

## D-12

# "Just Like You"

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Daddy

Chorus

I wanna be just like you  
When I grow old  
Yes I do x4

Verse 1

You don't wanna be just like your daddy  
Pimpin' hoes out here driving caddies  
Runnin' around town fucking these geezers  
Shots in your ass catching diseases  
Son, your daddy got a foul mouth  
For fucking bitches in their foul mouth  
I cant help it, my group's D-12  
All we do is pop pills and stay in jail  
Talkin' nasty shit, Bizarre wont stop  
I fuck two twins with a midget on top  
A sick mind raping an old lady  
Knowing damn well Bizarre shouldn't have a baby  
All I can teach you, learn how to mac  
Smoke crack, smack a bitch when she talk back  
Matter of fact, smack your sister she's a slut  
Don't you realize Bizarre don't give a fuck

Chorus

Verse 2

Don't go to school, become a Catholic priest  
Sell crack to your Aunty Denise  
If Aunty Denise is short forty cent  
Make her get on the ground and suck some more dick  
Nas is gonna probably hate me  
When Mos def hear this he probably gonna suffocate  
me  
Why they let Bizarre rap on high tech track  
All he gonna do is talk about hoes and smoking crack  
If your wife is pregnant I'll call her a whore  
Leave her no money and go out on tour  
Nah...I'll probably leave her something  
A pack of hot dogs and a fucking dirty muffin  
You're my son, I'm trying to teach you somethin'

You're 8 years old, it's time to start to time fuckin'  
You know daddy won't give you the wrong advice  
Smoke weed, listen to Obie Trice

Chorus x 3

All I can tell you how to do is pop pills and stay high  
Tell them bitches to suck my dick (Ahha!)  
I'm prepared, YeaYah!  
A mother-fucking role model.  
Hi Tech.

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