

The Game, A Father's Prayer

This a open letter to my daughter, nigga
This is Hov talking to Rumi and Blue Carter, nigga
This is Nas talking to Destiny
This Imani and Nip's legacy
Beautiful black babies
I hope you never meet a nigga like me, but one who treat you like a lady
It ain't about the Hermes bag and the Mercedes
It's about whenever you cry, he stop you from going crazy
Lot of niggas gon' be shooting they shot, that's my baby
For my blessing, it's thirty-three seconds, Tracy McGrady
Niggas shady, so I gotta protect you, Em and Hailie
Tell them disrespectful niggas I polish the semi daily
I trust you, I love you, get chills when I touch you
Open the 'Rari doors, you hop in, and I hug you
Tell you daddy ain't perfect, I did what I had to do
And one day I'm gon' explain, Tristan Thompson, the truth

Think I'm superhuman, but I'm only human
Over my baby, we can get into it
Hop out the Bentley coupe while it's still movin'
Like, "Nigga, this my daughter, tell me what we doin'"
I can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I make somebody son cry
I can't see it comin' down my eyes
So I make somebody son cry, look

I call it California dream 'cause I'm livin' one
Hollowed up them F and Ns and show a nigga some'
Or you could be my third son, take a pic or some'
Linin' Budweiser cans up and shoot the blick or some'
You roll Backwoods, but she don't smoke
Her mama grew up in 60s, my nigga, she ain't no joke
But don't be cuzzin' my daughter, she ain't no loc
And don't be drivin' her brazy, 'cause them are folks
So smart, so beautiful, baby hairs to the cuticles
Rolex at eleven, she ain't impressed by the usual
Don't ever disrespect or overstep, that's law
Keep a fresh pack of Magnums, you ain't hittin' that raw
You ain't hittin' at all, I told her wait for marriage
Iced out since she was two, so she don't date for karats
It's like Ye in Paris when North in Shyne town
I'm either walking it down the aisle or walking straight out of trial
Fuck with me

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