Daddy's Gone

Big Mike

Push, push, push, push
Push, push, here it comes
It's, it's a girl1971 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 pageSee, 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 trampsAnd 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 mamaAnd 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 shoesNever 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 townHe 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 ringAnd 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 dayThe 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 apartmentSo 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 bailsSmooth 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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