

Inheritance

Propaganda

Don't take away his inheritance
That's what he cries

So the Lord saw fit to save him
But not before this
And the night has shown 'nuff weakness
Landed him right here
A few moments of pleasure got him tied to the type of woman mam
a said be wise to
But he finally understands what Dr. King meant
That a man can't ride your back unless you've bent it

Stand up, man up, take care of your own
Though reduced to the weekends, he'll still fo' sho' show up
But it's sho' 'nuff [?] how something so sinful nine months lat
er got you blissful and it ain't quite simple
And yeah homie, I get that
Like how you tell your daughter that's what you think of her ma
ma
But he can't stand the sight of her, in court fightin' her
Frightened, losin' bad, judge think he lyin'
He like "I am not them, not a statistic, I am desperate, please
don't take away my inheritance"
Cried

And he sees her in the rearview, wavin' 'til he's gone
Turns left at the corner and he cries the whole ride home
Home... if you can call it that
He misses her laughter
And it shakes him to the core like the pound of the gavel
And life is just killin' time 'til Friday 3PM, mama comes late
'Cause she don't wannasee him
She speaks so I'll of him
"That boy ain't no good, he grew up in Lynwood, he'll always be
so good"

But none of that matters 'cause it's daddy's time
Let's shake the spot just for us, God
Please stop the clock
Hold every moment with him
'Cause quite literally, it could be his last one
Lord, what has he become?

He like "She doesn't deserve this and I hope I don't look nervo
us, She'll soon be a teenager and I'll be on her nerves then"
But until then, he'll hold in the pain of being desperate

Please don't take away his inheritance

That's what he cries
That's what we cry