

Puff Daddy, Back For Good Now

[P. Diddy]

Uhh, yeah, you know what it is

[Black Rob]

Aiyyo, back on the scene

Ain't nuthin' changed

Still doin' wild things

Whippin' something mean

The whole shorts in the Rolls Royce is off

For sure, bouncin' the bar on my next world tour

When we hit the sick, I'm the cure

We 'bout to pop it off so wild, hit the floor

Ain't nobody botherin' you

All I'm thinkin' 'bout is clobberin' you

Immigration always sayin' I'm harboring a few

Illegal aliens

Females, mostly Latins and Israeli-ans

The top story, evening news

I'm the shit, they been decieving you

Drop the roof on the Coupe D'Ville

Shoot to kill

Ask niggas, Duke is real

Stay lookin' for the loot to steal

He determined

Don't try to touch Bad Boy, cause we burnin'

I want my glory

Duke is not a joke, and I ain't got ?

Everytime I grab the mic it's with the sole intent

To rip shots and give you 200 percent

Man, I'm tired of doin' dirt

Tired of being on the the run from Wyatt Earp

Rather be somewhere in a quiet church, sayin' prayers

Not only sayin' mine, but sayin' theirs

That's cause my dawgs ain't there

Chorus: x2

The more hits we make, more money to burn

The more fame we get, niggas get concerned

It don't matter who's hot, who's out

Bad Boy is Back For Good Now

[Loon]

Aiyyo, I'm fresh off the plane

Tryin' to get a little bit of stress off my brain

M-I-A

Dom P., palm trees, 90 degrees

Arm freeze, mom please, ain't nuthin' but cheese

Caribbean Sea, Malibu breeze

Watchin' DVDs on 50 inch screens

So cut it out, you ain't now Don Juan, please

I stay spillin' Dom on my Sean John jeans

I hit the bar, yo, it's all on me

Pop bottles, models, be all on me

You all gon' see how it's all gon' be

Front on me and see where you all gon' be

Six feet deep

When the heat seek, niggas be misty

From 155th to 110th Street

Harlem bound, Bad Boy, who the fuck want a problem now?

Chorus x2

[P. Diddy]

See this is the part I like right here

I like when I see everybody on the dance floor

Yeah, I see y'all, just shakin' your asses

C'mon, hold on, I need to break it down

Yeah

One time like this

Now would you clap your hands
Your hands you clap
If your girl's outta place then your girl get tapped
Niggas keep thinkin' Diddy ain't on it like that
But you never see me standing on the corner like that
Cause, I'm talented, yes I'm gifted
Never boosted, never shoplifted
Forget get the cash, the money ain't nuthin'
Cause everything I talk about, you know I ain't frontin'
I rock Sean John everyday
Boutiques from France to the USA
And I make all the chips off the hits I invent
So it really doesn't matter how much I spent
Cause, I'm droppin' hits
Daily
You burn me?
Really?
Think Bad Boy been played a million times
And I don't care if niggas write a billion rhymes
Damn, we still payed!
We still payed!
Yeah, we got it made!
[Loon]
Aiyyo, this game ain't stoppin'
We champagne poppin'
Girl, I got shit that your man ain't coppin'
You could hop in when your man ain't watchin'
Give you one option, temperature's droppin'
Gettin' cold, control your soul when I'm locked in
You the type of chick that fold when you boxed in
Signals my watch and givin' you more reasons to hop in
This is a Bentley, not a Datsun
Don't confuse me with dude, I'm not him
Your man got a lot to learn
But you could leave with the cat if you that concerned
One day you gon' actually learn
But not now cause, girl, I got tracks to burn
I stay on my J-O-B
Nigga, me, P. Diddy, B. R-O-B
[P. Diddy]
The fam baby, Bad Boy
Chorus x4
[P. Diddy]
Yeah, I want to dedicate this to everybody that been down with us
From day one
Shakin' them asses on the dance floor
That's all we're tryin' to do
Mo' money, no mo' problems
2001, Bad Boy forever