own fantasy world
Had herself pregnant by a different dude
But reality bites and, this is her life
He wasn't really her husband, though he called her
wife
It was just this night when, moon was full
And the stars were just right, and the dress was real
tight
Had her soundin like Lisa Lisa - I wonder if I take you
home
will you still love me after this night?
Mike was the hardhead from the around the way
that she wanted all her life, shit she wanted all the hype
Used to hold on tight when he wheeled on the bike
He was a Willie all her life he wasn't really the one to
like
It was a, dude named Shy who would really treat her
right
He wanted to run to the country to escape the city life
But I-sis, liked this, Broadway life
She loved the Gucci sneakers, the red green and
whites
Hangin out the window when she first seen him fight
She was so turned on that she had to shower twice
How ironic it would, be some fight that
turned into a homicide that'll alter their life
See Mike at thirty-two was still on the scene
Had a son fifteen that he never saw twice
Sure he saw him as an infant, but he dissed on him like
"If that was my son, he would look much different.
See I'm light-skinned and that baby there's dark
so it's, momma's baby; poppa's maybe."
Mike was still crazy out there runnin the streets (fuck
niggaz want?)
Had his old reliable thirty-eight gun in his reach
It's been fourteen years, him and Isis ain't speak
He runnin around like life's a peach, 'til one day
he approached this thug that, had a mean mug
And it looked so familiar that he called him "Young
Cuz"
Told him, get off the strip but the boy ain't budge (fuck
you)
Instead he pulled out a newer thirty-eight snub
He clearly had the drop but the boy just paused (hold
up)
There was somethin in this man's face he knew he seen
before
It's like, lookin in the mirror seein hisself more mature
And he took it as a sign from the almighty Lord
You know what they say about he who hesitates in war
(What's that?) He who hesitates is lost

He can't explain what he saw before his picture went
blank

The old man didn't think he just followed his instinct

Six shots into his kid, out of the gun

Niggaz be a father, you're killin your son

Six shots into his kid, out of the gun

Niggaz be a father, you killin your sons

Meet the parents.. {*echoes and slows down as it
fades*}

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