

Nick Cannon

"Your Pops Don't Like Me"

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Oh, females dads be trippin' for real
I mean, I'm a player with ma, right
And see what had happened was
I was hollerin' at this chick in front of the 99 cent store
Well, here's the whole story

She was a tall slim, oh, chick I met last week
At the mall, cute feet with the baby fat booty
She paged me to come over the mall
So I smashed in the crib, bumpin', can't walk {Oh,
boy}
With the doo rag on {Yo', boy}
When she sang that song she turnin' me on
If would have known her pops was home
Could have stayed at crib, hollered at her on the phone
But pops got hot, he was old school pimpin'
Tank tops, flip flops and dress socks
Rang dang when he came with the questions
Boy, you were young and how knowin' for the Lexus
I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson, but I sell records
Nah, once again, I ain't got a jail record
It's Nick Cannon, the cat you ain't used to
The Rapper, actor, comedienne/producer

I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me
I really don't like this dude, I want so much
So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like
me)

I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me
I really don't like this dude, I want so much
So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like
me)

When the girls from the ghetto act the size of they
stilettos
6-7-8 wanna make us wait
They wanna date, gotta ask pops
You a grown woman, all that need to stop
At the club, yeah, you have a thug at home or not

You daddy's little girl that he love a lot
Well, he don't know about that tat you got, huh
Nah, I'm playin' I'm just rockin'
Shorty ?? probably hooked up
Probably teach you how to move in those ??
Cut to the next day and a half
Called the crib and your dad hung up on my a**

Is it 'cause of the blunt, ma (He don't like me)
Or is the watch, ma (He don't like me)
'Cause I'm pushin' a drop, ma (He don't like me,
like me)
Yo', pops (He don't like me)

I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me
I really don't like this dude, I want so much
So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like
me)
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Is it 'cause I make more money than him
He be jonesin', those films ain't funny to him
Or is it 'cause I keep the block hot with Bonnie and
them
Rims, inches on my Benz, yeah, 20 of them
Now I'mma fullback gettin' the win
Last time I called back, he picked up again
Tone-Loc he saw that, my devilish grin
Lettin' you know that the young Black Elvis is in
I ain't stuntin' your pops, yo', I ain't frontin' your
pops
Gonna have me straight huntin' your pops, nah
Don't wanna Roy Jones your pops
Left, right, uppercut, knock out your pops
Close the door, lock out your pops
We on a roll now, sugar, I ain't 'bout to stop
Don't care if he try to kick me out your house
Do you understand the words that are comin' out of
my
mouth

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So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like
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I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me
I really don't like this dude, I want so much
So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like me)

Is it 'cause I'm handsome (He don't like me)
Keep the ladies dancin' (He don't like me)
'Cause my house is a mansion (He don't like me, like me)
Yo', pops (He don't like me)

Is it 'cause of the corn rolls (He don't like me)
Or is it my hormones (He don't like me)
The Gs and the bank roll (He don't like me, like me)
Yo', pops (He don't like me)

I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me (He don't like me)
I really don't like this dude, I want so much
So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like me)

I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me (He don't like me)
I really don't like this dude, I want so much
So much more for my daughter

I really don't like this dude, I can't stand him
Where did he come from, tell me

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