

# 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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