

Scar Symmetry

"Daddy's Gone"

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(feat. Big Mike)

Push, push, push, push...

Here it comes...

It's - it's a girl

{Big Mike:}

1971 a young girl gave birth

Only a child, bringin another child on this earth

Only 15 years of age

But comin from the ghetto, it won't make the front page

See, that's the way shit go

And to the government she ain't nothin but another hoe

Thinkin all she want is food stamps

Give her a check and let her hang with the school
tramps

And mama's gettin mad

Cause now she gotta watch her little girl grow up fast

Straight ghetto life, straight ghetto drama

Wanted a baby doll, now she's somebody's mama

And life is so confusin to her

Askin herself why is this happenin to her

So now she gotta choose

Between a box of Pampers and a pair of new tennis
shoes

Never had to make that choice before

Never heard a baby's voice before

And the daddy ain't nowhere to be found

Too busy bein a hoe around town

He just fall into another statistic

Claimin black men don't do shit

But that's the way it is

And little do they know daddy also sheds tears

Cause he don't know what to do

Be a father to his child, or run with a crew

You might say: easy choice, be a father

But why should he do it when his father didn't bother?

Just another sample, I guess

Of black men settin bad examples

Thinkin deep about the whole thing

Takes his last bit of money and goes to buy a gold ring

And asks her to marry her
Promise to get a job, so he can carry her
Thinkin that's the way to do it
But little do they know that there's much more to it
Cos marriage is demandin
It takes lots of patience and understandin
But they go and tie the knot anyway
And they'll be gettin their own crib anyday
The first couple of months were alright
A new crib, adaptin to a new life
But then came the arguments
And the constant fightin got em thrown out their
apartment
So now they gotta move in with her moms
And that just adds to the muthafuckin problems
Cause now he's feelin like he failed
And while they asleep he grabs his shit and bails
Smooth out the do', black
And never takes another look back
Now grandma's house is an unhappy home
Now that daddy's gone

{Scarface:}

Daddy broke before I stepped in this muthafucka
And left the job to be done by my mother's mother
Raised up by grandmother ???
Cause my mark-ass daddy never came around for
guidance
So now I'm forced to stand up on my own two
Cause mommy dear had to work three jobs, duke
He didn't even want my friendship
I guess the mark-ass nigga wasn't down to begin with
Too lit to come around with his drunk ass
And beatin up my mom with his punk ass
And shit got dread
I guess I shouldn't talk so bad about my dad
So here it is, brothers
If you gon' have babies, you need to father them
muthafuckas
Cause if you don't in due time
Your kids'll speak about daddy exactly like I do mine
So do yourself a favor
Take your kids to the park, buy em shit, and they'll pay
you later
But payin's not the issue
If you'd die right now your little kids wouldn't even miss
you
So put away your caddy
Call your bitch up and tell her to make room for daddy
Cause if you don't you'll be alone
And the only thing they'll say about daddy, is daddy is

gone

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