

Daddy's Lil' Punkin

Jason D. Williams

You must be daddy's lil' punkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You must be daddy's lil' punkin
I can tell by the way you roll
Why it's quarter past eleven
And you're sleepin' on the bedroom floor I can see the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
I can see the fire burning
Burning right behind your eyes
You must have swallowed a candle
Or some other kind of surprise I'm goin' down to Memphis
I got three hundred dollars in cash
I'm goin' down to Memphis
I got three hundred dollars in cash
All the women in Memphis
Want to see how long my money will last I'm goin' downtown
I'm gonna rattle somebody's cage
Hey, I'm goin' downtown
I'm gonna rattle somebody's cage
I'm wanna beat my old piano
And strut around on the stage If you see my baby comin'
Don't you tell her that her pappy's in jail
If you see my baby comin'
Don't you tell her that her daddy's in jail
She'd sell her lil' punkin
Just to raise her sweet daddy's bail You must be daddy's lil' punkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You must be daddy's lil' punkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You'll never do nothin'
To save your doggone soul You must be daddy's lil' punkin
I can tell by the way you roll
You must be daddy's lil' punkin
I can tell it by the way you roll
You'll never do nothin'
To save your doggone soul

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