

**Breez****"Whoa Now Lil' Daddy"**

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(Derrick Talking)

Whats hapnin' lil daddy?

You want beef with uptown?

Look, uptown, uptown, look, look

{Chorus 2x: Derrick}

Whoa now Lil' Daddy

You ridin' in the caddy

Killin' is just a habit

Triggers I like to grab 'em

A gangsta kid napping

For 30 G's it will happen

Lil' Daddy if I want it

you know i gotta have it

(Verse 1: Derrick)

Got my nina on hand, ready to put the blast

Get around on some gass, camouflaged or ski masked

Dressed up in black

With the Mac cocked back

Nigga watch my back because the game is like that

That charge got me wild

Sippin' on syrup and crys-tyle

Ready to blast a bitch up, aint been like this since a child

Nigga I'm coming real, do you feel what I feel?

Listen to my skills, before your cap get peeled

This game aint no joke, nigga get smoked buy the hour

Transportin' powder

And stacking G's like a tower

Now these hoes wanna holler

Since they see me makin' K's

Them hoes just dont know, there aint no trickin' round my way

I'm just flippin' K's, and if you want it I'll give it

And if you want fifty

Then let me know i'm servin plenty

Play the game raw and dont fuck the whole clique

I'ma pop ya bitch first you gon' get pistol whipped

{Chorus 2x}

(Verse 2: Day-shawn)

Whoa now lil daddy, this retaliation  
Rattin', schemin', spit so much game couldnt count my  
explanation  
That hoe must did not notice who she was fuckin' wit  
Rattin' over petty shit  
Time for that hoe wig to get split  
Stupid ass hoe, shoulda kept your mouth closed  
Instead of makin' that bitch move  
Now you got beef with this fuckin' thug known as a  
psycho  
And if I kill ya, it aint gon be no secret mission  
I'ma let my niggaz do you in so it aint no competition  
I'll get viscous so if you see me get the fuck out my  
vision  
Seventeen shots from this Glock, dont need no  
ammunition  
Broke that hoe off, i gave her stones but now its on  
Shoulda mind your own business and not be a victim of  
this chrome  
Whoa now lil daddy

{Chorus 2x}

(Verse 3: T.C.)

Uptown is where im from, Valence is the street  
If i get in beef I back it up with a 223  
I hit your block crooked nigga  
I'm a rapper slash killer  
You gon feel a HB from uptown on the realla  
You know bout V. L., now you feelin the me  
I'll part ya red head like wodies across the red sea  
Bitch get off me, I'm off the heezy  
I'm high off top, this gangsta shit that's me  
I live in the two four seven's  
Choppers only, 187s and 211s  
You gon' need (?????????)  
Comin' in the UPT we slangin' every thang  
Best move, you'll get bloozed  
Chopped out ya shoes  
Face on the news  
What you gonna do when these ryders after you  
Baby hit the gass even my boo will wet you  
I'm a uptown fool who aint playin by no rules  
Have you even sayin shouldnt never have fucked wit  
that fool  
Fulla that uhh makin' you change that attitude im a  
uptown fool

{Chorus 2x}

(Talking till end)

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