

W.C., Worldwide Gunnin'

[W.C.]

FUCK MY DADDY, is somethin I've been wantin to say for the longest
I'm givin peace to moms, cause moms was the strongest
Cause daddy abandoned me at a young age
And shoved me and my baby brother my mother's way
And comin home late every night
I used to hear him grabbin momma by the neck, lookin for fights
Lit as a wino, but sick as a psycho
I used to hide under the covers with my eyes closed
Cryin and hopin tonight that daddy didn't trip
Cause momma already need stitches in her top lip
Cause daddy got mad and beat the hell out of her
And throwin chairs against the wall every night, became a regular
I used to pray and hope that daddy would die
Cause over nothin momma's sufferin a swoll up black eye
And at the end of my prayers, cryin myself to sleep
All I could think about was FUCK MY DADDY
A well rounded family, yo I don't know
The way I grew up, wasn't nuthin like The Cosby Show
Pops never gave me no props, just cheap shots
Say the wrong thing and I just might get dropped
Cause I remember times when I asked for a quarter
And pops was on the verge of a voluntary manslaughter
Always screamin about the bills he had to pay
The story of his life, I thought about a runaway
Front for his friends and spendin all his ends
on his women, his dope and alcohol binges
My brother, my mother and me got two's and fews
Secondhand pants, Top Ramen, and holy shoes
It even got so scandalous, pops had me spendin the night
takin graveyard chances
Sleepin in the bed with his girlfriend kids
And I'm scared to tell my momma cause I might not live
I guess that you can say that Poppa was a Rolling Stone
But me I'm just a victim of the plague of the broken home
Another sad face with the sickness
Daddy must die, God is my witness
For doin my mother wrong, and breakin up her happy home
The reason that I wrote this song
is for those who can't or won't, I say it gladly
FUCK MY DADDY!

"Now you know, that you can't tell your momma we came here tonight."
"But that's my moms."
"I don't care, I'm your daddy -- boy you don't be talkin back"
"That ain't right though."
"I SAID you don't talk back to me son, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?"
"Yeah but that's my mom though, you can't do that."
"Don't talk back to me boy! Come here, I'll whoop your little ass!"

[W.C.]

Thank you momma for givin birth to me, God knows
you coulda got an abortion, and didn't have to deal with me
I know the last twelve years has been hell
You had two roles to play, momma and daddy as well
I'm sorry for the times I brought trouble home
Without a daddy thought a lot I had to learn on my own
At the young age of nine I start drinkin brews
And I even had to teach myself how to screw
And for my little brother things wasn't no better see
To him I was the closest thing he ever had to daddy
Helped him with his school and then taught him how to squab
Momma wasn't around, cause see she had three jobs
Cause daddy done tracked out, and left us with the bills
Now we eatin Wish burgers, and stale bread, and Skittles
Huh, and now that I look back, I'm glad I was young

Cause nowadays I mighta peeled his cap
Woulda grew up in a crazyhouse or penitentiary
Spendin most of my life, in maximum security
But nah, cause I'll be goin out just like a sucka
When I was young, pops told me that I'd grow to be nuttin
They keep tellin me revenge is a loss so don't sweat
But everytime I think of daddy I think of broke necks
Now, some might say that I'm wrong for speakin the truth
But when you tell the truth you gotta kick the whole scoop
This ain't a diss to every father cause some fathers are cool
This is a message from the Dub, that I had to include
To every kid on the Circle like me, hurtin badly
Put up your middle finger and say, FUCK MY DADDY!
"Fuck you, young ass punk motherfuckin daddy!"