

Daughters

Nas

[Intro] Check it out... I call it

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah-Yea

For my brothers with daughters, I call this

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[Verse 1] I saw my daughter send a letter to some boy her age

Who locked up, first I regretted it then caught my rage, like

How could I not protect her from this awful phase

Never tried to hide who I was, she was taught and raised like

A princess, but while I'm on stage I can't leave her defenseless

Plus she's seen me switching women, pops was on some pimp shit

She heard stories of her daddy thuggin'

So if her husband is a gangster can't be mad, I'll love him

Never, for her I want better, homie in jail - dead that

Wait till he come home, you can see where his head's at

Niggas got game, they be tryna live

He seen your mama crib, plus I'm sure he know who your father is

Although you real, plus a honest kid

Don't think I'm slow, I know you probably had that chronic lit

You 17, I got a problem with it

She looked at me like I'm not the cleanest father figure but she rocking with it

[Hook] For my brothers with daughters, I call this

For my brothers with daughters, I call this

Not sayin' that our sons are less important

For my brothers with daughters, I call this

For my brothers with daughters, I call this

Not sayin' that our sons are less important

[Verse 2] This morning I got a call, nearly split my wig

This social network said "Nas go and get ya kid"

She's on Twitter, I know she ain't gon post no pic

Of herself underdressed, no inappropriate shit, right

Her mother cried when she answered

Said she don't know what got inside this child's mind, she planted
A box of condoms on her dresser then she Instagrammed it
At this point I realized I ain't the strictest parent
I'm too loose, I'm too cool with her
Shoulda drove on time to school with her
I thought I dropped enough jewels on her
Took her from private school, so she can get a balance
To public school, they too nurture teen talents
They grow fast, one day she's ya little princess
Next day she talking boy business, what is this
They say the coolest playas and foulest heart breakers in the world
God gets us back, he makes us have precious little girls

[Hook] For my brothers with daughters, I call this
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[Verse 3] And I ain't tryna mess ya thing up
But I just wanna see you dream up
I finally understand
It ain't easy to raise a girl as a single man
Nah, the way mothers feel for they sons, how fathers feel for they daughters
When he date, he straight, chip off his own papa
When she date, we wait behind the door with the sawed off
Cause we think no one is good enough for our daughters
Love

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