

# Daddy Wanna

## Boot Camp Clik

Nigga, where the fuck you been?  
I know you heard the phone pagin'  
I know you heard the shit goin' off, okay?  
Where the fuck you was at, where you was at  
That could've been so important you couldn't fuckin' call?The little kid's pampers shitty as hell, ain't no  
fuckin' pampers  
That's where the fuck you were, right, to go get pampers  
Where the shit's at, you don't smell that shit?  
You smell it, right, you smell the fuckin' house?Where the fuck was you, why you think the kids act like that  
When you come around, they don't fuckin' know you, why?  
'Cause you was a deadbeat dad nigga, that's what  
The fuck you are, that's the role you play, piece of shitAiyo, I just want my baby to look and still love me  
Knowin' that her daddy's a crook, word up  
All the time, I'm in crazy drama, when I pick up  
The phone, call my baby's mama, haShe try to tell my baby, I'm no good  
But she don't like to explain how Starang is so hood  
Sayin' money ain't shit, she don't know no better  
She got a regular job, she don't owe no cheddar, haFightin' and fussin', she's sayin', "Fuck Will"  
But bitches always tryin' to ice skate uphill  
But I'ma stay aggy to keep you happy  
Knowin' it makes you mad when bitches try to get at meYou only four, don't like your hair nappy  
We both won't rock gators less they Navy's  
I'ma bust my ass to make sure you have, girl  
'Cause right now you're all I have, word upAiyo, daddy wanna leave now, your mom's  
Playin' games and I feel deceived now, I gotta go  
When I do a show or leave for tours, she hatin'  
Sniffin' my drawers, ask me if I'm fornicatin'I'm like, "Bitch ,please, gone are the days of me  
Trickin' with chickens on the ave that striptease", yo  
And I don't like your moms, gettin' to the point  
Where I wanna strike your momsAnd I know, you don't wanna see me fight your moms  
Get hype and commence to lead pipe your moms  
And I ain't goin' to jail, I'm packin' my bags  
I'm out the door, I gotta bail, yoSit you down on that stool, give you a jewel  
And let you know you're never too young for that rule  
Rule one, you must have knowledge of self  
To know the only one you follow is selfAnything else is useless, the truth is the youth is wild  
Growin' up and they ruthless now but you my child  
And I had you when I was half you, now I have to  
Show you how to follow no man and when they ask youWhat you wanna do when you grow, tell 'em blow

Let 'em know everything that glitter ain't gold  
Never fold when you come against a obstacle  
And know that nobody's stoppin' you but you, nobody  
Damn it, feel good to have my son on my chest  
See my features in his face and I love him to death  
Show him how to move right, just right for a gang  
'Cause me and my father never did the daddy-son thing  
While I was in the streets pitchin', he in the crib bitchin'  
Moms out workin', nobody in the kitchen  
Now I got one of my own and my nephews is grown  
Still I'm out grindin', makin' a house a home  
From month to month, see, I live on the road  
Give 'em jewels and heat the hole 'cause the world is cold  
I put the joint in his hand so he used to the piece  
Told him white man's justice is a black man's grief  
You could say I love my son more than I love my wife  
Think twice, you be sayin' Dog is trife  
That's alright, it's a father and son type thing  
I got to war for mines and that's word to everything  
Know what I mean, daddy gon' make the cash cream  
Whether fast or slow, my son know about the dough  
You know, some say the boy look like me  
But if he look like me, he gon' crook like me  
He got a mind of his own, lighter tone like  
Mama Jones, he love phones, the boy be buckwildin' when I'm gone  
He do the type of shit they say he been here before  
I think he's seventeen months but he acts seventeen  
My first born so I had to name him  
Dashawn Jarel [Incomprehensible] Yates  
He look like he lift weights  
When we stack this cake, we gon' roll like skates  
Daddy wanna stay but daddy gotta go  
Daddy can't hang 'cause daddy gotta show  
Poppa was a rollin' stone  
Daddy used to hold iron so I roll with chrome  
I was named after pops but they called me Tone  
Some ways like my pops, some ways of my own  
Daddy didn't know I got stoned till I got grown  
Had my own car, home and my son to moan  
Just like daddy he wanna hang and roll  
Now I pass on game how to gain and grow  
I know hustlers that came, watched 'em go  
I peeped dudes on the come up, watched them blow  
Give jewels to my little mens and watch 'em grow  
Give 'em presents just to watch 'em glow  
When I shine, you shine, violate mine, you gots to go  
Stay focused, there's a lot you should know  
Study life, listen and learn, sleep long, miss your turn  
Gotta get in where you fit in when a spliff gettin' burned  
When you see me on a mission, it's commission I earn  
Remember, as a man think if the world turn  
Daddy want a new six, ya heard  
Do tricks absurd, my little homie's too quick to learn  
Word, Daddy need bricks, my son need kicks  
Tim boots, jeans, suits, all that new shit  
He watch me do this, he know his daddy a soldier  
I rep G and Jah 'cause that's me all over  
Daddy, when you gon' buy me a new X-Box  
I want a Nintendo Gamecube and I want some  
New games for my X-Box too, I want a PlayStation 2

Daddy, when you gon' take me  
And my brothers and sisters to Splish Splash?And when you gon' take me to the store  
And buy ice cream and candy?  
And when you gon' teach me how to drive your car?  
And I want a hundred dollars on my birthday

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