

**Saafir****"Watch How Daddy Ball"**

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F/ Cam

Intro:

Can I talk to yall for a minute  
See the game has become a lil twisted  
See u gotta cat like me imma east coast playa  
Str8 from up state  
Then you got my man Cam he a west coast playa  
Then you got my homey saafir..se he a westsiiderrr!!  
And we get down like dis

Cam:

You See I'm standing strong  
But still don't wanna break no bread  
Now yall gonna think I'm wrong when I start going up  
side your head  
Str8 left you for dead  
And that's the reason why  
I still be riding on these Niggaz like giddyup horsey  
ride  
I'mon the wind on my saddle  
Bout to herd up some cattle  
Cut the head of a snake and save the rattle  
You willing to battle  
Partna but you fail to see you losing the war  
I stand up for what I believe in not leaving enough to  
score  
Bet to show that yall can't ignore my rep for making  
people shout  
Whether popping they ass on stage..or socking they  
ass on out  
I'm like Luke on this money..don't stop!  
Get it Get it..down south they bout it! bout it!  
But out west we Widdit Widdit  
If you fools admit it  
Maybe you wouldn't be on the ground  
And everything would be OK I wouldn't have to lay u  
you down  
Yall haters aint doing me no harm I'm still rich  
Just like Old Macdonald on his farm.bia bia ittch!

Chorus:

Niggaz be hating me constantly plotting downfall  
But I aint scared of none of Yall  
Watch how daddy ball  
"I aint scared of none of yall watch how daddy ball" too  
short (3X)

Saafir:

Now watch how daddy ball on all of yall  
While yall plotting for my downfall  
Always gotta watch my back around yall  
When I touch the turf, everybody slow down  
Shit is getting worse, cuz aint no money in the town  
For what it's worth, I have to give my hustle a rebirth  
Research another circuit, so I can really work it  
I'm sick of sending ripples down the stream of ounces  
In order to triple my scratch on the scheme of things  
I'm bouncing'  
Outta town to get mined fuck these mousetraps  
Niggaz fighting over cheese like rats  
My whole family is against me, pullin out gats, what  
type of shit is that?  
You got me strapped with a tight grip,  
When I'm around fools they tight lipped  
But want to jaw jack me to death around a tight bitch  
I know the script but while you stuck on some town shit  
I be ballin nationwide bound bitch!

Chorus (3X)

Saafir:

One year later with from inflated plan  
Just me and my man, touching back down in the town  
But in the background, wishing into whispering  
He's back! With all the scratch and all the contact  
Now what Yall lack contracts mackin the gats (I got  
that)?  
See I'm mobbing with a permanent plan, you say he  
came up quick (damn)  
While you still on the corner standing in quick sand  
You think you know what time it is, but your hourglass  
Let the hour pass right by you  
Why fool? You should have taken more than an  
hourglass in high school  
Instead of snorting dog coughing wit your tweaking ass  
I speak fast, stick a move in and out  
Now I'm the man with all the clout  
Nothing but big shit, mobbing in big ass whips  
Own big ships, floating on big battle ships  
Fuck a yacht, I'm trynna own a block like the Jewish

Watch how daddy ball this year Saafir knew it!

Imma tell yall one more time..listen!

Chorus (3X)

(fades)You can't get me..you can't get my crew

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