

## Family Ties

CunninLynguists

Dear Dad,  
Yeah it's me, surprised that I'm writin'?  
Well not really, I'm sittin' at my computer just typin'  
Heard you were sick  
Would have found out last week had I called  
But to be honest  
I don't feel the least bad at all  
Yeah I know that sounds fucked up but you made me like that  
Look at my childhood, I can't believe you played me like that  
You was never around, promises was all you resort  
No child support not as much as a call to my moms  
I went through nights with no dinner lookin' bummy and skips  
Could go no where in school with no money for trips  
Gettin' cracked on by honeys and shit  
Strugglin'  
That's why I don't listen to your lectures on hustlin'  
Cause we had nothin'  
Stuck in the hood always  
And you refer to the 80s as the good ole' days?  
Well they wasn't for me  
I guess things went all your way  
But I ain't done keep reading I got more to say  
I know this all seems abrasive  
But look what I'm faced with  
Missed opportunities  
Missed chances missed places  
I looked at what others had and I couldn't get basic  
Deprived of so much that's why I'm stuck with this hatred  
I went through problem after problem thinkin' you wouldn't care  
All simply because you wasn't there  
Just promise to visit and sorrys couldn't redeem you  
It probably would have been better if I would never had seen you  
Cause then I wouldn't have a face to place with the lies  
And the disappointment that affected our lives  
I guess that's why I'm so bothered now  
And want to hit a motherfucker sayin' you your father's child  
So I gotta be keepin' the faith  
For them three girls of mine and I won't be repeatin' mistakes  
That you made with me cause I don't miss my past  
And every third Sunday in June you can kiss my ass

"And I could feel it as a child growin' up"

Many moon have cycled since the night you decided  
to break out late and fade out into the silence  
First born son still playin' in his diapers  
Left behind ya  
Kinda thought I'd never find ya  
But guess what?  
The human being you had deemed a mistake  
Is now staring you in your face  
It's a disgrace the way I was treated  
Shit, you probably wish I got caught in the condom when my pops skeeted  
Well fuck that I buck back all odds  
And stuck straight through your facade of camouflage  
You ain't my mom  
You ain't nothin' but a heartless bitch

I'm starting to switch  
Don't even start this shit  
Tryin' to fabricate facts that my dad kidnapped me  
It can't be nothin' but lies to try to trap me  
In face he  
Packed me to Cali in '84  
We found your crib but you never came to the door  
Wouldn't answer the phone but you had to be home  
Tragedy sewn  
Yo, you had to know you were wrong  
Reminisce and it's not surprising  
Grew up so broke I thought the poverty line was the horizon  
Many nights and days we stayed in shacks  
Pops breakin' his back  
Faded ass packs of food stamps  
But karma's a double edge sword  
So thanks for letting me borrow your fuckin' umbilical cord  
  
"And I could feel it as a child growin' up"