

## **Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Big Kap, Chyna**

### **"Intro Joint"**

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Daddy-O, Daddy-O from Stet?  
Word black!  
C'mon man, you buggin  
Yo, the one and only  
You zonin now with that  
Daddy-O money, I'm tellin you!  
Yo (?), yo hold up hold up hold up  
Brother's comin back,  
but what's Daddy-O gon' come with in 1993?  
He better come right  
I don't know!  
(Yeah, here we go)

[Daddy-O]  
1993, and we say..  
I'd like to give a big up to my East coast peeps  
Showbiz and A.G., P.E., B.D.P.  
G. Rap and Polo, Lords of the Underground  
They got it goin on  
The West coast got flavor too though  
Cause they got the Fellowship Shop and uh  
Hieroglyphics got props  
And I couldn't wait for Snoop Doggy Dogg's LP to drop  
Big up to my man Ice-T! (Big up..)  
+Cop Killer+ and all that, congrats on the new label kid  
Blow up, blow up!  
Yo, I'd like to give a big shout out  
to my producer on the board, my man Ed man  
Break it down Ed (ahhhhhh)  
Yo one more time one more time (Ed, Ed..)  
I like that.. my man, Rich Crash is on the set  
The engineer, we don't wanna say all-star  
cause we ain't down with that Juice Crew thing  
But anyway, after this roll come up right  
I wanna give a big shoutout to my management record  
company  
My little bro Kedar, shinin like a star  
To my Atlanta crew, Arrested Development and all  
them  
They got it goin on  
My crew in Minneapolis, the Inner Sanctum

Big Tim from the Group Home, they got it goin on  
And to everybody from Brooklyn for stayin behind me  
all this time  
Latin Quarter days, (??) all that, check this out

Do you believe in survival?  
Here's a little touch of that new school stuff  
Can't grow it on trees, it's a special blend  
of them herbs and spices that make you go nutty  
Brand new year, so I gotta make the style match  
Nine-to-the-three still equals three  
That's one for the money and two for the show  
Three for the rhyme and the way the horns blow  
Sorry if you missed me, now I'm back  
so you can all get with me, that's a fact  
Don't ever try and diss me, if you do  
I'll turn you blue, and have to bury my shoe  
Inside your dome, I'm back from my stay away  
When you bought my tape, you declared a Daddy-O  
day  
When I make music, they play it in the Jeeps  
And it sounds SO good, you wanna run and tell your  
peeps  
that the O's got a new way, of makin the rhyme flow  
You know I ain't (?) so act like you know  
Those who doubted and continue to bite  
They can deepen it in and you can chew all night

Big up to my man Little Rob he's in the house  
and he got it goin on  
To my Uptown crew, my nephew Hasi Boom  
on the tapes and all that  
To all the Uptown DJ's  
Ron G and Kid Capri and all of them  
for makin them bad ass tapes we play in the Jeeps and  
the cars  
Congratulations, the Fever's back open  
Gotta thank my man Big Sal for that  
And before I get outta here  
I just got one thing to say to y'all  
Y'all got a lot to worry about  
Mike Tyson is a Muslim now, I'm out

(Yeah, yeah, give it to 'em Daddy  
Give it to 'em Daddy, a let me have it Daddy  
Alright Daddy, bring it to me Daddy  
Give it to 'em Daddy, a let me have it Daddy..)

