

Without You

Haystak

If you don't give a little somethin' back
to your family, you ain't shit in my book.
Come On Boy...

I was her baby, she guided me through life,
She whipped my ass for doin' wrong,
Rewarded me for doin' right,
I caused so many tears to roll down her face,
I was just young n dumb n needed my space,
But you was there for me, I could depend on you,
When I lost my first tooth, when I had pneumonia,
You put your own house up ta keep me outta jail,
I didn't raise no snitches boy, you betta not tell,
I'm gonna go do this time up off the street,
Just send me five or ten dollars a week,
Every Sunday bring me somethin' to eat,
Some chicken or macaroni, some brownies, somethin' sweet,
N to make it complete, I wanna whole pitcher of my Nanny's ice tea,
What she won't do for the rest y'all she gonna do for me,
Like she held me down I'm gonna hold her down,
Baby's a superstar, y'all can't control me now...
Uhn..Uhn...

Without you,
There's no me,
Without roots,
There's no tree,
There would be no history,
Without You,

Who taught me how to scratch a dog, shoot at home,
Which ones to mess with, which ones to leave alone,
Who told me lifes hard on yo' own,
Listen to me n you can live to be grown,
Perhaps you won't have to pay the dues I done paid,
Or make the same mistakes that your uncle made,
He was so real, Cadillacs, new Sevilles,
Pocket full of big bills, nerve pills,
I'm the new generation automatics and chrome wheels,
Raised by the old code, boy you don't squeal,
Uhn uhn, you don't rat, don't snitch,
You never fuck with a man dogs, money, or his bitch,
N in this life there very few free lunches,
Take your boxes with yo' bruises, roll with the punches,
When they tell you you was wrong tell 'em fuck y'all,
I could've never fed my family with a football,
It's a'ight to have some weaknesses, it ain't a'ight to let 'em show,
You'd didn't have no break in stints, so why the hell you let 'em know,
Somethin' I had to pay a price for I'm givin' you free,
Just hopin' you can grow up n be even bigger than me, Yo...

So much more than a portrait on my upper arm,
He was the bomb, my dad an' my mom,
Huh I sit back an' smoke, thinkin' bout way back when,
tears trickle off my cheek onta an 8x10,
Don't even seem as though you really gone,
I'm still stunned, you treated me like a son,

An' no one made you, a lil' bad ass boy,
But still you raised me, and in the process,
I damn near drove nanny crazy,
By the way she's doing good,
She took it better than we ever thought she would,
You had to suffer so we understood,
Probably the last time we gonna come togetha as one,
They, my family n we ain't seen each other in months,
Experiencin' harder times with every day,
I find myself sayin' what would papa say,
If you were here, you'd guide me through this,
No doubt, but your gone, n' I'm grown, n' I know...