

# NLE Choppa, Letter To My Daughter

I said this shit might be the realest shit I ever wrote (Ayo, let me hear that KF)  
Might be the realest shit I ever quote (You're so lazy)  
Yeah  
Letter to my daughter (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm just tryna be your father (Yeah)  
Ayy

In the back of the Rolls Royce, you came to with your shoes on  
Finna cop a Rolls Royce car seat for my newborn  
Baby girl, you're blessed because I know some kids in group home  
Ain't seen you since the week that you was born, miss you in my arms  
Mom be on some complicated shit so I don't see you  
She put the police on me, at the end of the day, it hurt you  
Kinda hurt me too, never let life lessons break you  
Evaluate the mistake and just wait on your breakthrough  
All for you Clover, I turned over a new leaf  
But I get the type of treatment that belong to a deadbeat  
Know that God and the universe be workin' for me  
Seeing you growin' up from afar tends to scare me  
Even though shit got rough, I'm still prayin' for your mama  
Hope you get the chance to see my grandpa and my grandma  
'Cause they getting kinda old, and grandpa been getting sick  
So Mariah, if you hear this, can you please complete the wish?

Please, no pity for a G  
I know I got a daughter that I barely get to see  
It haven't been a couple hours, it's been since the first week  
And lately, I been losing sleep and it's been hard for me to eat

Last time I tried to see you, went to jail on that same day  
Fightin' two felonies 'bout you and I got another case  
If I shoot in the house that you in, take my breath away  
I never put my hands on no woman, wasn't raised that way (Ayy)  
I wanted a child, just to have something to live for  
Now I'm dyin', just to see you, something that I'd kill for  
Tryna be a co-parent turned me to a no-parent  
Feeling like a transparent, what I tell your grandparents?  
I'd cut my feet off just to see your first steps  
Bad enough I wasn't in town to see your first breaths  
Might not hear your first words and it's hurtin' me to death  
Every time I try to do right, I get played to the left  
Never take it for granted, shit like changing your Pampers  
You're nothing less than a goddess, you better not lower your standards  
A nigga call your somethin' else, bet I correct his grammar  
Any question that you got, I promise, I got the answers  
'Nother nigga playing a role that I was given  
A feeling she might be calling him daddy, got me the sickest, so I'm trippin'  
If I slid on that boy and got the blicky, yeah, I'm tripping  
Gotta separate my pride from my feelings

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I can't really call it pain 'cause I know this shit a process  
God give us challenges and see us make some progress  
And nothing from this situation I can say I regret  
Wouldn't even hit a reset, learn something life ain't teach yet  
The walls start to close and this room gettin' smaller  
Laying in this room mama designed for my daughter  
Playing this tune that I designed for the fathers  
That's good fucking hearted but distant from their toddlers  
Read books until you go to sleep

Wake up, cook you something to eat  
Mould you to a baby G, just like your daddy  
Hope that you remember me, 'cause Brylie, you my mini-me  
Your mama my worst enemy, I'm praying she forgive a G  
Tryna put me on child support, all the child need is support  
Would've gave you more than child support could ever afford  
Long-term relationships from short-term greed  
Just be careful what you pick when you the one that's in need  
Such a big miracle in such a little girl  
Never let them break your spirit in this physical world  
'Cause you make the diamonds shine, more unique than a pearl  
And I knew that you was mine from your smile and your curls

Letter to my daughter  
I'm just tryna be your father  
Letter to my daughter

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They say Black fathers don't matter, they say Black fathers don't care  
But more than anything, I'll always be there  
I love you