

Boot Camp Clik, Daddy Wanna

(female voice)

Nigga, where the fuck you been?
I know you heard the phone pagin
I know you heard the shit goin off, okay?
Where the fuck you was at?
Where you was at that coulda been so important you couldn't fuckin call
The little kid's pampers shitty as hell, ain't no fuckin pampers
That's where the fuck you went, right, to go get pampers
Where the shit's at?
You don't smell that shit?
You smell it, right, you smell the fuckin house?
Where the fuck was you?
Why you think the kids act like that when you come around?
They don't fuckin know you
Why, cause you was a deadbeat dad, nigga
That's what the fuck you are
That's the role you play, piece of shit

(VERSE 1: Starang)

Aiyo, I just want my baby to look and still love me
Knowin that her daddy's a crook, word up
All the time I'm in crazy drama
When I pick up the phone call my baby's mama, aha
She try to tell my baby I'm no good
But she don't like to explain how Starang is so hood
Sayin money ain't shit, she don't know no better
She got a regular job, she don't owe no cheddar, aha
Fightin and fussin, she's sayin, "Fuck Will"
But bitches always tryin to ice-skate uphill
But I'ma stay aggy to keep you happy
Knowin it makes you mad when bitches try to get at me
You only four, don't like your hair nappy
We both won't rock gators less they Navy's
I'ma bust my ass to make sure you have, girl
Cause right now you're all I have, word up

(VERSE 2: Sean Price)

Aiyo, daddy wanna leave now
Your moms playin games and I feel deceived now
I gotta go when I do a show or leave for tours she hatin
Sniffin my drawers, ask me if I'm fornicatin
I'm like, bitch please, gone are the days of me
Trickin with chickens on the ave that striptease
Yo, and I don't like your moms
Gettin to the point where I wanna strike your moms
And I know you don't wanna see me fight your moms
Get hype and commence to lead-pipe your moms
And I ain't goin to jail
I'm packin my bags, I'm out the door, I gotta bail

(VERSE 3: Buckshot)

Sit you down on that stool, give you a jewel
And let you know you're never too young for that rule
Rule one: you must have knowledge of self
To know the only one you follow is self
Anything else is useless, the truth is the youth is wild
Growin up and they ruthless now
But you my child and I had you when I was half you
Now I have to show you how to follow no man and when they ask you
What you wanna do when you grow, tell em blow
Let em know everything that glitter ain't gold
Never fold when you come against a obstacle
And know that nobody's stoppin you but you

(VERSE 4: Tek)

Damn, it feel good to have my son on my chest
See my features in his face and I love him to death
Show him how to move right, just right for a gang
Cause me and my father never did the daddy-son thing
While I was in the streets pitchin, he in the crib bitchin
Moms out workin, nobody in the kitchen
Now I got one of my own and my nephews is grown
Still I'm out grindin makin a house a home
From month to month, see, I live on the road
Give em jewels and heat the hole cause the world is cold
I put the joint in his hand so he used to the piece
Told him white man's justice is a black man's grief

(VERSE 5: Top Dog)

You could say I love my son more than I love my wife
Think twice, you be sayin Dog is trife
That's aight, it's a father and son type thing
I got to war for mines and that's word to everything
Know what I mean, daddy gon' make the cash cream
Whether fast or slow my son know about the dough
You know, some say the boy look like me
But if he look like me he gon' crook like me
He got a mind of his own, lighter tone like mama Jones
He love phones, the boy be buckwildin when I'm gone
He do the type of shit they say he been here before
I think he's 17 months but he acts 17
My first born, so I had to name him Dashawn
Jarel (Name) Yates, he look like he lift weights
When we stack this cake, we gon' roll like skates

(VERSE 6: Steele)

Daddy wanna stay, but daddy gotta go
Daddy can't hang cause daddy gotta show
Poppa was a rolling stone
Daddy used to hold iron so I roll with chrome
I was named after pops but they called me Tone
Some ways like my pops, some ways of my own
Daddy didn't know I got stoned till I got grown
Had my own car, home, and my son to moan
Just like daddy he wanna hang and roll
Now I pass on game how to gain and grow
I know hustlers that came, watched em go
I peeped dudes on the come-up, watched em blow
Give jewels to my little mens and watch em grow
Give em presents just to watch em glow
When I shine you shine, violate mine, you gots to go
Stay focused, there's a lot you sohuld kkonw
Study life, listen and learn, sleep long, miss your turn
Gotta get in where you fit in when a spliff gettin burned
When you see me on a mission it's commission I earn
Remember as a man think if the world turn
Daddy want a new six, ya heard, do tricks absurd
My little homie's too quick to learn, word
Daddy need bricks, my son need kicks
Tim boots, jeans suits, all that new shit
He watch me do this, he know his daddy a soldier
I rep G and Jah cause that's me all over

(kids)

Daddy, when you gon' buy me a new X-Box?
I want a Nintendo Gamecube
and I want some new games for my X-Box, too
I want a PlayStation 2
Daddy, when you gon' take me and my brothers and sisters to Splish Splash?

And when you gon' take me to the store and buy ice cream and candy?
And when you gon' teach me how to drive your car?
And I want \$100 on my birthday