

All For You

Little Brother

Uh, Deah Pops
It's your boy
I got some things I want to say to you, man
Just a couple of words
Bear with me
Gimme a minute

Time to face it
Sitting in the middle of the basement
Holding a jack
How I'm anticipating he 'gon call me back

Got so much on my mind
Ain't no holding it back
In fact, I give a fuck how he 'gon react
Through my first nineteen

Asking where he at
Never seen him in the spots where we be at
For the next couple hours I sat 'til the phone rang
No luck or no cigar

So I said to myself I'll try tomorrow
Me and my Vincent left out
Went to shoot play some ball
Came back, had message like 'this your pa'
Then I took to the phone

Conversation was raw
Shit, I had to let him know that his child was scarred
And right now we working through our mess
But I had to get some shit off my chest
So bear with me, y'all

Just want to take the time to let you know
Sometimes it's hard to let my feelings show
The thoughts of guarantees are really so
This is all for you, you

I was looking at your photograph amazed how I favored you
I remember being young wanting to play with you
Cause you was a wild and crazy dude
And now I understand why my momma couldn't never stay with you
From the roots to the branches to the leaves
They say apples don't fall far from the trees
I used to find it hard to believe
And I swore that I would
Always hold my family as long as I could
But damn
Our memories can be so misleading
It's misery
I hate to see history repeating
Thought you were the bad guy
But I guess that's why
Me and my girl split
And my son is leaving
I did chores, did bills, and did dirt

But I swear to God I tried to make that shit work
'Til I came off tour to an empty house
With all the dressers and the cabinets emptied out
I think I must've went insane
Thinking I was in love, but really in chains
Trapped to this girl through the two-year old who carried my name
I tried to stop tripping
But yo, I couldn't and the plot thickened
That shit affected me, largely
Because I know a lot of people want me
To fail as a father
And the thought of that haunts me
Especially when I check my rear-view mirror
And don't see him in his car seat
So the next time it's late at night
And I'm laid up with the woman I'mma make my wife
Talking 'bout how we 'gon make a life
I'm thinking about child support, alimony, visitation rights
Cause that's the only outcome if you can't make it right
Pissed off with your children feeling the same pain
So, Pop, how could I blame cause you couldn't maintain
I did the same thing
The same thing