

Meet the Parents

Jay-Z

Woo! Uhh, uhh
It's "The Gift & the Curse"
Uhh, uhh yea
First they love me then they hate me then they love me again
.. they love me again
Let's take a trip down.. I gotcha

Let's take a trip down memory, lane at the cemetery
Rain grey skies, seems at the end of every
young black life is this line, "Damn - him already?
Such a good kid," got us pouring Henn' already
Liquor to the curb for my, niggas up above
When it, cracks through the pavement that's my way of sendin love
So, give Big a hug, tell Aa-liyah I said hi
'Til the next time I see her, on the other side
He was just some thug that, caught some slugs
And we loved him cause, in him we, saw some of us
He walked like us, talked like us
His back against the wall, nigga fought like us - damn
Poor Isis, that's his momma name
Momma ain't strong enough to raise no boy, what's his father name?
Shorty never knew him, though he had his blood in him
Hot temper, momma said he act just like her husband
Daddy never fucked with him, so the streets raised him
Isis blaming herself, she wish she could've saved him
Damn near impossible, only men can raise men
He was his own man, not even him can save him
He put his faith in a, thirty-eight in his waist
But when you live by the gun you die by the same fate
End up, dead before thirty-eight and umm
That's the life of us raised by winter, it's a cold world
Old girl turned to coke, tried to smoke her pain away
Isis, life just, ended on that rainy day
When she got the news her boy body could be viewed
down at the City Morgue, opened the drawer, saw him nude
Her addiction grew, prescription drugs, shift and brew
Angel dust, dipped in WOO!
She slipped into, her own fantasy world
Had herself pregnant by a different dude
But reality bites and, this is her life
He wasn't really her husband, though he called her wife
It was just this night when, moon was full
And the stars were just right, and the dress was real tight
Had her sounding like Lisa Lisa - I wonder if I take you home
will you still love me after this night?
Mike was the hardhead from the around the way
that she wanted all her life, shit she wanted all the hype
Used to hold on tight when he wheeled on the bike
He was a Willie all her life he wasn't really the one to like
It was a, dude named Shy who would really treat her right
He wanted to run to the country to escape the city life
But I-sis, like this, Broadway life
She loved the Gucci sneakers, the red green and whites
Hangin out the window when she first seen him fight
She was so turned on that she had to shower twice
How ironic it would, be some fight that
turned into a homicide that'll alter their life

See Mike at thirty-two was still on the scene
Had a son fifteen that he never saw twice
Sure he saw him as an infant, but he dissed on him like
"If that was my son, he would look much different.
See I'm light-skinned and that baby there's dark
so it's, momma's baby; poppa's maybe."
Mike was still crazy out there running the streets (fuck niggas want?)
Had his old reliable with thirty-eight gun in his reach
It's been fourteen years, him and Isis ain't speak
He running around like life's a peach, 'til one day
he approached this thug that, had a mean mug
And it looked so familiar that he called him "Young Cuz"
Told him, get off the strip but the boy ain't budge (fuck you)
Instead he pulled out a newer thirty-eight snub
He clearly had the drop but the boy just paused (hold up)
There was somethin in this man's face he knew he seen before
It's like, lookin in the mirror seeing hisself more mature
And he took it as a sign from the almighty Lord
You know what they say about he who hesitates in war
(What's that?) He who hesitates is lost
He can't explain what he saw before his picture went blank
The old man didn't think he just followed his instinct
Six shots into his kid, out of the gun
Niggas be a father, you're Killing your son
Six shots into his kid, out of the gun
Niggas be a father, you Killing your sons

Meet the parents.. [echoes and slows down as it fades]