Puff Daddy, I'll Do This For You

(feat. Kelly Price, Mase)

[Puffy (Mase) |Kelly|]
Yeah, we up now, yeah (Uh c'mon)
Yeah, we up now (Uh, uh c'mon)
We up now |Baby, I like it|
Yeah, yeah (Uh, uh c'mon)
(Uh uh c'mon) |I like it babe|
(Uh uh c'mon)
(C'mon c'mon c'mon)
They're back

[Puffy]
Yo, now nobody party like we party
You wouldn't know 'till you cats see me party
I hardly sip bacardi
So your clique think a nigga to pretty to sip a mixed drink (uh uh)
But chicks think when they see I be a V.I.P. D-I-double D-Y
Be the cat that kick back, bring all the stars out
Same cat you know bring all the cars out (yep yep)
All our street cats buy all the bars out (yep yep)
Don't know whatch'all 'bout but I'm livin' it up
Ten mill' yeah, I'm bigger than what
So you know on the low when I blow, niggas givin' it up (they got to)
They know why everything I touch is so fly
Mult-I so I stay swimmin' in cho-chi
All day the niggas from New York to Norway
My name hold more weight than Broadway

[1] - [Kelly Price]
You like the way I do the things I do
It's all for you
No way to fill my shoes
Cuz all I do, I do for you

The more cheddar, the more better
Ever since I was young I was a go-getter
And you should know better to call Puff the coketeller
Knowin' I'm a Hummer wholesaler
And you should know this
I'm a poet, got money won't show it
I'm like Russell plus I got the right hussle
Talk slick, I might bust you
Watch your manners, I be on the cameras
I be the next cat down in Atlantis
Or Pacific to be specific, lifestyle too terrific
Hop in the van shop when we land
Don't worry bout the pilot chattin' in the Chopper's my man
I ain't only from Harlem, I'm from the Heartland
When I got problems I send in a dark van
Cats in the street treat me like a mob man
Been number one so much, call me Mr. Chart Man

[Repeat 1]

Yo, I tried to hold back, I can't hold back
Y'all could be all that, I want it all back
I sat back, let niggas get they dough
I played the cut and let niggas rip they show
Sip they mo', watch niggas pop they Cris'
Cop they whip, brag about they watch and shit
But watch this shit, I'mma put a stop to this
I got to flip, the v's niggas pop the shit, come on
And I been copped the six, been droppin' hits

Been rock my wrist, and flood my dial
These haters be hatin, but love my style
And ladies go crazy, they love my smile
P. Diddy the man push Bentley Sedan, nigga
Get money, that's simply the plan
True Chocolate Mack who's pocket's fat
You wanna rock nigga, rock to that with Bad Boy

[Repeat 1 while:]
[Mase (Puffy)]
Yep yep, All Out
Yep yep, H World
Yep yep, Bad Boy
Yep yep, wanna blow
Yep yep, I'm a problem
Yep yep, can I be
Yep yep, Crime Fam'
Yep yep, suga suga
Uh uh uh
Uh uh uh
Uh uh uh
Uh uh, uh uh (Yeah, we up now)
Uh uh uh uh uh (yeah, yeah, true that)
Uh uh uh uh uh
All Out, we back we back
(We gon' see what you could do now cuz we up now)
Yeah Baby Stase, Blinky Blink
(It's our time, come on, come on, come on, come on)