

# Drag On, My First Child

[Drag-On]

That's my first child, my first born man  
I did this I created this

Ain't no time for being a savage I gotta push a carriage  
but some rapped in soft fabric this is deeper than marriage  
chip off your old block, your chip off your old pops  
but you to young to hear my storys bout how I sold rock  
but just yesterday I cut your umbilical chords  
doctor said you had several purports I guess you shook it off  
bless my god my first child my first born  
I feel so rebirth like this my first song  
I held you helpless, I couldn't help it  
how could a nigga abandon his child?  
I could never be selfish  
Sometimes I feed him too much, throw up on his bib  
I just gave birth to another one of God's kids  
He can't see me yet his eyes closed  
I love his baby smell, his baby size clothes, his eyes open, my eyes froze

[Chorus]

My first child  
With open arms I spread my wings to give you life  
My first child  
I never let you go, right without you here with me I never be the same

[Drag-On]

I watched you get a little older, gettin up out your stroller  
Carried you over my shoulders, you my little soldier  
And I love you some more  
It's never the same, first time you walk you fell on the floor  
Circus score  
First words now what's my name? "DADA"  
And you almost look the same as "DADA"  
I could never be mad dat, infact I'm glad dat  
you know your Dad Dad and where your Daddy at  
Cause when I was your age son I never had that  
I'ma be there for my little nigga, you just a little nigga  
old enough to get potty trained no more dypers changed  
I named him El Kwan so he could have a righteous name  
and know who Allah be, and eat Halal Salami  
And know how to salaam me, wa-alaikum as-salaam  
Know who my babysitter I take him straight to my moms  
Love it when I pick him up he comes straight to my arms

[Chorus]

[Drag-on]

The first day of school I taught him respect so he had a little manners  
So he pledge allegiance before he sung the star spangled banner  
Walk with a bop, just like his pops  
He wore his cap to the back coz he seen his Dad do that  
Musta had his ear to the door cause he heard his mom's moan  
Cause the first day he got the keys to the crib he brung a chick home  
Okay time for the talk, you know what these is for?  
Life support and I placed about 4 in your drawer  
So what ever you do boy, jus don't go wrong  
Whenever you need some more just come knock on your pops door  
Cause you know I got em  
I raised him, I dressed him  
He dress himself now Allah blessed him he study Allah lessons  
And I pray that the streets don't arrest him  
His friends are pass him a spike lee joint  
But I'll pass him the message

Sometimes I think like did I do right or did I do wrong?  
Cause I made her have an abortion, now I wish that he was born  
Because he would have been my first child, my first born

[Chorus]