Lil' Daddy

Juvenile

Whoa, c'mon, whoa
Whoa, I hear you niggaz heart pumpin', c' mon
Whoa, what's up? Whoa, [Incomprehensible]
Whoa, U.T.P, U.T.P
He gotta be in too much 'bout everything that he touch
Out of the roof, money get packed up and moved in the truck
Kill me if you feel I ain't worthy
I inherited skills from murky niggaz that's as real as my Saints jersey
I stand here, posted in the worst of times
Knowing niggaz after me, gonna rehearse my grind
I'm not a prophet but I could teach you how to cock it and pop it
And how to put some money in your pocket
You see something you like, go 'head and cop it
But watch it, niggaz gone knock it
Trying to get you for your paper when them bitches is jockin'
You might do Lil' Daddy like that but this is not him
Don't look for your people to help you, my niggaz done shot them
My people done told me I could roll
I got a reputation for beating niggaz and hoes
Stickin' to the G code, 'tees, 'rees, and 'bows
Pop a Ex, smoke a blunt, if you believe it then, whoa
Whoa, I got to get it, Lil' Daddy
(So, keep your hands up)
Whoa, I got to have it, Lil' Daddy
(So, keep your hands up)
Whoa, I got to get it, Lil' Daddy
I got to have it, Lil' Daddy
I want that brand new Caddy
Whoa, I got to get it, Lil' Daddy
(So, keep your hands up)
Whoa, I got to have it, Lil' Daddy
(So, keep your hands up)
Whoa, I got to get it, Lil' Daddy
I got to have it, Lil' Daddy
I want that brand new Caddy
Woah
I'm way over the top with mines
I used to bag it up and take it to the block sometimes
Poor niggaz be eating pork, rich niggaz be eating steak

I'ma get me a Porterhouse, nigga, you just wait
Couldn't step on my toes if you was standing 6' 8"
It's mister 400 bitches, so get that shit straight
You better talk to your hoe 'fore I put dick in her face
Look, I'm wild Magnolia, she better get in her place
I ain't a law abiding citizen, I gets ignorant
I got a trail of niggaz telling cops what I did to them
Ain't lookin' for no poppers, ain't looking for no partners
I'm looking for mo' choppers to get rid of mo' problems
All I got is my ball and my words
My momma, my daddy, my children, my gun and my herb

Shit, they got a lot of killers, I know
But ain't too many gon' make it to see 2004, whoa
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I tried to play the background as much as I could
'Cause all the big mouth niggaz be gettin' knocked in the hood
Remember them lil' niggaz? They done grew up now
So 'ret street and [Incomprehensible] turned into a clocked up dump
We scam on shit because we love that sound
We not concerned about waiting until the night come 'round
Hey lil' mama, I'm a gorilla, let me pipe that down
Yeah, you like that now
I'm a professional, the mountaineer of the streets
I got old timers paying close attention to me
I could get your shit split for the minimum fee, yeah
Fucking with them niggaz, got a ten for a ki'
Got a few princess cuts on the watch and the piece
I'll put it on your ass for a [Incomprehensible]
Don't get mad 'cause I've been cocking your niece
She been giving head and eating pussy like a lot of the freaks
Whoa, I got to get it, Lil' Daddy

(So, keep your hands up)
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Whoa
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