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 wheelied 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]