

Styles

"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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