

# Daddy

## Pompeya

Daddy?

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Damn man, this is crazy  
Got a little son now, little me  
Runnin' around, it's crazy  
I'd do anything, man, anything  
Life is precious, remember that  
And if I die then my child'll be a bastard  
I just had a newborn  
Shorty weighs 7 pounds, 6 ounces, 20 inches, too strong  
I'm happy now, I'ma daddy now  
I gotta be there, I ain't get to see my daddy around  
We ain't never get to ball out kid  
I was young, the game caught him before I did, but  
Back to you, son, as for you, son  
I'd do any and everything, that's the truth, son  
From the dirtiest diaper, till you get old enough  
To dirty your Nike's up, I'm your clean up man  
You ever need a hand, need a foot, need a heart, need a lung  
Reach for the phone, call me up, son  
Yes, everything drops for you, everything stops for you  
I'll bury a block for you, I'll let go every shot for you  
And I'll reload the clip, just to make sho he's hit  
I gotta little boy to look after  
I gotta little boy to look after  
I gotta little boy to look after  
And if I die then my child'll be a bastard  
I gotta little boy to look after  
I gotta little boy to look after  
Said, "I gotta little boy to look after"  
And if I die then my child'll be a bastard  
Everyday I look in your face, I sit back and I smile  
Look at his face, it's just like mine, wow  
Damn, this kid shines  
Authority and priorities, this kid's mine, so  
That means I gotta beat him if I have to  
Keep him out of bad schools, teach him how to rap smooth  
Show him the ropes like, make sure his rope's tight

No screws loose, no loose screws  
Got manners, got morals, got sense of respect  
'Cause when you gone, boy, that's all you got left  
You ever get craze for candy, don't take a strangers candy  
Open a strangers candy, those are the strangest candies  
I'm your rider, your guider, pusher, provider  
But most of all I'm your father and I'm just looking out for you  
When there's a problem, man, I'm just looking out for you  
I ain't talking, man, I'm just pulling out for you  
The Ford, a sword, the hood'll come out for you  
And what I'm about to do, you shouldn't go out and do  
You just make sure your good to me, you good to mom  
Respect your elders, you grow to be good and strong  
I gotta little boy to look after  
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And if I die then my child'll be a bastard  
I gotta little boy to look after  
I gotta little boy to look after  
Said, "I gotta little boy to look after"  
And if I die then my child'll be a bastard  
I raise you up in the sky, like behold  
The only thing greater than I, you, my greatest achievement  
Fuck a platinum plaque, this is history in the making, believe it  
Without you I can't make or succeed shit  
I can't think, I can't wake up and eat shit  
You the reason that I'm breathin'  
And I will stop at any moment to see this  
Child live a better life, wow, it's a better life  
But you better throw down if you ever fight  
Like Rocky do, don't be no punk  
When it's time to get up and put on your boxing shoes  
You lace 'em up tight, you fall, get up fight  
You lose, oh well, we all lose some fights  
Just be a man about yours, life is all about handling yours  
So you just keep handling yours  
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