

Who Are You

Royce da 5'9"

Man, I had a dream that my father told me
"Let's play a game, look me in my eyes
And just make sure you don't blink
You can ask me anything you want
But remember, don't blink"
I said, "Shit"
I got all courage in the world to start asking shit
That I never had the courage to ask before
Like, "What's wrong with me?"
Like, "Okay, I'm born an addict, do you think that you doing drugs had more than an adverse effect on me?"
"Do you think if you didn't do drugs did maybe I somehow would have came out better? Would I had done better?"
I got one
I was always seeking your approval as a, as a child
You made me feel like I could never do shit right
I always wanted to know, like, through everything that I've been through in the game, do I make you proud?
Like, are you proud of me? Finally?"
And then I was about to ask him about the abuse with my mom and, like, I fuckin' blinked
As soon as I blinked (I wanna know if it's okay if)
I'm looking at my son in, like, in the face (Kinda ask some questions)
The objective of the paper is to go in depths about
The figure in our lives that we find inspiring
The one we look up to
I wanted to do mines about you
I remember the title I had for it and
I was, I was thinking of calling it, The Book of Ryan
I was kinda sitting and trying to get in the first paragraph
And I started to realize how difficult it is to write
How can I write the paper of my father when I don't know who he is?
So I guess the first question is, "Who are you?"