

# Just Like Daddy

2pac

Outlaw In This  
No doubt, Death Row, Makaveli  
You can call me daddy  
I'll be ya daddy  
JUST LIKE DADDY  
Foe tha ladies

Come with me and tha time we bump, deticaite slow jams on tha radio,  
know ya happy I can feel ya passion lookin out foe ya just like daddy,  
come on, sun shine turn to rain, baby I can take away ya pain if ya trust  
me close ya eyes feel tha magic neva leave when ya need me I do ya just  
like daddy

I met her when she was younger  
when her daddy died when she was younger  
her moms let her do what she please they said no one loved her  
her eyes shined love a dimaond and above  
tha kind that you can love  
Not yet touched with so much, potintial  
youngster let me got ya mental  
and to a place  
with a sourness of pain you'll never taste  
by God's grace  
you were born with that face  
nuthin but pure beauty  
so for an eternaity I feel it's my duty  
to be a SOULJAH  
dippin I got plans to mold ya  
and in tha coldest nights is when I hold ya  
like I am supposta, as we roll closer  
I'll take your hand gladly, anything ya need ask me  
supporting my baby just like daddy

[2PAC]

You alveate tha stress spend time with you, I feel blessed  
When you gone feel tha pain so strong deep in my chest  
When i got arrested, came so close to goin to jail  
throwin blows at tha po pos breakin they nails  
screamin loud goin all out  
Damn I did  
You stayed locked down at moms house  
watchin tha kids, thru tha whole bid  
In tha V-I I seen ya daily  
When my fake homies try ta fuck you, you run and tell me  
that's why I stay committed, I thank God everytime I hit it  
hopin you'll forgive me for the times I bullshitted  
Me and you against the world  
we untouchable, screamin like ya dyin everytime I'am fuckin you  
ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there  
no need to fear so much insanity  
and thru tha years  
I know ya gave me your heart and plus  
When I'am dirt broke and fucked up Ya still love me

[Chours]

(An Outlaw)

Boo would ya die for me?

Down holdin my pistol, gettin high  
with mean sounds tougher than bristles  
fool when you cry  
I'll be ya tissue  
back in tha county writin letters how I miss you  
givin you credit, apoligetic how I dis you  
get you for thinkin like a mona and on a level  
and sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilain  
for total and twine ya  
we right behind ya tru  
life just me and you no tellin what we could do  
(Another Outlaw)  
Gettin high between tha sheets  
Make tha shit right here discrete  
Puttin nikies on ya belly while we fuckin on tha beach  
I love it when ya nut up and grab me  
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy  
(A 3rd Outlaw)  
Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya  
loss soul lookin for shelta, on tha late night accept ya  
treat ya good won't disrespect ya  
My age is young  
out of place bitch days is done  
From a trixy to a missy  
you know I raised ya hon  
Placed her under my wing  
Showed her how we swing  
Now she rollin blunts for her king  
1 day labled thug Mrs  
tha essance of my ghetto sistas  
hugs and kisses  
that's just for me to be a father figure