

Man, I cannot call it
Would all my workaholics put they cellphones on silent for a second?
See, he was working on his second degree and child
Money tight, gotta work a second job for a while
The call finally came, his appointment's at 9
There's an opening in management and he's next in line
The job of his dreams but with a couple all-nighters
And some 20-hour flight to London time to time
And he had one thought as he left the building:
He could raise his salary or his children
He could choose what's right or what's easy
What's good or what's God
You could lose six figures but play catch in the yard
And with no complaints, he commits to strolling to his home
Just to scoop up that two-year-old blessing
And never mind stressing over size of the kitchen
'Cause history don't give out no honorable mentions
Listen, Pop, just stay home
'Cause in the suburbs now they say they feel the same way
And them white kids be cutting themselves to numb the pain
And it got me thinking it can't just be our living situation
When nobody's satisfied, somebody robbed this generation
When those who have it all would give it all to get what we got
And we who got nothing sell our souls and rocks
And you can find 'em in the weed spot
And to our shame
The one place that every race is equal and unashamed
And for opposite reasons with the same needs to the core
You can look 'em in the eyes, they nursing the same sores
There's no daddies, no home training
Look what love gave us
War and kamikazes and Jihad
But think how far would you go to please God?
Please, God, the single parent home
It ain't a problem of the hood
His pop trade stocks, his pop sling rocks
Equally murdering both of our people
And in the name of financial gain
We justify leaving our sons to be raised by these mosh pits
Or these guns
Please, Pop, just stay home