

# Styles, Daddy Get That Cash

[Lil' Mo]

Styles P...

It's Lil' Mo, holla at me

Get that cash daddy

[Styles]

If it's you versus me - think about it

They gon yell my name when they announce the winner

And I ain't bout to sell much

I got my honeys on the plane but the birds flyin south for the winter

Go get ya self familiated

I'm so gangsta that, just know'n myself makes me affiliated

What chu think honey hold 'em hammers for?

So she can spend 10 cent at Jill Sander store?

We gon hit Rodeo Drive on Beverly Hills

Though I love her, so I'm spendin like 70 bills

Every week she bring the llello in, keep ya payroll big

Light a blunt, and just beg me to chill

Ain't a player but my life is real all of the time

So she went and copped a gun a little smaller than mine

That's a down ass chick, and she keep it real

So I'ma keep it real back all of the time

[Chorus: Lil' Mo (Styles)]

Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it)

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[Styles]

Daddy go and get that cash

Go and get the black suit, grab the burner plus get that match

She said "Tell my where you goin";

It's no doubt I'm comin in

Cause she could fit a little 9 or a 22 right inside her bra or Calvin Klein underwear

Mami you could stay home and bag up the work

I'm just goin out to play chrome or nag up a jerk

If I kiss her then her heart'll melt

Listen dogg, you don't understand the work, that she carry in the garder belt

No doubt I love her, I'ma tell you the truth

But dont' get it fucked up, and get bucked up

Only thing sweet about P is his tooth

And she could sleep with another dude

She gon tell me where the safe at, the coke at, how to rob his mother too

"Daddy go and get that cash";...

That's what my honey holla'd out every time I hit that ass

[Chorus]

[Styles]

Since you helped daddy get that cash

Get the condo and the mink, and the ring and the gift wrapped Jag

And you still got the bomb head, I pay the phone and the rent

But keep it real Boo, you pay the Con-ed

If I get knoced, she in the VI room

With some money on my books, give weed to a nigga

Don't worry about shit, cause I be out soon

No doubt that's my booby-cat

She drop my bricks off right on Broadway, and she go and get a doobie wrap

Lookin at the god like we oughta elope

One pop for the pasta, one pot for the coke

Holiday Styles, dick one shot for the dough

And it's sorta like we Bonnie and Clyde

I load the ouie up, she gon roll the gouie up, then mami abide

And she said &quot;Daddy get that cash&quot;  
She know I would but had no idea that I would skip that fast

[Chorus]