

Responsibility

Ben Reilly

Our children grow
-And can find some space to grow
Our children grow

Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you hear me now?
Papa, can you hear me? (Can you turn me up a little bit?)
Papa, can you hear me?

Now
Child is the father of man
My mother chose a child to come and father a man
I've never even seen a hippopotamus dance
It's gotta be a dream to think that I'd get a chance
Two niggas from the ville
Not certain that they know eachother
Two different years
I wanna put them both together
Guess I gotta start with this Ving Rhames motherfucker
From the very start
I can see a change in my mother
Project baby
Still a baby in his mind
Can't make no money
So he tryna take from mine
Courthouse marriages
They couldn't waste time
Time waits on no man
He couldn't even father time
The spontaneity is paining me
That's how my mother nature
Naturally this number hated me
Look what our father gave us
No hero
No father figure
Just a bothered nigga
Dine upon my brand new TV
Just to spark it with ya
Man child asking step son for a hand out
Man, how is this my example of a man now?
Manhandling women
Wanna get your demand out
Fuck father, you less than a man
You a damn coward

Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you hear me now?
Papa, can you hear me? (Now)
Papa, can you hear me?

Now
Child is the father of man
As a man, the child in me saw the father in him
The first impression didn't do a lot for the man
But after that I truly seen an honest attempt
Number two tell the truth
He had the family comfortable

Lovable

Did a lot in a short while to make my mother smile
Gave me the ring
Like hold it down
That's why I fuck with you
Tears in my eyes
I can't lie, I was proud as fuck
Parties at the crib
Can't nobody get as loud as us
Showing me all you need is love
And you can pile it up
Then I seen a shift in his buzz
A few sign them ups
Passed it, and now I see the first impressions back again
Cleaning up the crib
No more bottles in the cabinet
Caught him in my room
Hiding bottles in my mattress
Found him on the bench a couple times
What is happening?
Traumatized as a child
The man can't cope
Sat him down to talk

Damn, who would've thought?
Another man turned joke
Cries from my mama every night
Staying woke

Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you hear me now?
Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you hear me?

Kids, now
I ain't gonna take no mess
I ain't gonna take no mess
Kids, sing
I ain't gonna take no mess
I ain't gonna take no mess
Papa, my life changed
With a grin
Papa, my light seen
Then again
Papa, my life changed
With a grin
Papa, my light seen
Then again

Child is the father of man
You had a child and failed to be a father to him
I mean, why bother giving a father when you outing to him?
Providing to him?
Describing my honor to be a bother to him
Honest attempts at being better
When you had learned what it meant to me
But I gotta question why abandonment was meant for me
Never called
Even on my birthdays especially
Crazy when considering your birthdays is next to me
Oh father, why has thou forsaken me?
I used wish you were a father impatiently

I know that wish is the father of thought
But if my father had brought
Love and guidance early on
What would it make of me?
All I ever wanted was attention from you
I used to have dreams of how to put my tension to use
Tell you the truth
It's probably best that we met when you grew
Not an excuse in retrospect
If I knew what I knew

Now

You was too wild to change for a new child
A victim to your childhood
A victim to a shootout
A victim irresponsible
A victim of unused power
A victim that my mama knew
A victim that was too proud
Pride is the father of the ego
Knew so many victims where we from
And only few good people
When my grandfather died
You came right when I needed you
With my siblings by your side
Making love more feasible
Cus child is the father of man
The father of my mother was a father to him
Was jealous when I learned you was a father to them
But I know you had to grow to be a father for them

Let it run

When I was young staying at 590
Osborne street to be exact
Right there by the [?]
Between [?], Brownsville
And even after moving to Atlanta
I let a lot of hatred fester in my heart for my father
Or the lack thereof
And I learned since then that wasn't a proper use of my power
Given I never had a good example of how to use power
And display responsibility
Look into my friends, cousins
And even the TV screens
To figure out how to become a man
But my hero, my true hero
The father of my mother
Showed me how
How to learn from your mistakes
What a power trip does to you
What reflection does for your growth
I just hate that I didn't realize that until
Now