

Cunninlynguists "Family Ties"

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F/ Cashmere the Professional

* send corrections to the typist

[Cashmere The Professional]

Dear Dad,

Yeah it's me, surprised that I'm writin'?

Well not really, I'm sittin' at my computer just typin'

Heard you were sick

Would have found out last week had I called

But to be honest

I don't feel the least bad at all

Yeah I know that sounds fucked up but you made me
like that

Look at my childhood, I can't believe you played me
like that

You was never around, promises was all you resort

No child support not as much as a call to my moms

I went through nights with no dinner lookin' bummy and
skips

Could go no where in school with no money for trips

Gettin' cracked on by honeys and shit

Strugglin'

That's why I don't listen to your lectures on hustlin'

Cause we had nothin'

Stuck in the hood always

And you refer to the 80s as the good ole' days?

Well they wasn't for me

I guess things went all your way

But I ain't done keep reading I got more to say

I know this all seems abrasive

But look what I'm faced with

Missed opportunities

Missed chances missed places

I looked at what others had and I couldn't get basic

Deprived of so much that's why I'm stuck with this
hatred

I went through problem after problem thinkin' you
wouldn't care

All simply because you wasn't there

Just promise to visit and sorrys couldn't redeem you

It probably would have been better if I would never had

seen you
Cause then I wouldn't have a face to place with the lies
And the disappointment that affected our lives
I guess that's why I'm so bothered now
And want to hit a motherfucker sayin' you your fathers
child
So I gotta be keepin' the faith
For them three girls of mine and I won't be repeatin'
mistakes
That you made with me cause I don't miss my past
And every third Sunday in June you can kiss my ass

[Hook]

Scratched - "And I could feel it as a child growin' up" -
Xzibit 'Paparazzi'

[DJ Kno]

Many moon have cycled since the night you decided
To break out late and fade out into the silence
First born son still playin' in his diapers
Left behind ya
Kinda thought I'd never find ya
But guess what?
The human being you had deemed a mistake
Is now staring you in your face
It's a disgrace the way I was treated
Shit, you probably wish I got caught in the condom
when my pops skeeted
Well fuck that I buck back all odds
And stuck straight through your facade of camouflage
You ain't my mom
You ain't nothin' but a heartless bitch
I'm starting to switch
Don't even start this shit
Tryin' to fabricate facts that my dad kidnapped me
It can't be nothin' but lies to try to trap me
In face he
Packed me to Cali in '84
We found your crib but you never came to the door
Wouldn't answer the phone but you had to be home
Tragedy sewn
Yo, you had to know you were wrong
Reminisce and it's not surprising
Grew up so broke I thought the poverty line was the
horizon
Many nights and days we stayed in shacks
Pops breakin' his back
Faded ass packs of food stamps
But karma's a double edge sword
So thanks for letting me borrow your fuckin' umbilical
cord

[Hook]

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