

Black Rob F/ Beanie Sigel, Da Brat, G-Dep, Joe Hooker

"Your Pops Don't Like Me"

Visit "[Your Pops Don't Like Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ohh - female's dads be tripping, fo'real
I mean I'ma playa wit mine, and see what happened
was
I was hollerin at this chick in front of the 99 cent store
And like yo yo well here's, the whole story

Yo yo yo

[Verse 1]

She was a tall slim model chick
I met last week at the mall
cute feet with the baby fat
yo chick paged me to come over tommorrow
So I smashed in the crib bumping (ohhh)
Cam'Ron "Oh Boy" wit the doo rag on (oh boy) yo boy
she sings that song, shes turing me on
I'm I was to lone her but pops was home
coulda stayed at the crib holla at her on the phone
pops got hot, he was old school pimpin
tank tops, flip flops and dress socks
ran game when he came with the questions
boy you a younging how you going for the lexus
sorry mr jackson but I sell records
naw once again I ain't got a jail record
It's Nick Cannon, that cat you ain't used too
The rapper/actor, comedian/producer

[Chorus]

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 more for my daugher
Your pops don't like me, your pops don't like me

[Verse 2]

The girls in the ghetto flashing the size of their stilleto
6, 7, 8, wanta make us wait
If they wanta date, gotta ask pops
You a grown woman, all that need to stop
At the club you love thug, but at home you not
Your daddy's little girl daddy loves a lot

I bet he don't know bout that tat you got
Naw I ain't playing, just whylin
Shorty we should probably hook up, in Cali, teach
You how to move in older birds and collies
Cut to the next day in a half
Called the crib, and your dad hung up on my ass...

[imitating 50 Cent]

Is it cause of the block ma, he don't like me
Or is it the watch ma, he don't like me
Cause I'm pushing a drop ma, he don't like me
He don't like me, like me, your pops don't like me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Is it cause I make more money then him
TV shows and those films ain't funny to him
Or is cause I keep the block hot
With money and dem, rims inching on my Benz
Ya that's 20 on them now I'ma fallback, and get the win
Last time I called back he picked up again
Don't know you saw that my devilish grin
Let you know the young black elvis is in
I ain't stuntin your pops, why he frontin your pops
Gonna have me straight huntin your pops
Naw doesn't wanta Roy Jones your pops
Left right uppercut, knockout your pops
Close the door, lock out your pops
We on a roll now suga, i ain't bout too stop
I don't care if he tried kicking me out your house
Do you understand the words that are coming out my
mouth?

[Chorus]

[imitating 50 Cent]

Is it cause I'm handsome, keep the ladies dancing he
don't like me
He don't like me
Cause my house is a mansion, he don't like me
Like me, your pops don't like me
Is it cause the cornrolls, or is it my hormones
The G's in the bank roll
Like me, your pops don't like me

[repeat to fade]

