

The Game

"Ain't No Doubt About It"

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(Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry.
Don't)
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Don't)

Come on and wake up baby
I know you're sleepin'
But Daddy's home now
Pictures getting old
My little girl lookin' grown now

Your mom said you're talkin' on your own now
Walkin' on your own now.
Runnin' across the kitchen floor
Hidin' them baby dolls I sent you from on tour
And I missed you when I was tourin'
Smiling at them baby pictures
So happy, tears pourin'
God, how could something so beautiful come from me
After the gunshots, thought you was done with me.

But I know why I'm livin' now
Why you made me put the guns down,
Pick up the mic, start rappin' for a livin' now

My sun, my moon, my stars, my Earth, my wind, my
fire, my life, my baby
Tryin' to make your moms wifey but she crazy
Fussin' me, fightin' me
I know she love me cuz you look just like me
The day you came into this world, I was so excited
Eleven twenty-one double zero
My baby girl is here

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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 arm your enemy
Then you pull quick
Dipped out Cali,
Came back snatched my son
My girl's moms and I moved out Maui
Yeah yeah Pops gone bananas
See why I win her
Bigger house, wider yard, Navi with the crash bar
Pumpin' her, shifty 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 that you can't cop
it
Stop it
Impress with wine, you didn't hear me right
It's a lesson to this song, I'm trying to steer you right
Just remember your father taught you to go hard or go
home
Never sing that sad song
Don't cry

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They ain't gon' preach to you,
I'mma let your mom school you
Don't let the streets fool you
Streets straight through you
That's why I'm talking to you

You see these niggas 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 that
Never stress about the downfall
Just 'bout to get back

And I'm not saying sex is wrong
Just make sure you strap a condom on
And never ever do it in your mother's home

Never call a girl a bitch,
Show respect son
Pop your collar
Ain't nothing free
Scrape the block for every dollar

I'm gonna leave you with this my little angel
Daddy loves you
How I'd die for you, cry for you, ride for you

Switchin' handles like you breakin' the zone
Candy paint and power
On the golden bridge, bouncin' on chrome

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