Juvenile, Lil' Daddy

[Juvenile talking]
Whoa! C'mon Whoa! I hear you niggaz heart pumpin
c' mon, whoa!, whats up, whoa! U.T.P, U.T.P

[Verse 1: Juvenile]
he gotta be in too much 'bout everything that he touch
out of the roof money get packed up and moved in the truck
kill me if you feel I ain't worthy
I inherited skills from murky niggaz that's as real as my Saints jersey
I stand here posted in the worst of times
knowing niggaz after me, gonna rehearse my grind
I'm not a prophet, but I could teach you how to cock it and pop it
and how to put some money in your pocket
you see something you like go 'head and cop it
but watch it, niggaz gone knock it
trying to get you for your paper when them bitches is jockin'
you might do lil' daddy like that, but this is not him
don't look for your people to help you, my niggaz done shot them
my people done told me I could roll
I got a reputation for beating niggaz and hoes
stickin' to the G code, 'tees, 'rees, and 'bows
pop a Ex, smoke a blunt, if you believe it then Whoa!

[Baby a.k.a. Birdman (chorus x2)]
Whoa! I got to get it Lil Daddy (so keep your hands up)
Whoa! I got to have it Lil Daddy (so keep your hands up)
Whoa! I got to get it Lil Daddy, I got to have it Lil Daddy
I want that brand new Caddy

[Verse 2]
I'm way over the top with mines
I used to bag it up and take it to the block sometimes
Poor niggaz be eating pork, rich niggaz be eating steak
I'ma get me a Porterhouse nigga, you just wait
you couldn't step on my toes if you was standing 6' 8"
It's mister 400 bitches so get that shit straight
You better talk to your hoe 'fore I put dick in her face
look, I'm wild Magnolia, she better get in her place
I ain't a law abiding citizen, I gets ignorant
I got a trail of niggaz telling cops what I did to them
I ain't lookin for no poppers, ain't looking for no partners
I'm looking for mo' choppers to get rid of mo' problems
all I got is my ball and my words
my momma, my daddy, my chil'ren, my gun, and my herb
shit, they got a lot of killers I know
but ain't too many gon' make it to see 2004, whoa!

[chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

I tried to play the backround as mcuh as I could
cause all the big mouth niggaz be gettin knocked in the hood
remeber them lil' niggaz? they done grew up now
So 'ret street and marching turned into a clocked up dump
we scam on shit because we love that sound
we not concerned about waiting unitl the night come 'round
hey lil' mama I'm a gorilla, let me pipe that down
(puffing sound) yeah, you like that now
I'm a professional, the mountaineer of the streets
I got old timers paying close attention to me
I could get your shit split for the minimum fee (yeah)
fucking with them niggaz, got a ten for a ki'
got a few princess cuts on the watch and the piece

I'll put it on your ass for a profit, capiche?
don't get mad 'cause I've been cocking your niece
she been giving head and eating pussy like a lot of the freaks

[chorus x2]

Whoa! [x6]