

Live

"Da Da DaHHH"

Visit "[Da Da DaHHH](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

Yo, I gotta back ache, stomach ache, diahrea, vomiting
Cold feet, runny nose, head ache, insomnia
Cranky, moody, burpin' while i'm cursin'
Baby chair tied in a suburban drinkin' burban
I'm only 3, and gotta chip motorola
A hoochie babysitter with snitches by the stroller
Lyn, cryin, whinin', teasin'
Suckin' tities like I had years of breast feedin'
In the begining i was sinning
Kept my mama back and forth
To the hospital for the constant kickin'
Kept them ass whippin', I'm gettin them all
Show off like Fodolo so fuck all y'all
Do you get your ass whipped with your mom's bad luck
Like AHUH YEU YEU get hit by a truck
Playin' catch a girl, fuck a girl
Throw her in a sandwich
Just a young boy doing grown man shit

[Chorus]

I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
Like kickin' your ass
I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
Smokin' weed
I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
All day check it out

[Verse 2]

I'm only 13 puttin' in work
Rockin' chinese shoes with high top converse but first
We was all gas watchin' game of def with Bruce
Walkin' home from the movies (* Red makes karate
movie noises *)
I thought about the sex often
I even kept a heartland for them white girls on magic
garden
Light skin, chubby and shit
Ran my mama's phone bill for callin' Biggs Biggs Biggs
The old hands used to make them little niggaz fight

The lead patch was the shit if you snatch it right
And everybody knew the pattern of pac man
Rams was 15 and that then was happenin'
Niggaz used to get robbed at twin city
I was cuttin' on SL's glue with a penny
When EPMD dropped Its My Thing
I said damn i gotta get up in this rap game

[Chorus]

I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
Like touchin' your tities
I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
I'm just a young boy doing grown man shit
Like Stealin' my mama's car

[Verse 3]

I used to tell my Sis i'm gonna make it bitch
So close to gettin' on i could taste the shit
In a hot ass room cuttin' smooth operator
In my last year at West Side High I barley made it
Flippin eightballs, going to Montclair State
I passed one class and still owe their ass cake
For quick cash, Doc hit up 13th ave
Sell white boys oregano dash then we laughed
That was the days now the times switched up
Son either walk them dogs, sunff it or get snuffed
Them ho's got triflin' but much thicker
My weed got better so easily i fucked shit up
I test y'all with my def squad cam
And I dont stage show dive unless y'all amp
To all my fans, arivaderchi to ya
And any ho that didnt blow Doc, I NEVER KNEW YA!

[Chorus]

Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
Like still squeezin' your titties
I'm just a grown man doing grown man shit
With a big ass car
Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
Rollin' better credit
Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
Yo yo shit is crazy
Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
Like smackin' your ass
Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
Like shaving my beard
Now i'm a grown man doing grown mans shit
I got hair on my chest!

Visit [Live](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.