

## Game, The

# "Ain't No Doubt About It (feat. Justin Timberlake and Pharr)"

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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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