Family Business

Stephen Falken

Hey, son, you made the team this year?
Aw th, they sayin' you weren't tall enough?
Yeah, me, we gon' cook this up here okay
Just come by, later, is that your new girlfriend?
This is family business, an' this is for the family that can't be with us
An' this is for my cousin locked down, know the answer's in it
That's why I spit it in my songs
So sweet like a photo of your granny's picture
Now that you're gone, it hit us
Super hard on Thanksgiving an' Christmas, this can't be right
Yeah, you heard the track I did, man, this can't be life
Somebody please say grace so I can save face
And have a reason to cover my face
I even made you a plate, soul food, know how Granny do it
Monkey bread on the side, know how the family do it
When I brought it, why had guard have to look all through it?
As kids we used to laugh, who knew that life would move this fast?
Who knew I'd have to look at you through a glass?
An' look, you tell me you ain't did it, then you ain't did it
An' if you did, then that's family business
An' I don't care 'bout all the diamond rings
They don't mean a thing, all these fancy things
I tell you that all my weight in gold
Now all I know, I know all these things
This is family business an' this is for everybody standin' with us
Come on, let's take a family Grammy picture
Abby, remember when they ain't believe in me?
Now she like, "See, that's my cousin on TV"
Now, we gettin' it an' we gon' make it
An' they gon' hate it, an' I'm his favorite
I can't deny it, I'm a straight rider
But when we get together, be electric slidin'
Grandma, get 'em shook up
Aw naw, don't open the photo book up
I got a Aunt Ruth that can't remember your name
But I bet them polaroids'll send her down memory lane
You know that one auntie, ya' don't mean to be rude
But every holiday nobody eatin' her food
An' you don't wanna stay there 'cuz them your worst cousins

Got roaches at their crib like them your first cousins
Act like you ain't took a bath with your cousins
Fit three in the bed, if it's six of y'all
I'm talkin' 'bout three by the head an' three by the leg
But you ain't have to tell my girl I used to pee in the bed
Rain, rain, rain go away
Let the sun come out an' all the children say
Rain, rain, rain go away
Let the sun come out an' all the children say
I woke up early this mornin' with a new state of mind
A creative way to rhyme without usin' nines an' guns
Keep your nose out the sky, keep your heart to God
An' keep your face to the risin' sun
All my niggas from the Chi, that's my family, dog
An' my niggas ain't my guys, they my family, dog
I feel like one day you'll understand me, dog
You can still love your man an' be manly, dog
You ain't got to get heated at every house warmin'
Sittin' here, grillin' people like George Foreman
Why Uncle Ray an' Aunt Shiela always performin'?
Second she storm out, then he storm in
Y'all gon' sit down, have a good time this reunion
An' drink some wine like Communion
An' act like everything fine an' if it isn't
We ain't lettin' everybody in our family business
All the diamond rings they don't mean a thing
They don't mean a thing
They don't mean a thing, a thing
An' I don't care 'bout all the diamond rings
They don't mean a thing, all these fancy things
I tell you that all my weight in gold
Now all I know, I know all these things
All these things, all these things
All these things, all these things
All these things, all these things
C.L.K Mercedes Benz
A whole lotta money
Mommy and Daddy please stop fighting
Let's get Stevie outta jail

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