

# 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