

# Total, Sitting Home(Remix)

(Puff Daddy (speaking))

The man you've all been waiting to hear  
Check him out

(Shyne)

Let it be understood  
Bad Boy run this  
Brooklyn the A T they pump this  
Punch you in your head  
With this gun shit  
Y'all know I be on some dumb shit  
I'ma cold kill the niggas that air the block out  
And ten chiller broads that'll wear your cock out  
Cost a half a mil  
That was me you seen hop out  
Stop playin, game over like a lockout  
Serious shit  
I'm the baddest Bad Boy, period shit  
Me and P-U-double-F in the 4 period 6  
Knocking Total  
Carrying weight, flavor, no doubt

(Pam)

I'm getting tired being tired of your ways  
You haven't come home or even called me today  
You don't know the pain when I'm being alone  
I'm calling out your name when you're not even home

(Bridge)

Cause I need you with me babe  
Can't see you leaving me babe  
Cause I don't know no other road I would go  
And I hope your feelings change  
Come bring your lovin' back to me  
So I can give you what you need and much more

(Chorus)

Sitting home waiting for you  
'Cause staring at these walls is all I do  
I try my best to be good to you  
But you're never around when I'm in the mood

(Kisha)

All my friends think that I am a fool  
And since you have been gone I've been thinkin so too  
Just tell me what it is and what you feel I do wrong  
We should stay together cause our love is so strong

(Bridge)

(Puff Daddy (speaking))

Shyne, talk to me one more time

(Shyne)

I think it's only right I let it be known  
I was on some multi-platinum melody tone  
Shit 'bout to bury me homes  
Carry my chrome  
Pencil bars, and Continental R's  
Coincidental? Nah  
I was meant to do this  
My speeches, as a foetus  
Meet you at your zenith, you beatless

I made one you liked, wait I'll make tons  
You better off counting stars  
Than the ho's that I make come  
Hot to death  
I ain't talking rhymes  
I'm talking 'bout this vest, tek  
And the ??cult recovery west??  
From the better we ball  
BK to 2-5  
Nigga Shyne and it's too live  
Say you better nigga you lie  
want to be me, you can't fit the shoe size  
Ho's, room skies, young don  
from um, Brook-lyn, done, gone

(Chorus)repeat till fade