

Game "Don't Cry"

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Amayah wake up baby
I know you're sleepin', but daddy's home now
Pictures gettin' old, my lil' girl lookin' grown now
Your mom's said you're talkin' on your own, walkin' on
your own now
Run across the kitchen floor in them baby drawers

I sent you from off tour and I miss you when I was
tourin'
Smilin' at them baby pictures, so happy, tears pourin'
God, how can somethin' so beautiful come from me?
After the gunshots, thought you was done with me

But I know, I'm livin' now, why you made me put the
guns down?
Pick up the mic, start rappin' for a living now
My sun, my moon, my stars, my earth
My wind, my fire, my life, my baby

Tryin' to make your moms life ya must be crazy, fussin'
and fightin'
I know she love me 'cause you looks just like me
Day you came into this world, I was so excited
Eleven twenty one, double zero, my baby girl is here

Yo, yo, you see this rap shit, I do it for you
And the first time I heard your voice
I prayed to God it had to be true
Got a son now, cuttin' the game, stoppin' the bullshit
Remember

Yo, yo, you see this rap shit, I do it for you
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The bullshit

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Remember eyein' your enemy, can you pull quick
Dipped out Cali, came back, snatched my son
My girl moms and I moved out Maui
Yeah, your pop's gone bananas, seen wild went hard
Bigger house, wider yard, nappy with the crash bar

Off that hersh', shit you stupid, you ain't no dad nigga
Takin' your black ass to court for all you have nigga
You see me and your moms, that's another topic
Ain't no whip in this world with a price you can't cop it

Press rewind, you didn't hear me right
It's a lesson to the song, I'm tryin' to steer you right
Just remember your father taught you to go home
Never sing that sad song, don't cry

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Huh, daddy ain't gon' preach to you
I'ma let your moms school you
Don't let the streets fool you
Streets'll do you, that's why I'm talkin' to you

Yeah, you see these niggaz out here
Have you stressin' by the hour
Never turn your back
On your foes them dudes cowards

Some days sweet, and some sour
But we gon' make it together
The world is ours, and you're my flower
If it's ice, you can get that model chicks hit
Never stress about the downfalls, just 'bout the get
back

And I ain't sayin' sex is wrong
Just make sure he strap a condom on
And never, ever do it in your mother's home

Yeah, never call a girl a bitch
Show respect, son, pop ya collar
Ain't nothin' free, scrape and lock every dollar

And I will leave you with this
My lil' angel, daddy loves you
How I'd die for you, cry for you, ride for you
Yeah, switchin' handles like you breakin' a zone
Candy paint impala on the golden bridge, bouncin' on

chrome

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