

# Daddy's Gone

## Big Mike

Push, push, push, push  
Push, push, here it comes  
It's, it's a girl 1971 a young girl gave birth  
Only a child, bringin' another child on this earth  
Only 15 years of age  
But comin' from the ghetto, it won't make the front page  
See, that's the way shit go  
And to the government she ain't nothin' but another hoe  
Thinkin' all she want is food stamps  
Give her a check and let her hang with the school tramps  
And mama's gettin' mad  
'Cause now she gotta watch her little girl grow up fast  
Straight ghetto life, straight ghetto drama  
Wanted a baby doll, now she's somebody's mama  
And life is so confusin' to her  
Askin' herself why is this happenin' to her  
So now she gotta choose  
Between a box of Pampers and a pair of new tennis shoes  
Never had to make that choice before  
Never heard a baby's voice before  
And the daddy ain't nowhere to be found  
Too busy bein' a hoe around town  
He just fall into another statistic  
Claimin' black men don't do shit  
But that's the way it is  
And little do they know daddy also sheds tears  
'Cause he don't know what to do  
Be a father to his child, or run with a crew  
You might say, easy choice, be a father  
But why should he do it when his father didn't bother?  
Just another sample, I guess  
Of black men settin' bad examples  
Thinkin' deep about the whole thing  
Takes his last bit of money and goes to buy a gold ring  
And asks her to marry her  
Promise to get a job, so he can carry her  
Thinkin' that's the way to do it  
But little do they know that there's much more to it  
'Cause marriage is demandin'  
It takes lots of patience and understandin'  
But they go and tie the knot anyway  
And they'll be gettin' their own crib any day  
The first couple of months were alright  
A new crib, adaptin' to a new life  
But then came the arguments  
And the constant fightin' got 'em thrown out their apartment  
So now they gotta move in with her momma  
And that just adds to the muthafuckin' problems  
'Cause now he's feelin' like he failed  
And while they asleep he grabs his shit and bails  
Smooth out the do', black

And never takes another look back  
Now grandma's house is an unhappy home  
Now that daddy's gone, daddy's gone, yeahDaddy broke before I stepped in this muthafucka  
And left the job to be done by my mother's mother  
Raised up by my grandmother's son  
'Cause my mark-ass daddy never came around for guidanceSo now I'm forced to stand up on my own two  
'Cause mommy dear had to work three jobs, duke  
He didn't even want my friendship  
I guess the mark-ass nigga wasn't down to begin withToo late to come around with his drunk ass  
And beatin' up my mom with his punk ass  
And shit got dread  
I guess I shouldn't talk so bad about my dadSo here it is, brothers  
If you gon' have babies, you need to father them muthafuckas  
'Cause if you don't in due time  
Your kids'll speak about daddy exactly like I do mineSo do yourself a favor  
Take your kids to the park, buy 'em shit, and they'll pay you later  
But paying's not the issue  
If you'd die right now your little kids wouldn't even miss youSo put away your caddy  
Call your bitch up and tell her to make room for daddy  
'Cause if you don't you'll be alone  
And the only thing they'll say about daddy, is daddy is gone  
Daddy's gone, yeah

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