

Remy Ma, Get 'em Daddy Freestyle

Ha, Yea Nigga...

What the fuck?

Li-Li-Li-Li-Li-Listen, Listen, Listen

Bitches better spit some shit, cause when I get my pen you know is a problem.

Niggas think cause Rem got money, that I won't fuckin rob them.

Attitude, you should call me Diddy, the way I'm boppin.

Keep a, deuce deuce, like O-G, Bobby Johnson.

But this ain't South Central, I'm from the Boogie Down Bronx.

Miss Queen on NY, you just a princess in the projects.

A bitch bunny with no money, these hoes sho' is funny.

Go cash your wic checks bitch,

ain't yo kids hungry.

By the way ya' kids loves me,

and ya man loves me.

And it just gets worst, I don't think you understand honey.

You see I call him daddy,

and he calls me baby.

And your son is so cute, he calls me pretty lady.

And your daughter spoil rotten, I know you really hate me...Damn what has your man done for you

It's crazy I know he's never there when you need him, cause from the A.M. to the P.M. we be fuckin

We be touching, sucking, humpin, lustin, lovin when I see him.

You be buggin, I'm wassup, it's really nothing when I see him.

When you see me you get sick, you know I'm doing my thang. You probably puked, cause I'm cute

And whats really fucked up, is that my album's coming soon, Got-damn it must really suck to be yo

You ain't got to think of me.

Just don't listen to radio, read magazines, or watch TV see...I be's the hottest chick on the market,