

BLING DADDY CADDY is one of the most dynamic and exciting MCs to emerge from the Dirty, Dirty South in, literally, weeks. Along with other hip-hop superstars such as T.I., Yung Joc, Ludacris, and Outkast, Bling Daddy makes his home in Atlanta, AKA "da ATL" and "the Chocolate Peach." His 2004 debut album, *Don't Be Hatin' on My Rims*, was a breakthrough multiplatinum-seller and hardcore street sensation that yielded now-classic dance-floor hits such as "D.R.O.P. (Ya Drawers)," "Bling It (If Ya Can't Sing It)," "I Wanna Bone (When I'm Drinkin' Patrón)" and "In Da Klub (Where the Bitches At?)." His highly anticipated sophomore effort, *Ain't No Fakin' Da Funk*, is set to drop in late March. *Ain't No Fakin'* reveals a more lyrically mature artist willing to tackle more complex social issues, with titles such as "Knock, Knock (Ya Teef Out)," "She Got the H-I-V (And Won't L-I-V-E)," and the debut single, the highly controversial club smash "Anal SeXXX (Takin' it 2 Da Hoop)." We caught up with Bling Daddy at a local chicken-and-waffles establishment, and he didn't hesitate to plop some street knowledge straight into our laps.



HOW DID YOU GET THE NAME, "BLING DADDY CADDY?"

Man, I'm gettin' tired of bein' asked that shit. It's simple, dog: I gots bling, I'm gonna be a daddy soon, and I drive a Cadillac. To call myself anything *else* but Bling Daddy Caddy would be fuckin' *retarded*.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CALLED ANYTHING ELSE?

Oh, I got plenty of aliases: They call me Bling Daddy, Bling Daddy C., B.D.C., B.D. Caddy, Bling D. Caddy, B.D. Cadillac, and my friends just call me Bling. My real name is Philometrius Collard, but like I said, my friends just call me Bling. I've been rollin' with the same crew since *Don't Be Hatin' on My Rims* dropped: DJ Chickentaint, MC Duck Butter, and fly erotic dancer Miss Lady Red Velvet Cake. People see us walk in the club, and they know the club is gonna get H-O-T. The weather gets smokin' down here, the club starts bumpin', you drink some shots of Patrón, your feet start stankin', and you just fuckin' *know* you're gonna have a good time once Bling and his crew walk in the club. That's a fuckin' *guarantee*.

WHY DO YOU PLACE SO MUCH IMPORTANCE ON YOUR RIMS?

Because rims are fuckin' important, dog. Ladies love rims. And I got me the best fuckin' rims in the business. We got a lotta chop shops down in the ATL, and I know some criminal mechanics that are like fuckin' evil scientists, man, and they make me the most space-age rims you ever done seen. There might be some ATL rappers that are more famous than me, but they *all* jealous of my rims. Like I sang on the title track to *Don't Be Hatin'*: "Y'all be suckin' on my Slim Jim/and hatin' on my fly rims." Try to snatch my rims, you get a Desert Eagle pointed at your dome. I don't take shorts when it comes to rims. Recognize!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST'S HIP-HOP SCENE?

The Pacific Northwest? That where they got all the trees and the rain and shit?

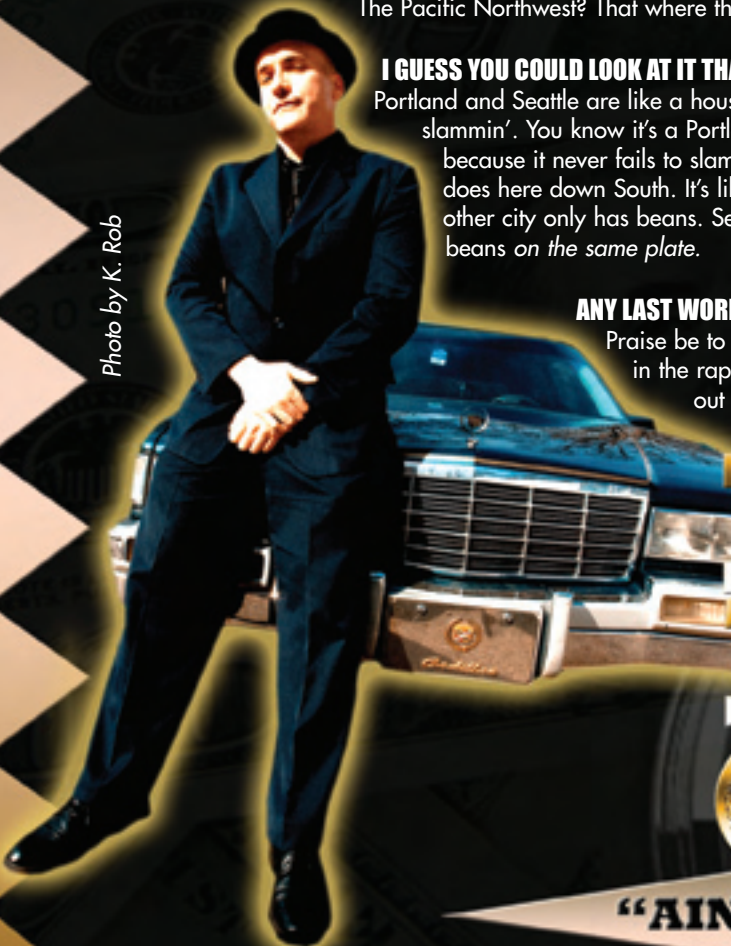
I GUESS YOU COULD LOOK AT IT THAT WAY.

Portland and Seattle are like a house divided against theyself, dog. Portland is poppin', but Seattle is slammin'. You know it's a Portland cut on the radio because it pops, and you can tell a Seattle track because it never fails to slam. The problem is that it never pops and slams *at the same time* like it does here down South. It's like you want to order rice and beans, but one city only has rice, and the other city only has beans. Seattle is rice, and Portland is beans, dog. Down South, we got rice and beans *on the same plate*.

ANY LAST WORDS?

Praise be to God Almighty the most high who's been my biggest fan since I started in the rap game, and if the playa-haters and rim-friends don't like that, I'll whip out my Tec-9 and blow y'all's fucking heads off. PEACE!

Photo by K. Rob



**BLING
DADDY
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"AIN'T NO FAKIN' DA FUNK"