

## Styles P

### "Daddy Get That Cash"

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[Incomprehensible]  
Lil' Mo, holla at me  
Get that cash daddy

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 knowin' 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  
[Incomprehensible] 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

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)

Daddy go and get that cash  
Go and get the black suit, grab the burner plus get that  
match  
She said, "Tell me 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

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)

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 B I room  
With some money on my books, give weed to a nigga  
And 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  
Then 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

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

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