

Beanie Sigel f/ Young Chris**"Oh Daddy"**

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Oh daddy

You know you make me cry..

How can you love me?

I can't understand why..

[Beanie Sigel]

That's what they yellin when they grab me

Eyes are swellin, cryin, tryin to stab me

Once they realize they can't have me

When I leave 'em try to let 'em down easy like

I snatch your heart so easy like Valentine

Can't get caught up in that loop again

Never letting Cupid in

Boo you buggin ain't no time to be lovin

Man the grip on my pistol only thing I be huggin

It's mack daddy not your daddy mack

Bitch you got it criss-crossed (scrap)

I ain't havin that

I can't have your back

Look how you act when I had your back

Picture me havin that back to back

I pimp proper like shrimp-lobster

Check out my pimp-posture

Even my limp proper, mama

I can't help what's runnin down your face

I moved your ass into that furnished place

Like you earned that space

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel]

God damn baby you had me

All the twirlies in the caddy used to take it back gladly

We was tighter than Tommy Buns and Keesha

You cleant my guns, count my ones, bagged the reefer

Shit I thought you was the one - you was my bitch

The one that never snitched

Taught you how to bust a fifth, shit

I taught you how to push a whip

Taught you how to suck a dick

Taught you how to fluff a brick
But you got more drama than a B-mama
Got me goin through the motions like C. Thomas
With the bullshit, he say she say
The bitch is mad cause my jams kick like Eastbay
Mad cause they mans got they kicks on replay
How you drop from celebrity status
Pushin Bent to niggaz in celebrity wagons
In them sucka type Jags
Now you fuckin type mad

[Chorus]

[Young Chris]
Oh mommy its so sad
We had it together
You had it whenever
That's yo bad
You fucked up
It wasn't meant to be
You lucked up
Told me at the end don't trust her
See that's when all the bullshit started
That's what three me in reverse, counter-clockwise
In my mind I swore that we would work
But I guess that I was wrong
Ran into a dead end
Unfaithful bitch
You fucked the nigga I was blazin with
Fugazied shit
It wasn't him it was the paper shit
Nowadays its all about the latest shit
That or they favorite...car
Or get paper from ball
Unless your label all that
And you labeled as stars
Makin the millions
Got them bitches willin to do
Whatever it takes
Takin it off or willin to screw
Whoever I bring
Guess it's a celebrity thing
But I was never ashamed
I was blessed with the game

[Chorus]

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