

Dom Pachino

"Tear Drops"

Visit "[Tear Drops](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

No more pain, Tiara

[P.R. Terrorist]

Aiyo, I look into my 6 year old's eyes and see the tear drop

If she could express how she feel, she make the shit stop

Me and her moms fightin' and fussin'

Can't even act like two adults and have a simple discussion

Is that complex, the only time we both get along is during sex

What a mess, my little girl's heart is being stressed

Started at a young age, my hormones on a rampage

Mami was naive, daddy was nasty

And couldn't let her fat ass slide past me

Cuttin' school, throwin' rocks at her window

Damn right, I spent the night, her grandma, she didn't know

Two teens experimentin' with sex, had no idea

That parenthood was coming next, with checks

Sellin' drugs in the projects to get her diapers

Even spent six months on Riker's, for assault

Tellin' jakes it ain't my fault

It's just a thug life, young life, what a life

The hell you go through, to come out right, it's real

[Chorus 4X: P.R. Terrorist]

Tear drops rollin' down my little girl's face

All the times I wasn't there, I wish I could replace

[P.R. Terrorist]

Wiped the tears out your eyes, sit you on my lap

I know it's real hard havin' a father that rap

But my music put food in your mouth and clothes on your back

Send you to school, free your mind from being trapped

In this jungle of hell, where more fail than succeed

Won't let it happen, cuz you're way too important to me

My little princess, my shining star, my understanding

Unconditional love, whose heart needs gentle handling
Won't let a soul hurt you, cuz God Allah birth you
And never in my life, will I ever desert you

[Chorus 4X]

[P.R. Terrorist]

Just strugglin', try'nna find a better way for us
So much stress, I feel like, my brain about to bust
Gotta worry 'bout the little boys bothering you
Gotta worry 'bout whippin' ass down at your school
Cuz you're beautiful, just like I knew you would be
Cuz complain to your moms, cuz you got it from me
Slick talkin' like your daddy, you could of fooled me
In delivery, I see little me was a she
Now you're all grown up and fool of questions
Sometimes the truth hurts, but I gotta give you answers
And explain how things work, in the big world
Some things you have to learn and find out, when
you're a big girl
Remember, I won't always be here, so close your eyes
And put the song to your ears and wipe the tears
These words that I'm sayin' to you is sincere
Daddy loves you... Tiara, daddy loves you

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist (Tiara)]

You went to school today, mama? (Yeah)
How was school (fine) Yeah? You learned a lot of
things? (Yes...)
Whatchu learn? (Math... the Math that mami teach me at
home)
Oh yeah? (Mm-hmm) You learnin' with the numbers?
(Yes) Yeah
(When the next time that you goin' to the studio?)
Like in a week, wanna go with me? (Yeah) Yeah? Ok
I'm gonna tell your mami, alright? (Yeah) I love you
(I love you too) *kiss*

Visit [Dom Pachino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.