

## Nas

# "Poppa Was A Player"

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To my nigga  
Brought me in this world  
That's right nigga

My old dad imported to the family structure  
Provide her God, my mom's a queen at university in  
civaliza  
My pops maybe was late but always came home  
My moms would put us to bed and she would wait on

Soon as he walked in the door, she barkin'  
I turned out the Jonny Carson, jumped out the bed  
We grabbed both his legs, me and my brother  
Not knowin' the pain he gave my mother

Night after night, fightin', yellin' at each other  
My papa played the street all day  
Mama was either home, at work  
While we played inside the hall way

She sacrifices all she got to feed us  
When she was alone she cried by the phone  
Peeppin' out the window, heedin'  
But still I didn't see it

Mama hid it from us, we was kids younger  
Till we got bigger, on to  
Bigger things that we knew what the time was  
That daddy was leavin' this crib and my mom's love

Poppa was a player, player wasn't Poppa  
Poppa loved the ladies, never got enough of  
Pretty brown round, runnin' round town  
Don't tell your mother, what's goin' down

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So many kids I knew, never knew who Pap was  
That's why I show my pop love

He was still around when I fucked up  
He could have left, my moms pregnant shock to death  
but stayed

Watch me crawl till I took my first step to the first grade  
To my first fist fight, right behind me he would stand  
No matter how big or tall, he made me fight you like a  
man  
Throw dirt in your eye, swing my right scoop your ass  
and slam

He watched me so I wouldn't get jumped by Shorty's  
fam  
Roaches and weed all over my crib him and me moms  
relaxin'  
Next thing you know he packin' so then I asked him  
What's this white shit on that plate and you're facin'?

Papa why you butt ass from the waist  
And who's this lady I'm facin'  
Dark skin you're not my mommy  
He grabbed me up to run some smooth words by me

Promise things that he would buy me  
If I kept my mouth close and don't tell Mommy  
He said one day I'll understand little me  
Was in you to side me

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Pop's told me hold my own, Pop's told me value home  
Could I help it Poppa was a Rolling Stone  
Who loved the pretty brown round  
Out of town bound

Jumping in his jazz Benz he tourin'  
At home I play his latest recordin's  
And it's strange how, I do my thing now  
I'm in the game now and heard of it his brain pow

To pull strings and gain power from weed habits are  
same now  
No white lines to trumpets to tight rhymes

And beats that be pumpin'  
Before he left he taught me somethin'

A child's young years the most important time to be  
there  
That's why he stayed till we grew up, respect is still  
here  
I'm older now see what havin' a father's about  
One day they can be in your life, next day they be out

It's not because of you, you know the deal  
Him and your moms feel  
If they stay together then someone will get killed  
I love you still, always will 'cause that's my nigga

Although you felt you was wrong  
I still feel you kid  
Life goes on

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