Get 'em Daddy (remix)

Cam'ron

[Cam'Ron]See the problem is I ain't goin nowhere
Can shoot at me, can stab at me
Take your best shot (this is the remix)
Suck a dick no homo
DipSet, remix, let's go!
[Hell Rell]My flow is novocaine, my bars is hurricanes (Katrina)
I got hell-a cain, mac in the melon range
Hop out and shells exchange
I wanna see these niggaz die die, make they mom feel hell-a pain
Walk around like I got a broom in my pants
Na that's a fuckin' A-K, heavy tool in my pants, damn
Man these cowards better stay in they lane
And if they ain't getting the picture, it ain't in the frame
VVS's stay in my chain (bling) they in my ring (There they go)
You must of wrote your will already if your sayin our names
Hell Rell, Mr. Ruger Ruger, I'm a shooter shooter
You hung with the girls you double dutch or hoola-hooper
Hop skip and jumpin, block clickin and jumpin
Glock clickin and dumpin, it's the mighty
[J.R. Writer]Listen I'm quite known, nice chrome, a cyclone niggaz
Ya sight blown, Right-o, my white stones glitter
Left hand bling, the right one shiver
Stallion, medallion, a ice cold picture
The white stone flipper
That white tone, nights home, getting' rid of the weight like lipo mister
This psycho sicker
That ain't crackin' ya pimp, you got a rat as a friend like Mike on Thriller
This ain't nothing to me, a scrapper at its best
No rapper could impress, man I'm crack right out the jets
You rappin indirect
But it's lookin like a movie shoot
How they sendin all these damn actors at the set
[Jim Jones]It goes get 'em daddy (Goonies)

Soul niggaz they sick and flabby, (they washed up)
Young fly rich and every nigga with me pack heat, (we ballin)
Somebody snappin pictures at me, (watch me)
Plus I know I got the F.B.I. sick of me
The cash the jewels and how we buy exquisite V's

Don't get ya brains fried to a fricassee
My vest and my heater, breath full of reefer
And ya boy stay fly like he was dressin for Easter
The big Pachorte, Capo the heavy
Packin 4-4 court case to drop on expressway
Its DipSet Byrdgang we fly high
And chart the G-4 we get high in the sky
[Cam'Ron]I'm Hulk Hogan, Randy Savage, Bob Backlund
Paul Akin, ha ha, who they think they car jackin
You dump and a dump, I slumped and I slump
They mad my car's like an elephant, the trunk in the front
See ya dude react, Hud six threw me back, a few they clapped
But I ate those, them shits is Scooby Snacks
I ain't see stars, I'm a G pa
Threw the Lam' in 6th, Drove to the E.R.
Had to make it hot
Feel like Pac I know it's set up
Them old niggaz know I'm bout to take they spot
Ain't no A.B. - I.O.U.
Y.B. That'll get 'em up in I.C.U.
Like I see you at the BP, shot 'em off G.P.
Guns from VA, PA, down to D.C.
D.O.A. if you short up on my P.C.
C-74 switched 'em over to P.C.
Like Chuck D, we the '06 P.E.
Fuck me why, I'm in the '06 G.T.
All about them G's B, we the B.G.
Byrd Gang Dipset, D.I.P. see
Like KRS-One, the great B.D.P.
You wanna join the crew, then you must see me, flee
(Get 'em Daddy) Got 'em mommy, you my Gotham Bonnie
Cause I'm Batman with the pump, Johnny Johnny
(Get 'em Daddy) Honey smile, don't act funny style
In one ear, yeah yeah, 220 thou'

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