

Don't Call Me Da Da

Sir Mix-A-Lot

The Mack Daddy, rippin up skirts in the back of Caddies
If +Baby Got Back+ then baby can have me
Controversy made them ban me, understand me
Girls, bringin many problems to my world
Tryin to make Mix pay for them pearls
One had a baby and it's a girl *baby giggling*
I swore I had protection, got an erection
Must resist temptation
Girls flock, ride my jock
'Cause a big fat Porsche went around the block (mmm)
Met a young girl named Angel
She had a big long weave I'd love to mangle
So I'm puttin in work, lovin tight skirts
So you know a mack poppa gotta flirt (woo!)
Room triple deuced me and baby got loose
Look at baby wiggle that big caboose
Got a little tiny waist, everything's in place
I'm pacin, facin the situation
It's on, put it on tape, troop
Got a little sex now I'm sittin on a lawsuit
Nine months later, little baby pops out
Blonde hair, blue eyes, with her feets in her mouth
Well that can't be me (nope)
'Cause I'm a nappy haired black man, dressed like a
O.G.
Angel's gold diggin, this girl's driven
Tryin to catch Mix on slippin
Just because I get paid don't mean I get played
For the bank I've made
And after the blood test I got proof
Your baby is cute ... but don't call me Da Da!

Don't call me Da Da!

The next story, met a young skirt, said her name was
Laurie
Smoked much dank, but her life was boring
Got with Mix, now she adores me
Nasty nigga named Mix (yep)
On a tour bus with the porno flicks (mm)
Anxious 'cause I want to knock boots
And I don't sleep with the girls in my group
So Mack Daddy is strollin and patrollin
Big fat bank I'm holdin
Bus pulls up to the mini mart
And that's where Laurie works and my game starts
Laurie knows nothin bout rap though
And that peeled my superstar cap, so
I'll just go back to the basics
And even that game is stiff, baby, face it
So now Laurie and me is headed to the ?monkey dope?
Straight gettin to the ?monkey poke?
Dip dip dip, one two three
she moans 'Cause I'm a vet'ran, see
I kissed her cheek while Laurie was asleep
Let one more groupie use me (mm)
One year later she's tryin to creep

ON MY MONEY

But I ain't the one to get played the sap (uh-uh)
When I hit the sack, big Richard is capped
Your man's a punk for leavin kids with you
The baby's cute, but don't call me Da Da!

Don't call me Da Da!

I'm sittin, in Long Beach Cali, eatin Popeyes' chicken
Thinkin bout the next snake charmer I'm hittin
Met a fly skirt, nickname was Kitten
And I start spittin,
WhassUP with the brother in the passenger seat?
Homeboy bailed 'cause his game was weak
And he was callin her bitch, I was callin her baby
He got the finger, I got the lady
Me and Kitten left the place quickened (yep)
Busta, you and cousin Kitten need a stickin
TO THE 'TEL, TO THE 'TEL, TO THE 'TEL WE RUSH
(gasp) The jimmy-hat bust
I start sweatin, conscience bettin
That I'ma have to deal with bed wettin
But I'ma handle this thing like a man
Settle down and bring the kid up, that's the plan
Three weeks later I get this call though
Kitten sounds happy on the telephone
She said "Go on and live your life, bro,
'Cause EPT said no," so don't call me Da Da!
Don't call me Da Da!
Don't call me Da Da!
Da da!
Don't call me Da Da! I ain't yo daddy, baby!
Da Da!
Don't call me Da Da!