

# Zipporah

## GoldLink

Uh, what's a nigga in America?  
Why the fuck is we here?  
Why you tell me go back where I'm from  
When you dragged me here?  
Why we born to be poor?  
Why our fathers be gone?  
Why my father forsake us?  
Why my momma so strong?  
And on my momma I'd kill ya  
On Faris, I'd kill ya  
Nigga we were so broke, split 20 dollars a weekend  
I, never cried but I realized what we were missing  
My mind had a nigga on edge, I started sellin' and cheatin'  
Said fuck the government, fuck the man  
Fuck the Feds, fuck the law  
See Que was fuckin my girl, too fuckin hungry to care  
I started sellin mo', thinking bout Zip  
Thinking what I did, fucked her friend  
Fucked her homie, then fucked again  
I started sippin on liquor  
Couldn't cope wit the changes  
We went back to the hood  
Started slanging and bangin'  
Feds was outside my house  
Second time we got raided  
Everything was for you  
I want to get you that coupe  
Black and young and a fuck up  
I wanna prove this to you  
That I could be more than a boy  
But a father with you  
I, wish I could change  
But God you made me this way  
So I'm gon keep my faith high  
And bow my head and just pray  
Like this Lord Lord, I need, your help, Lord  
Lord Lord, I need, your help, Lord  
I was so young and dumb  
You were so young and dumb

Allan was in the picture  
I was gon' pop dat nigga  
Celebrity status now  
You in a wedding gown  
You was gon' be my wife  
Move to a newer life  
Tried to make dreams with you  
Still I'm so proud of you  
Look at the woman from a girl a flower blossomed too  
The prettiest of them all  
You was gon' have it all  
You was gon' have the mall  
But you still got it all  
Shower you wit' some poems  
Shower you wit' some songs  
Remember the drawing I made?  
Remember the flowers I gave?  
Remember the time that we spent?  
Remember the time that we missed?  
Don't let that happen again  
Go find you a better man  
And go have that baby boy  
And make him a better man  
Tell him his mother loves him  
Just like she used to love me  
And play him this tape for you  
Tell him what we been through  
So we can both raise that child like we promised, we would do  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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