

W.C. "Fuck My Daddy"

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[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!"

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