

## Propaganda

### "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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