

Boot Camp Klik "Daddy Wanna"

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Nigga, where the fuck you been?
I know you heard the phone pagin'
I know you heard the shit goin' off, okay?
Where the fuck you was at, where you was at
That could've been so important you couldn't fuckin'
call?

The little kid's pampers shitty as hell, ain't no fuckin'
pampers
That's where the fuck you were, right, to go get
pampers
Where the shit's at, you don't smell that shit?
You smell it, right, you smell the fuckin' house?

Where the fuck was you, why you think the kids act like
that
When you come around, they don't fuckin' know you,
why?
'Cause you was a deadbeat dad nigga, that's what
The fuck you are, that's the role you play, piece of shit

Aiyo, I just want my baby to look and still love me
Knowin' that her daddy's a crook, word up
All the time, I'm in crazy drama, when I pick up
The phone, call my baby's mama, ha

She try to tell my baby, I'm no good
But she don't like to explain how Starang is so hood
Sayin' money ain't shit, she don't know no better
She got a regular job, she don't owe no cheddar, ha

Fightin' and fussin', she's sayin', "Fuck Will"
But bitches always tryin' to ice skate uphill
But I'ma stay aggy to keep you happy
Knowin' it makes you mad when bitches try to get at me

You only four, don't like your hair nappy
We both won't rock gators less they Navy's
I'ma bust my ass to make sure you have, girl
'Cause right now you're all I have, word up

Aiyo, daddy wanna leave now, your mom's

Playin' games and I feel deceived now, I gotta go
When I do a show or leave for tours, she hatin'
Sniffin' my drawers, ask me if I'm fornicatin'

I'm like, "Bitch ,please, gone are the days of me
Trickin' with chickens on the ave that striptease", yo
And I don't like your moms, gettin' to the point
Where I wanna strike your moms

And I know, you don't wanna see me fight your moms
Get hype and commence to lead pipe your moms
And I ain't goin' to jail, I'm packin' my bags
I'm out the door, I gotta bail, yo

Sit you down on that stool, give you a jewel
And let you know you're never too young for that rule
Rule one, you must have knowledge of self
To know the only one you follow is self

Anything else is useless, the truth is the youth is wild
Growin' up and they ruthless now but you my child
And I had you when I was half you, now I have to
Show you how to follow no man and when they ask you

What you wanna do when you grow, tell 'em blow
Let 'em know everything that glitter ain't gold
Never fold when you come against a obstacle
And know that nobody's stoppin' you but you, nobody

Damn it, feel good to have my son on my chest
See my features in his face and I love him to death
Show him how to move right, just right for a gang
'Cause me and my father never did the daddy-son
thing

While I was in the streets pitchin', he in the crib bitchin'
Moms out workin', nobody in the kitchen
Now I got one of my own and my nephews is grown
Still I'm out grindin', makin' a house a home

From month to month, see, I live on the road
Give 'em jewels and heat the hole 'cause the world is
cold
I put the joint in his hand so he used to the piece
Told him white man's justice is a black man's grief

You could say I love my son more than I love my wife
Think twice, you be sayin' Dog is trife
That's alright, it's a father and son type thing
I got to war for mines and that's word to everything

Know what I mean, daddy gon' make the cash cream
Whether fast or slow, my son know about the dough
You know, some say the boy look like me
But if he look like me, he gon' crook like me

He got a mind of his own, lighter tone like
Mama Jones, he love phones, the boy be buckwildin'
when I'm gone
He do the type of shit they say he been here before
I think he's seventeen months but he acts seventeen

My first born so I had to name him
Dashawn Jarel [Incomprehensible] Yates
He look like he lift weights
When we stack this cake, we gon' roll like skates

Daddy wanna stay but daddy gotta go
Daddy can't hang 'cause daddy gotta show
Poppa was a rollin' stone
Daddy used to hold iron so I roll with chrome

I was named after pops but they called me Tone
Some ways like my pops, some ways of my own
Daddy didn't know I got stoned till I got grown
Had my own car, home and my son to moan

Just like daddy he wanna hang and roll
Now I pass on game how to gain and grow
I know hustlers that came, watched 'em go
I peeped dudes on the come up, watched them blow

Give jewels to my little mens and watch 'em grow
Give 'em presents just to watch 'em glow
When I shine, you shine, violate mine, you gots to go
Stay focused, there's a lot you should know

Study life, listen and learn, sleep long, miss your turn
Gotta get in where you fit in when a spliff gettin'
burned
When you see me on a mission, it's commission I earn

Remember, as a man think if the world turn
Daddy want a new six, ya heard
Do tricks absurd, my little homie's too quick to learn

Word, Daddy need bricks, my son need kicks
Tim boots, jeans, suits, all that new shit
He watch me do this, he know his daddy a soldier
I rep G and Jah 'cause that's me all over

Daddy, when you gon' buy me a new X-Box

I want a Nintendo Gamecube and I want some
New games for my X-Box too, I want a PlayStation 2
Daddy, when you gon' take me
And my brothers and sisters to Splish Splash?

And when you gon' take me to the store
And buy ice cream and candy?
And when you gon' teach me how to drive your car?
And I want a hundred dollars on my birthday

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