

Total, What About Us (Remix)

(Puffy)

Yeah uh

Yeah uh

Yeah yeah yeah

Yeah come on

I like the way it's goin' down

I ain't done a remix in a long time

I like to make it hot

I like to make it real hot

Black Rob come on

(Black Rob)

Aye yo who dat comin' through my block like that

Oh nobody but that Bad Boy cat

What's his name? Black Rob

Ya'll heard duke was famous

Money soft Puffy joints, Total house the ladies

It's bangin' in the clubs, oh my good

Ya'll be wishin' that those brothers came through my hood

Take a different approach, just play respect the coach

That's Black, since I'm rollin' wit' Total

That's that

(Pam)

Baby, seen you lookin' at other ladies

Just finished having your baby

Why'd you have to go, go and leave me

Baby, you know I'm about to be swazy

Can't stop my lover from being shady

Why'd you have to go, go and leave me

(Chorus)

What about you?

What about me?

What about us?

What you gon' do?

Total help me sing

What about you?

What about me?

What about us?

What you gon' do?

What we gonna do

What we gonna do (yeah)

(Keisha)

Baby, I know that you've been pimpin'

Mr. Baller, trickin'

Why'd you have to go, go and leave me

Baby, I always been your baby

Love makin' this girl go crazy

I can't understand, why you left me... uh-hmm

(Repeat Chorus)

(Bridge)

I remember we used to spend

Countless nights, you were my best of friends

Our love, could be one that never ends

Whatever happened to yours

(Black Rob)

Aye yo, what about you, what about me

I'm tryin' to get dough, nothin' come for free
And I know you like the way, Black flava parlay
I slide like a man, with gators on Parcae
Floors, it's me who hordes the door like Prince
Navigator Doo Doo Brown, the quint wit' light tint
Me and Mruder, gotta be the cheddar we seein' first
Oh I ain't gonna spit one verse (one verse)
Sometimes I feel cursed, ya'll dson't want me to rise
Dough in the purse
Rather see me faze down, in the back of a hursh
But I reufse to lose, don't batter the bruised
Throw mine's, to get my grill on the 6 o'clock news
We be smoke, pretty E wit' D in E-class
Spittin' flase information, I know gone need back-up
Till you can't, Black Rob heavyweight champ
When I strike, I'm gonna leave Bad Boy stamp, come on (what about us!)

(Repeat Chorus x 3)