

Don't Cry

The Game

-- Don't cry (5x) don't..

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Amayah wake up baby

I know you're sleepin, but daddy's home now

Pictures gettin old, my lil' girl lookin grown now

Your moms said you're talkin on your own, walkin on your own now

Run across the kitchen floor in them baby drawers

I sent you from off tour and I miss you when I was tourin

Smilin at them baby pictures, so happy, tears pourin

God how can somethin so beautiful come from me?

After the gunshots thought you was done with me

But I know I'm livin now, why you made me put the guns down

Pick up the mic, start rappin for a living now

My sun, my moon, my starts, my earth

My wind, my fire, my life, my bay-bay

Tryin to make your moms life ya must be crazy, fussin and fightin

I know she love me cause ya look just like me

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 eyein your enemy, can you pull quick

Dipped out Cali, came back, snatched my son

my girl moms and I moved out Maui

Yeah your pops gone bananas, seen wild went hard

Bigger house, wider yard, nappy with the crash bar

Off that hersh', shit 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 you can't cop it

Stop it, press rewind, you didn't hear me right

It's a lesson to the song, I'm tryin 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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Huh daddy ain't gon' preach to you, I'ma let your moms school you

Don't let the streets fool you, streets'll do you, that's why I'm talkin to you

Yeah, you see these niggaz 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 downfalls just 'bout the getback

And I ain't sayin sex is wrong, just make sure he strap a condom on
And never, ever do it in your mother's home

Yeah, never call a girl a bitch, show respect, son pop ya collar
Ain't nothin free, scrape and lock every dollar

And I will leave you with this, my lil' angel, daddy loves you
How I'd die for you, cry for you, ride for you

Yeah, switchin handles like you breakin a zone, candy paint Impala
On the Golden Bridge, bouncin on chrome

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