

## Blue Rodeo

### "Family Ties"

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[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 father's  
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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