

# Get 'em Daddy

Cam'ron

See the problem is I ain't goin nowhere  
Can shoot at me, can stab at me  
Take your best shot (this is the remix)  
Suck a dick no homo  
DipSet, remix, let's go!

My flow is novocaine, my bars is hurricanes (Katrina)  
I got hell-a cain, mac in the melon range  
Hop out and shells exchange  
I wanna see these niggaz die die, make they mom feel hell-a pain  
Walk around like I got a broom in my pants  
Na that's a fuckin' A-K, heavy tool in my pants, damn  
Man these cowards better stay in they lane  
And if they ain't getting the picture, it ain't in the frame  
VVS's stay in my chain (bling) they in my ring (There they go)  
You must of wrote your will already if your sayin our names  
Hell Rell, Mr. Ruger Ruger, I'm a shooter shooter  
You hung with the girls you double dutch or hoola-hooper  
Hop skip and jumpin, block clickin and jumpin  
Glock clickin and dumpin, it's the mighty

Listen I'm quite known, nice chrome, a cyclone niggaz  
Ya sight blown, Right-o, my white stones glitter  
Left hand bling, the right one shiver  
Stallion, medallion, a ice cold picture  
The white stone flipper  
That white tone, nights home, getting' rid of the weight like lipo mister  
This psycho sicker  
That ain't crackin' ya pimp, you got a rat as a friend like Mike on Thriller  
This ain't nothing to me, a scrapper at its best  
No rapper could impress, man I'm crack right out the jets  
You rappin indirect  
But it's lookin like a movie shoot  
How they sendin all these damn actors at the set

It goes get 'em daddy (Goonies)  
Soul niggaz they sick and flabby, (they washed up)  
Young fly rich and every nigga with me pack heat, (we ballin)  
Somebody snappin pictures at me, (watch me)  
Plus I know I got the F.B.I. sick of me  
The cash the jewels and how we buy exquisite V's  
Don't get ya brains fried to a fricassee  
My vest and my heater, breath full of reefer  
And ya boy stay fly like he was dressin for Easter  
The big Pachorte, Capo the heavy  
Packin 4-4 court case to drop on expressway  
Its DipSet Byrdgang we fly high  
And chart the G-4 we get high in the sky

I'm Hulk Hogan, Randy Savage, Bob Backlund  
Paul Akin, ha ha, who they think they car jackin  
You dump and a dump, I slumped and I slump  
They mad my car's like an elephant, the trunk in the front  
See ya dude react, Hud six threw me back, a few they clapped  
But I ate those, them shits is Scooby Snacks  
I ain't see stars, I'm a G pa  
Threw the Lam' in 6th, Drove to the E.R.

Had to make it hot  
Feel like Pac I know it's set up  
Them old niggaz know I'm bout to take they spot  
Ain't no A.B. - I.O.U.  
Y.B. That'll get 'em up in I.C.U.  
Like I see you at the BP, shot 'em off G.P.  
Guns from VA, PA, down to D.C.  
D.O.A. if you short up on my P.C.  
C-74 switched 'em over to P.C.  
Like Chuck D, we the '06 P.E.  
Fuck me why, I'm in the '06 G.T.  
All about them G's B, we the B.G.  
Byrd Gang Dipset, D.I.P. see  
Like KRS-One, the great B.D.P.  
You wanna join the crew, then you must see me, flee  
(Get 'em Daddy) Got 'em mommy, you my Gotham Bonnie  
Cause I'm Batman with the pump, Johnny Johnny  
(Get 'em Daddy) Honey smile, don't act funny style  
In one ear, yeah yeah, 220 thou'