

Lil' J

"Daddy Get That Cash"

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[Lil' Mo]
Styles P...
It's Lil' Mo, holla at me
Get that cash daddy

[Styles]
If it's you versus me - think about it
They gon yell my name when they announce the winner
And I ain't bout to sell much
I got my honeys on the plane but the birds flyin south
for the winter
Go get ya self familiated
I'm so gangsta that, just know'n myself makes me
affiliated
What chu think honey hold 'em hammers for?
So she can spend 10 cent at Jill Sander store?
We gon hit Rodeo Drive on Beverly Hills
Though I love her, so I'm spendin like 70 bills
Every week she bring the llello in, keep ya payroll big
Light a blunt, and just beg me to chill
Ain't a player but my life is real all of the time
So she went and copped a gun a little smaller than
mine
That's a down ass chick, and she keep it real
So I'ma keep it real back all of the time

[Chorus: Lil' Mo (Styles)]
Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna
get it)
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get it)
Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna
get it)
Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna
get it)

[Styles]
Daddy go and get that cash
Go and get the black suit, grab the burner plus get that
match
She said "Tell my where you goin"

It's no doubt I'm comin in
Cause she could fit a little 9 or a 22 right inside her bra
or Calvin Klein underwear
Mami you could stay home and bag up the work
I'm just goin out to play chrome or nag up a jerk
If I kiss her then her heart'll melt
Listen dogg, you don't understand the work, that she
carry in the garder belt
No doubt I love her, I'ma tell you the truth
But dont' get it fucked up, and get bucked up
Only thing sweet about P is his tooth
And she could sleep with another dude
She gon tell me where the safe at, the coke at, how to
rob his mother too
"Daddy go and get that cash"..
That's what my honey holla'd out every time I hit that
ass

[Chorus]

[Styles]

Since you helped daddy get that cash
Get the condo and the mink, and the ring and the gift
wrapped Jag
And you still got the bomb head, I pay the phone and
the rent
But keep it real Boo, you pay the Con-ed
If I get knoced, she in the VI room
With some money on my books, give weed to a nigga
Don't worry about shit, cause I be out soon
No doubt that's my booby-cat
She drop my bricks off right on Broadway, and she go
and get a doobie wrap
Lookin at the god like we oughta elope
One pop for the pasta, one pot for the coke
Holiday Styles, dick one shot for the dough
And it's sorta like we Bonnie and Clyde
I load the ouie up, she gon roll the gouie up, then mami
abide
And she said "Daddy get that cash"
She know I would but had no idea that I would skip that
fast

[Chorus]

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