

# Jay-Z, Meet The Parents

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 pourin' Hen' already  
Liquor to the curb for my, niggaz up above  
When it, cracks through the pavement that's my way of sendin' love  
So, give Big a hug, tell Aaliyah 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 ussss, talked like ussss  
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 blamin' herself, she wish she coulda 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 her, 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 soundin' 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 wheeled 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 runnin' the streets (fuck niggaz want?)

Had an older but light with thirty-eight gun in his reach  
It's been fourteen years, him and Isis ain't speak  
He runnin 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 seein 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  
Niggaz be a father, you're killin your son  
Six shots into his kid, out of the gun  
Niggaz be a father, you killin your sons

Meet the parents.. [echoes and slows down as it fades]