

# Nick Cannon, Your Pops Don't Like Me (I Really D

Oh, females dads be trippin' for real  
I mean, I'm a player with ma, right  
And see what had happened was  
I was hollerin' at this chick in front of the 99 cent  
store  
Well, here's the whole story

She was a tall slim, oh, chick I met last week  
At the mall, cute feet with the baby fat booty  
She paged me to come over the mall  
So I smashed in the crib, bumpin', can't walk {Oh,  
boy}  
With the doo rag on {Yo', boy}  
When she sang that song she turnin' me on  
If would have known her pops was home  
Could have stayed at crib, hollered at her on the  
phone  
But pops got hot, he was old school pimpin'  
Tank tops, flip flops and dress socks  
Rang dang when he came with the questions  
Boy, you were young and how knowin' for the Lexus  
I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson, but I sell records  
Nah, once again, I ain't got a jail record  
It's Nick Cannon, the cat you ain't used to  
The Rapper, actor, comedienne/producer

I don't really like this dude, I can't stand him  
Where did he come from, tell me  
I don't really like this dude, I want so much  
So much more for my daughter (Your pops don't like me)

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When the girls from the ghetto act the size of they  
stilettos  
6-7-8 wanna make us wait  
They wanna date, gotta ask pops  
You a grown woman, all that need to stop  
At the club, yeah, you have a thug at home or not  
You daddy's little girl that he love a lot  
Well, he don't know about that tat you got, huh  
Nah, I'm playin' I'm just rockin'  
Shorty ??? probably hooked up  
Probably teach you how to move in those ???  
Cut to the next day and a half  
Called the crib and your dad hung up on my a\*\*

Is it 'cause of the blunt, ma (He don't like me)  
Or is the watch, ma (He don't like me)  
'Cause I'm pushin' a drop, ma (He don't like me, like  
me)  
Yo', pops (He don't like me)

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Is it 'cause I make more money than him  
He be jonesin', those films ain't funny to him  
Or is it 'cause I keep the block hot with Bonnie and  
them  
Rims, inches on my Benz, yeah, 20 of them  
Now I'mma fullback gettin' the win  
Last time I called back, he picked up again  
Tone-Loc he saw that, my devilish grin  
Lettin' you know that the young Black Elvis is in  
I ain't stuntin' your pops, yo', I ain't frontin' your  
pops  
Gonna have me straight huntin' your pops, nah  
Don't wanna Roy Jones your pops  
Left, right, uppercut, knock out your pops  
Close the door, lock out your pops  
We on a roll now, sugar, I ain't 'bout to stop  
Don't care if he try to kick me out your house  
Do you understand the words that are comin' out of my  
mouth

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Is it 'cause I'm handsome (He don't like me)  
Keep the ladies dancin' (He don't like me)  
'Cause my house is a mansion (He don't like me, like  
me)  
Yo', pops (He don't like me)

Is it 'cause of the corn rolls (He don't like me)  
Or is it my hormones (He don't like me)  
The Gs and the bank roll (He don't like me, like me)  
Yo', pops (He don't like me)

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