

A Long Time Ago

U-God

My mother said my father was a real livewire
Hustled on the avenue of Lennox
That he was a don, shot dope in his arm
Paid visits to the methodon clinic
A straight womanizer, no religion
He just leaned on bitches
His name rung in the slums, niggaz run for they gun
Blood thirsty, he was so vicious

Poppa was a rolling stone (he left a long time ago)
Poppa was a rolling stone (he never ever was at home, no, no)
Momma said daddy's dead (stop messing with the baby's head)
One day he'll grow up strong (one day he'll be a man)

Momma said father was a mean muthafucka
A clean muthafucka, a lean muthafucka

Got money in the pot, got his pops in the block
For sellings rocks, a dope fiend, muthafuckas
He struggled all his life, got blood on his knife
Light skinned, he had your eyes
But my mother couldn't handle him
The liquor, the gambling, plus he had four wives

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My mother said my father had a real bad temper
Loud, wild, he was too foul
With no hesitation, he would kill you
With no education, he was still proud
With his brother Big Harvey, he did a bank robbery
A car flipped, all the money spilled out
Before it was done, police caught him with some
Riddle of bullets, he died in a shootout

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(2x)