

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