

Just Like U

D12

Daddy

Chorus

I wanna be just like you

When I grow old

Yes I do x4

Verse 1

You don't wanna be just like your daddy

Pimpin' hoes out here driving caddies

Runnin' around town fucking these geezers

Shots in your ass catching diseases

Son, your daddy got a foul mouth

For fucking bitches in their foul mouth

I can't help it, my group's D-12

All we do is pop pills and stay in jail

Talkin' nasty shit, Bizarre won't stop

I fuck two twins with a midget on top

A sick mind raping an old lady

Knowing damn well Bizarre shouldn't have a baby

All I can teach you, learn how to mac

Smoke crack, smack a bitch when she talk back

Matter of fact, smack your sister she's a slut

Don't you realize Bizarre don't give a fuck

Chorus

Verse 2

Don't go to school, become a Catholic priest

Sell crack to your Aunty Denise

If Aunty Denise is short forty cent

Make her get on the ground and suck some more dick

Nas is gonna probably hate me

When Mos Def hear this he probably gonna suffocate me

Why they let Bizarre rap on high tech track

All he gonna do is talk about hoes and smoking crack

If your wife is pregnant I'll call her a whore

Leave her no money and go out on tour

Nah...I'll probably leave her something

A pack of hot dogs and a fucking dirty muffin

You're my son, I'm trying to teach you somethin'

You're 8 years old, it's time to start to time fuckin'

You know daddy won't give you the wrong advice
Smoke weed, listen to Obie Trice
Chorus x 3

All I can tell you how to do is pop pills and stay high
Tell them bitches to suck my dick (Ahha!)
I'm prepared, YeaYah!
A mother-fucking role model.
Hi Tech.

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