

P Diddy, Bad Boy For Life (Remix)

(feat. Busta Rhymes & M.O.P.)

[Intro: P. Diddy (Busta Rhymes)]

Stick 'em up!
As we proceed
Stick em up motherfuckers!
To give you what you need
Put your hands in the air
It's star time (Bring the fire along, c'mon)
We still here (Bring the fire along, c'mon)
It's star time (Bad Boy, M.O.P., Busta Rhymes)
Motherfuckers
Yeah, c'mon

[P. Diddy]

I'm the definition of - fuck it y'all already know
I stack heavy doe, sell out every show
It'll never die, we live
And we gon stay big time 'til it's time to see Big (B.I.G. forever!)
Get a grip, Bad Boy never slip
We, runnin strips while y'all runnin lips
Haters wanna stop my lute
They don't want me wearing Sean John, they want me wearing lawn suits
P.D. increase the heat in ya streets
Keep ya tapes on rewind, CD's on repeat
My mental, more older, jewellery, more colder
Got a lot like its '97 all over
You know what I came to do; change the rules
Even when I stand still I'm makin moves
I, paid my dues as soon as I stepped in
P. Diddy a.k.a. News at Eleven

[Chorus 2x]

Throw your hands up in the air now
We're gonna hit you with the heat
For the streets
Throw your hands up in the air now
We won't stop
It's Bad Boy For Life

[Lil' Fame (Billy Danze)]

M.O.P.!
Catch me walking on the wildness side of your block
Yo, I bang mine, niggas showing me hood love throwing up gang signs
(Yo, is that who I think it is?)
You see it, Brooklyn Military remains in blazin
Respect our hood because the clove is a ghetto
But niggas start switchin like hoes in stilettos
(It's Lil' Fame and them!)
Remember them niggas from the hill up in Brownsville
We still bangin 'em!
Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

[Billy Danze (Lil' Fame)]

Sound the alarm
It's the First Family and we're back to drop bombs, boom! (Napalm)
Nuke those justice, it's the worlds, famous, fast Caress' street
Vow, to keep the homies proud in the street
To make our music loud and stomp over beats
Like (ba ba bom bom ba bom bom!) There you go!
Yeah, we ain't goin nowhere

[Chorus 2x]

[Busta Rhymes]

Niggas put a hundred grand up
Stand up, before I stick your bitch-ass you better put your hands up
Hate if you want and front like you ain't wit it, nigga
I bust your motherfucking head with a skillet, nigga
More rugged nigga, heat for the track
I'm like a Pick-up Truck with broken concrete in the back
Now let me add a couple G's to the stack
I know we got you dumb and how we put this together
And run when you didn't even see it coming
Back the fire armor and pop your car
Nigga watch me shatter your windshield with a rock guitar
We be them zero tolerance niggas
I'll turn on your ass, bitch
And melt you niggas like a fire, burnin yo' ass bitch
Relax bitch, the fact is we trifil with heat
With cycles with lyrics right from the street
I'm sayin "AS WE COME THROUGH, PUT THE SHIT DOWN"
Soldiers get up, faggot niggas need to sit down, what?

[Chorus 2x]