

# Daddy

Dom Kennedy

She keep talkin' 'bout gettin' plastic surgery, I really hope s  
he don't  
And I wish I was the type that really enjoyed writin' the notes  
Video wit' Quik and Suga Free, but that wasn't no boat  
Them yachts out in Newport, tell me, 'Who on your boat?'  
While niggas lie about it, my soul girls cry about it  
I'm not a member of Black Hippy, but I recognize higher power  
You could eat pickles that's sour and sit in L.A. for hours  
And you still wouldn't know what it felt like back in '91  
And at 3:25, that's when my pops known to drive  
Somebody said I should look for a house out in Oceanside  
I'm from OPM, baby, got to get that straight  
So you know it turn me on, I see her fix my plate  
Told her, 'Look at the album cover if you ever miss my face'  
I hope I'm on that shit like Eric B. and Rakim, sucker  
Her mom said, 'Cut that song, uh, yeah, that is bumpin'''  
'Bout time you found somebody out here  
That's really sayin' somethin'

I think I'm addicted to dippin' down Normandie  
This could've been distributed by Priority  
Instead we keepin' all the royalties  
I stopped wearin' chains cause niggas' shit lookin' foily  
And I heard what Chris Brown said, but I dick her down loyally  
I have to interrupt, lookin' at your spoiled butt  
Only raised by women, so you got waist and rhythms  
To get my attention through a dashboard  
Why you think little teenage boys always crash more?  
Lookin' at the new 11s, thinkin' 'bout gettin' cash  
Or waitin' on hoes to start shakin' that ass more  
I never been the guy in France, but I made movies in my block  
L.A. New Era hat and Shawn Stussy  
Aw, fuck it, I can't tell y'all shit, except, 'Get to it'  
Gangsters used to wear nice shirts and drive big Buicks  
Now this nigga on the Internet tryin' to pitch music  
Nobody want to hear that shit