

Style Council

"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

Don't 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, drive on Beverly Hills

Though I love her, so I'm spendin like 70 bills

I bringin what she be on went, 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 'lil 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 goin ta get it, I'm goin ta
get it)

Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm goin ta get it, I'm goin ta
get it)

Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm goin ta get it, I'm goin ta
get it)

Daddy gotta get that cash (I'm goin ta get it, I'm goin ta
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 that 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 garter belt
No doubt I love her, I'ma tell you the truth
But don't' get it fucked up, and get fucked 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 condom and the mink, and the ring and the gift
wrapped Jag
And you still got the bomb ass, I pay the phone and the
rent
But keep it real Boo, you pay the Conair
If I get knocked, she in the BI 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 wrapped
Lookin at the God, like "We all a little"
One pop for the pasta, one pop for the coke
Holiday Styles, dick one shot for the door
And it's sorta like we Bonnie and Clyde
I load the ooby up, she gon roll the booby 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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