

# Did You Miss Me

Petey Pablo

Oh yeah  
Birdman  
Prrrrrrrr  
Yeah  
North Carceezy!  
Oh yeah  
Cash Money ha  
Yeah  
Get the money baby  
Get this money baby  
TQueuezy!  
It's Birdman baby  
Freezy you did the damn thing boy  
Yeah  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Holla at ya boy, Birdman!  
Prrrrrrrrrrrr  
Oh yeah  
Uh huh

Ay ay  
See I came around early  
It was me and Ms Birdy  
It ain't nothing to a pimp  
It ain't nothing to a baller  
Worldwide hustling known shot caller

Yeah yeah  
When I came through dippin'  
In the Bird Benz  
With the Birdman and some Bird friends  
I got big wheels  
And every time I'm in the club it's a big deal

Mama on everything (oh yeah)  
God bless the day and the 20 inches  
Came around the corner with the slab on rags (alright)  
Think about my dad and the shit we had

Ooh Lord, I remember yesterday  
Trippin' hittin switches in a white on white tray  
Caught a Bird with the Bird the very next day  
Down to Carolina where is Petey

I tried to tell ya'll  
It about to happen  
Ayo Baby  
How we're gonna have the Birdman and the Helicopter  
Man on the same track  
Yo Mannie, you cut the fool on this track  
TQ, I see you boy  
You out from West Coast to New Orleans and North  
Carolina

Give a fuck what them New Orlean do  
You know how I do  
Mashin on 22's  
I got a caddy to it  
And a jag and a Benz and a corvette  
Just like baseball ?bit?  
I'm on deck ballin cat  
All ya'll should call me that  
Took mine, dip mine  
Trippled the stack  
Who's fucking with that  
Carolina, Cash Money  
Man, Mannie what you do to this track  
TQ, Bird, Petey on the same jam  
I'll be GOD DAMNed! It's on now!  
And I dont expect you to understand  
And this is for grown man  
You standing on some dangerous land  
And this time I got a master plan  
I got a man with papers to handle the pistols  
So I don't have to tj-tj-tj-tj  
I done had it up to here with this shit  
Take this track to the label  
Here's your single bitch!

(Petey Pablo baby!) ?all the time, boy  
(Birdman!)  
(Cash Money number 1!) You know ?  
(C'mon) C'mon  
(Mannie Freezy!) Show em how to do the time, Baby  
(Prrrrrr) Birdman, Helicopter Man, oh  
Boy is crazy, boy  
North Carolina to New Orleans, baby

We got some questions of my home town  
While I was gone working on this album  
Racking my brain going through all types of problems  
Cause the world would never get passed the first  
single I dropped  
The whole album was hot  
Bottom to the top  
And this time I'm giving ya'll a whole enchilada  
Rappin hard I went back to the drawing board  
Got me a sharper sword  
Jumped on the right horse  
Good Lord!  
It ain't a game anymore  
It's a rain forrest of wack shit and I don't want no  
part to it  
I done built me a fort I'm prepared for it  
If the boat do sink, dawg, I won't on it  
I was on the damn flight to New Orleans  
And do a song with Souljah from Magnolia  
Holla if you hear me  
And I ain't dis, trip, flip script on none of my  
homies  
It's Carolina till I die, whody!

Yeah!  
What ya'll gotta say about that there  
Birdman  
You better told em (Petey Pablo, baby!)  
I told em (Petey Queezy be!)

Oh Lord (North Carcezy and ?Bird Beezy?, baby)  
(NO and NC, baby)  
(We doin it real real real big)  
(So so so fly)

We fly, Baby  
We fly