

Turning 10

Skyzoo

My man used to sling to his mother
Took a couple dollars off so she ain't think he don't love her
I said damn son your pops don't care? He said son I don't know
My father been in and outta Rikers since I was 9 years old
He passed me the L and then continued to bag snow
I pictured myself in his shoes and took a drag slow
His mother came in the room with seven singles
He gave her a bag of stones, her face said heaven sent you
I was 14, known as a mixture of straight scheming and debate teaming
A tug of war to break me even, I was weaving through what was intended and what was a given
Where it's easy to jump in the rhythm and fuck with the vision
Been forever since we kicked it, last thing I heard is he was bidding
They got him infinity number dripping
The juxtaposition of what the allure be
They placed him with his pops so now gets to tell his father the story

All my friends who got a son with their ex
I tell them right off the deck
Go and get your son when he turns 10
And all the women I know who know what's best
And the way that this shit is set
Give that boy up when he turns 10
I applaud you for thuggin' it
Never wavering how you loving him
But now it's daddy's turn to run with him
So if you got a son with you ex
I tell you right off the deck
Go and get your son when he turns 10

I was 10 when I moved from Crown Heights to the Stuy
Took me from Ebbets Field to up the block from B.I.
My mother said yo you've hit an age where you're bout to feel a change
And as a woman there's only so much I can demonstrate
At first I ain't get it, young and innocent, blind fold the differences
Penning and dribbling over 1010 skinnies and bigger reluctance
My father was always around but at 10 it adjusted
And all the layers that it comes with
Like a man can't teach a girl how to be a woman
And a woman can't teach a boy how to be a man
So like Tre and them, my dad made the call to moms
She said you wanted him you got him and my corner evolved
So when a block party's jumping
And my friends moms pulled me aside like talk to him, maybe your aura can touch him
I get it, but really though I'm just funneling this tradition down
From back when I turned 10 to the shit I give you now

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I know a girl who I told this all to
Homey of mine, heard it and felt it was all true
Told me her only problem is that if she can't find him
Then how can she realign him with her son like fuck is she 'sposed what to do?
I told her what you do, is show him what you're down for
Keep wearing the pants and never let him take his crown off
Never let him become the mu'fucker he came from
Don't let that define him, there's still time to save son, but otherwise

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