

My daddy ain't going nowhere
Never

Whether we dribble out this motherfucker
Wrap rock or riddle out this motherfucker
We gon' get up out this motherfucker
Same way that Venus did, Serena did, we them kids
Whitney was talking 'bout that's how it was
Before my brother caught them slugs and I watched coroners chalk him out
That ain't my brother in that box, what niggas talking bout?
Couldn't Paul Bearer cause I was too weak to walk him out
And that's real shit, I'm dedicated
Like Pac was to Jada before Jada met Will Smith
I'm already turnt up, chronic still burnt up
Fuck outta here, with all that lean and popping pills shit
Jump in my Impala get it hopping with a kill switch
I done been around the world, my life is like a field trip
I done been to Africa, seen niggas in Attica
Cops killing our youth, these numbers ain't adding up
Like that white boy sitting in a prison cell
Killed 9 people in a church, how he living still?
I couldn't understand, I spent hours
With Farrakhan, just begging him to let me be the millionth man
But some of these niggas just make you wanna kill a man
And let the .38 spin like a ceiling fan
Separate your body from soul, soul from Earth
Roll a blunt with your remains and then ash it in the dirt
Listen, you ain't a Christian cause you go to church
Listen, you ain't a gangster cause you got the work
A real gangster's one who take care of his whole family
Like me, even though my baby mama can't stand me
Her name tattooed on my neck, nigga it's branded
And my fucking kids tighter than Ray J and Brandy
Yeah, I give it to you so you understand
Fucking bitches took my family

Bye baby, rock-a-bye baby
No tears or sobs, baby, been listening to Nas lately
And I can't lie, baby, been missing them thighs, baby
But it's more to life than Gucci and Louis Vuitton, baby
It's more to life than tripping on lies, baby
Put feelings aside, baby, you Nicki Minaj, baby
One day we all die, baby
So I'd rather go hard, keep Cali alive, baby
Yeah, keep Cali alive, baby
Double entendre, nigga that's my baby
And don't nobody father kids like me
Word to Kevin Hart, take care of they rib like me
I made fucked up decisions but don't let 'em crucify me
I'm still the same nigga on my California ID
Yeah, Compton nigga
Blame Dre, it's his fault that I'm a monster, nigga
I was selling crack in west side Brompton, nigga
Yeah I can rap, but I ain't ask for no sponsors, nigga
I was light skin and young Klay Thompson, nigga
15, had guns like Contra, nigga
Now they call me bipolar, big contradiction

This The Documentary 2 without Doc's prescription
Motherfucker