

## Drag-On "My First Child"

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[Drag-on]

That's my first child

My first born man,  
I did this i created this,  
Aint no time for being a savage i gotta push a carriage,

But some rapped in soft fabric this is deeper than  
marrage,

Chip off your old block, your chip off your old pop's,

But you to young to hear my storys bout how i sold  
rock,

But just yesterday i cut your umbilical chords,  
Doctor said you had several purports i guess you shook  
it off,  
Bless my god my first child my first born,  
I feel so rebirth like this my first song,

I held you helpless, i couldnt help it,

How could a nigga abandon his child?

I could never be selfish,

I just gave birth to another one of God's kids,  
Sometimes i feed him too much, throw up on his bib,  
He can't see me yet his eyes closed,

I love his baby smell, his baby size clothes, his eyes  
open, my eyes froze,

[Chorus]

My first child

With open arms i spread my wings to give you life

My first child

I never let you go, right without you here with me i  
never be the same

[Drag-on]

I watched you get a little older,

Getin up out your stroller,

Carried you over my sholders,

You my little soldier,

And i love you some more,

Its never the same, first time you walk you fell on the floor,

Circus score,

First words now what's my name? "DADA"

And you almost look the same as "DADA"

I could never be mad dat, infact im glad dat,

You know your Dad Dad and where your Daddy at,

Coz when i was your age son i hever had that,

Imma be there for my little nigga, you just a little nigga,

Old enough to get potty trained no more dypers changed,

I named him El Corn so he could have a righteous name,

And know who Allah be,

And eat Halal Salami,

And know how to salam me, Waalikumasalam,

Now who my babysitter i take him straight to my mom's,

Love it when i pick him up he comes straight to my arms,

[Chorus]

[Drag-on]

The first day of school i tought him respect so he had a little manners,

So he pledge allegiance before he sung the star spangled banner

Walk with a bop,

Just like his pop's,

He wore his cap to the back coz he seen his Dad do  
that,  
Musta had his ear to the door coz he heard his mom's  
moan,

Coz the first day he got the keys to the crib he brung a  
chick home,  
Ok time for the talk,  
You know what these is for?

Life support and i placed about 4 in your draw,

So what ever you do boy,  
Jus don't go wrong, whenever you need some more just  
come knock on your pop's door,  
Coz you know i got em,

I raised him, i dressed him,

He dress himself now Allah blessed him he study Allah  
lessons,

And i pray that the streets don't arrest him,

His friends are pass him a spike lee joint,

But i'll pass him the message,

Sometimes i think like did i do right or did i do wrong?

Coz i made her have an abortion, now i wish that he  
was born,

Because he would have been my first child,

My first born,  
[Chorus]

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