

Proof

"I Ain't Got An Answer"

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When it's apparent that you have failed as a parent
Too bust tryna pay rent, Homie now what?
Long gone in a daze. You ain't takin yo little bug hair to
A-SO scrimmages
No more. No football practice lil league movie nights
no. You drive him too
His cute little puppy love's girlfriend's doctor's
appointment. She got a
Date with a sonogram yo boy is officially a statistic now
what? Yo lil man,
He barely sproutin peach fuzz. He wanna be just like
you. He writes poetry.
He fill a kick with the Buffalo soldiers you chuckle. We
live in the
Suburbs. I work too hard for you to not struggle. You
don't know what you
Talkin about. You soon find that so see oh economic
status does nothing for
A skin color. To them he just a well dressed coon, who's
parents got lucky.
He's the butt of subliminal jokes. Like his friends refer
to rap as jungle
Jive.
They see him and go "Yo Homie Yo!" That's how ya'll
talk right?
He's checked out. He's found other outlets. His good
grades don't fix his
Depraved brain. He believes the gospel of Young
Money. YOLO. Yo, and as
Your mommy drops you off at the mall remember as
you spoke about them
Gunk's. And every bite you take of that number 1,
animal style is a bite
You stole from your daughters tummy. Them gunk's is
about a month's worth
Of diapers and food you fit a world on your feet. Homie
this is your fault,
Your job, your responsibility. Don't get mad when
momma won't give ya 20
Bucks. It's your turn, I don't know what to tell you. I ain't
got an answer

X3. When it's apparent, that you have failed as a
parent. Homie I ain't got
An answer. Man I ain't got an answer. Homie I ain't got
an answer. I don't
Know. It's apparent sometimes I think I've failed as a
parent. And my son
Having autism is rough. But maybe he don't speak cuz
words don't say much.
Maybe he don't need words to communicate his love.
And sometimes his
Silence causes me to stumble. It's possible he's a
version of me that's
More humble. And I think my child finds more joy in
playin with my phone,
Than playin on his own. Will he she'd a tear when I'm
gone? I'm wrestlin
With the shame of an outsider view of me, cause life is
the spotlight, and
Eyein' in on securities. But I know his laugh, it lights up
a thousand
Rooms. And when he speaks to me it just like a flower
blooms. This has just
Become my own visual diary. I'm at the doctor's office
just hopin they
Would lie to me. That my son would be alright. But if
he's not, my son
Would be alright. Cause he is God's. Autism, Single
Cell, or Down Syndrome,
Still keepin the faith in the midst of hard livin'. We
stand together cause
We have no other place to go. My son and I we live and
fight even tho... I
Ain't got an answer x3. When it's apparent, that you
have failed as a
Parent. Homie I ain't got an answer. Man I ain't got an
answer. Homie I
Ain't got an answer. I don't know. When it's apparent
that you have failed
As a parent, you cancel a quinceanera, cause lil
mamas feta be one. Scroll
Through your brain's I Phone and unopened emails.
How many daughters hugs
Did I not reply too? You ain't lyin to me I know that song
that you sing
And that promise ring was real cute but it's really for
the parents. She
Ain't savin it for marriage. And never had plans too,
she in a fetal
Position, now carrying a fetus. Your worldly efficiently
has left the
Philosophical is layin in your living room considering

abortion. Them
Eighth grade boys is textin naked pictures and your
daughter to each other,
Now what?
And baby girl lemme show panties as yo Facebook
picture, now what? This is
Your fault and I ain't got an answer. Dad sit in it, soak in
it, stew in
It, you failed. Better get it together boy she needs you
more than ever.
And I ain't got an answer. It's like that moment when
you realize the
Pinnacle, and modern psychology has failed you. At the
end of modern
Psychology homie. All that junk, it fails. And yo little
girl, yo little
Boy he ain't the person you trained him to be. Look, I
don't know. Man, I
Don't know, I don't know the answer. Sho, you know?
Homie look all that
Stuff we gotta get our heads outs the sand homie. Life
is happenin wit our
Children. Look I'm not the answer, this album, this
song, these records,
They ain't yo answer. I don't know the answer. But I
know, I know who got
The answer. And let's all point to the savior together
boy! Look I ain't
Perfect neither is you. But let's look to the man that
knows it. I'll walk
With you boy I promise you. Pray for me, I'll pray for
you. Let's raise our
Kids boy, we don't have to may models out there. I
know like you know.
Let's set a new standard for fathers. Let's be there for
our kids.

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