

# Nas, Poppa Was A Player

To My Nigger who brought me in this world  
Taught us right Nigger  
My old dad imported to the family structure  
Provide her God  
My moms a queen at university civaliza  
My pops maybe was late but always came home  
My moms would put us to bed and she would wait on  
Soon as he walk in the door she barking  
I turned out the Jonny Carson  
Jumped out the bed  
We grabbed both his legs  
Me and my brother  
Not knowing the pain he gave my mother  
Night after night, fighting yelling at each other  
My papa played the street all day  
Mama was either home, at work, while we played inside the hall way  
She sacrifices all she got to feed us  
When she was alone she cried by the phone pepping out the window heeding  
But still I didn't see it  
Mama hid it from us  
We was kids younger  
Till we got bigger, on to  
Bigger things that we knew what the time was  
That daddy was leaving the crib and moms love  
Papa was player, player wasn't papa  
Papa loved the ladies  
Never got enough of  
Pretty brown round  
Running round town (Shhhhh)  
Don't tell your mother what's going down  
(Repeat 2x)  
So many kids I knew, never knew what Pap was  
That's why I show my pop love  
He was still around when I fucked up  
He could have left  
My moms pregnant shock to death but stayed  
Watch me crawl till I took my first step, to the first grade  
To my first fist fight  
Right behind me he would stand  
No matter how big or tall he made me fight you like a man  
Throw dirt in your eye, swing my right scoop your ass and slam  
He watched me so I wouldn't get jumped by shorty's fam  
Roaches and weed all over my crib him and moms relaxing  
Next thing you know he packing  
So then I asked him  
What's this white shit on that plate and your facing?  
Papa why you butt ass from the waist  
And who's this lady I'm facing  
Dark skin you're not my mommy  
He grabbed me up to run some smooth words by me  
Promise things that he would buy me  
If I kept my mouth close and don't tell mommy  
He said one day I'll understand little me  
Was in you to side me  
Papa was player, player wasn't papa  
Papa loved the ladies  
Never got enough of  
Pretty brown round  
Running round town (Shhhhh)  
Don't tell your mother what's going down  
(Repeat 2x)  
Pop's told me hold my own  
Pop's told me value home  
Could I help it papa was a rolling stone

Who loved the pretty brown round  
Out of town bound  
Jumping in his jazz Benz he touring  
At home I play his latest recordings  
And it's strange now how, I do my thing now  
I'm in the game now  
And heard of it his brain pow  
To pull strings and gain power  
>From weed habits are same now  
No white lines to trumpets to tight rhymes  
And beats that be pumping  
Before he left he taught me something  
A child's young years the most important time to be there  
That's why he stayed till we grew up, respect is still here  
I'm older now see what having a father's about  
One day they can be in your life next day they be out  
It's not because of you, you know the deal  
Him and your moms feel  
If they stay together then someone will get killed  
I love you still  
Always will  
Cause that's my nigger  
Although you felt you was wrong  
I still feel you kid  
Life gose on