

# Lil' Daddy

Juvenile

[Juvenile talking]

Whoa! C'mon Whoa! I hear you niggas heart pumpin  
C' mon, whoa!, whats up, whoa! U.T.P, U.T.P

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

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 niggas that's as real as my Saints jersey  
I stand here posted in the worst of times  
Knowing niggas 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, niggas 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 niggas done shot them  
My people done told me I could roll  
I got a reputation for beating niggas and hoes  
Stickin' to the G code, 'tees, 'rees, and 'bows  
Pop a Ex, smoke a blunt, if you believe it then Whoa!

[Baby a.k.a. Birdman (Chorus x2)]

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

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

I'm way over the top with mines  
I used to bag it up and take it to the block sometimes  
Poor niggas be eating pork, rich niggas be eating steak  
I'ma get me a Porterhouse nigga, you just wait  
You 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 ho '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 niggas telling cops what I did to them  
I 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 chil'ren, 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!  
(chorus x2)

[Verse 3: Juvenile]

I tried to play the background as mcuh as I could  
Cause all the big mouth niggas be gettin knocked in the hood  
Remeber them lil' niggas? they done grew up now  
So 'ret street and (?) turned into a clocked up dump  
We scam on shit because we love that sound  
We not concerned about waiting unitl the night come 'round  
Hey lil' mama I'm a gorilla, let me pipe that down  
(puffing sound) 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 niggas, 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 (?)  
Don't get mad cause I've been cocking your niece  
She been giving head and eating pussy like a lot of the freaks