

Beanie Sigel "Oh Daddy Ft. Young Chris)"

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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 it's 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 it's 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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