

Just Like Daddy

2pac

Outlaw In This
No doubt, Death Row, Makaveli
You can call me daddy
I'll be ya daddy
JUST LIKE DADDY
Foe tha ladies

Come with me and tha time we bump, deticaite slow jams on tha radio,
know ya happy I can feel ya passion lookin out foe ya just like daddy,
come on, sun shine turn to rain, baby I can take away ya pain if ya trust
me close ya eyes feel tha magic neva leave when ya need me I do ya just
like daddy

I met her when she was younger
when her daddy died when she was younger
her moms let her do what she please they said no one loved her
her eyes shined love a dimaond and above
tha kind that you can love
Not yet touched with so much, potential
youngster let me got ya mental
and to a place
with a sourness of pain you'll never taste
by God's grace
you were born with that face
nuthin but pure beauty
so for an eternaity I feel it's my duty
to be a SOULJAH
dippin I got plans to mold ya
and in tha coldest nights is when I hold ya
like Iam supposta, as we roll closer
I'll take your hand gladly, anything ya need ask me
supporting my baby just like daddy

[2PAC]

You alveate tha stress spend time with you, I feel blessed
When you gone feel tha pain so strong deep in my chest
When i got arrested, came so close to goin to jail
throwin blows at tha po pos breakin they nails
screamin loud goin all out
Damn I did
You stayed locked down at moms house
watchin tha kids, thru tha whole bid
In tha V-I I seen ya daily
When my fake homies try ta fuck you, you run and tell me
that's why I stay commited, I thank God everytime I hit it
hopin you'll forgive me for the times I bullshitted
Me and you against the world
we untouchable, screamin like ya dyin everytime I'am fuckin you
ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there
no need to fear so much insanity
and thru tha years
I know ya gave me your heart and plus
When I'am dirt broke and fucked up Ya still love me

[Chours]

(An Outlaw)

Boo would ya die for me?

Down holdin my pistol, gettin high
with mean sounds tougher than bristles
fool when you cry
I'll be ya tissue
back in tha county writin letters how I miss you
givin you credit, apoligetie how I dis you
get you for thinkin like a mona and on a level
and sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilain
for total and twine ya
we right behind ya tru
life just me and you no tellin what we could do
(Another Outlaw)
Gettin high between tha sheets
Make tha shit right here discrete
Puttin nikies on ya belly while we fuckin on tha beach
I love it when ya nut up and grab me
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy
(A 3rd Outlaw)
Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya
loss soul lookin for shelta, on tha late night accept ya
treat ya good won't disrespect ya
My age is young
out of place bitch days is done
From a trixy to a missy
you know I raised ya hon
Placed her under my wing
Showed her how we swing
Now she rollin blunts for her king
1 day labled thug Mrs
tha essance of my ghetto sistas
hugs and kisses
that's just for me to be a father figure