

D-12, Just Like U

Daddy?

[Chorus x4:]

I wanna be just like you
When I grow up. Yes I do

[Verse one - Bizarre]

Son, you don't wanna be just like your daddy.
Pimpin hoes out here drivin caddies.
Runnin round town, fuckin geezers.
Shot's in your ass, catchin diseases.
Son, your daddy got a foul mouth.
For fuckin bitches in they foul mouth.
I can't help it, my group's D12.
All we do is pop pills and stay in jail.
Talkin nasty shit, Bizarre wont stop.
I fuck two twins, with a midget on top.
A sick mind, raping an old lady.
Knowing damn well Bizarre shouldn't have a baby,
All I can teach you, learn how to mac.
Smoke crack, smack a bitch when she talk back.
Matta fact slap your sister, she's a slut.
Don't you realize Bizarre don't give a fuck? (Hahaha)

[Chorus x4]

[Verse two - Bizarre]

Don't go to school, become a catholic priest.
Sell crack to your auntie Denise.
If auntie Denise is short 40 cent
Make her get on the ground and suck some more dick.
Nas is probably gon hate me.
When Mos Def hear this he probably gon suffocate me.
Why they let Bizarre rap on Hi-Tek track?
All he gon do is talk about whores and smoking crack.
If your wife is pregnant I call her a whore.
Leave her no money and go out on tour.
Nah, I'm playin leave her sumptin. (Hahaha)
I pack a hotdog and a fuckin dirty muffin. (Damn)
You're my son, I'm trynna teach you sumptin.
You're eight years old? It's time to start fuckin.
You know daddy wont give you the wrong advice.
Smoke weed and listen to Obie Trice. (Hahaha)

[Chorus x8]

[Outro - Bizarre]

I'm tellin ya all I do is pop pills and stay high.
Tell them bitches to suck my dick.
Aha! I'm prepared. Yeah.
Motherfuckin role model.
Hi-Tek.