

# P Diddy, I Got The Power

Verse One: Styles

My click is in it til it's over, never sober  
Bustin over, layin Elaine with the cane and the Rover  
Pray to Jehovah, for the nigga with the Ruger  
The young Don, the Heron mover  
You know my hustle, I bring the fo' pound to the tussle  
Motherfuck your pit with no muzzle  
So chill cuzo, let me blow for my niggaz  
Runnin round, get down like motherfuckin gorillas  
Shorty bop the wolop, in the spot with the dollop  
Pot full of acid, I got the game mastered  
Move dimes, hit twenties addicted to gettin money  
It could be a hundred degrees and never look sunny  
Black I'm tryin to live, somethin got to give  
But everyday's the same old, runnin from po-po  
Mom think I'm loco, cause I sell crack and puff cocoa  
Yo, it's the style see it's still the same  
And when worse comes to worse, I steal the cane  
Papi know my face, so he don't expect it  
Runnin from the gutter so he gots to accept it  
Stripped his ass naked, then I put a slug in him  
He just another motherfucker, ain't no love in him  
I put a bug in him, never sleep on one who never slept  
I take my last breath every time I hit the meth  
It's the D to the E, M to the O N  
Blowin, steady playin shotgun, throwin  
Don't you see the shorty with the baseball cap  
Don't make me flip motherfucker with this baseball bat  
Best to brace yo' gat, 'fore I brace mine, cause I lace nine  
From yo' dome to yo' motherfuckin spine

Chorus: Puff Daddy

I be, that nigga that yo' niggaz can't fuck wit  
That nigga that yo' bitches wanna creep wit  
That nigga that you can't get along wit  
Playa hate but you wanna do a song wit  
That nigga that you see in the videos  
That nigga with the jewels and the jiggy hoes  
That nigga that'll die for his main man  
That nigga with the gettin money gameplan

Verse Two: Jadakiss

Haven't you heard that Bad Boys move in silence yet?  
When you increase the peace, the mo' wild it get  
I'm only sizin you niggaz from the waist up  
And I ain't, wettin no parts you can't touch with makeup  
Mr. Jacob without the Ladder  
It don't matter clap your wake up and do a shakeup  
nobody badder, since the, baby finksta  
I was in the playpen wai-tin for kids to enter  
Shit I even blitz the rich to get chips  
Housekeeper disguised with the nine bubble grip  
Extra clip in the vacuum if I slip  
Room service ring the alarm and get the bomb  
Blown the hall pearl wide bill long gone  
Plus I got the power to ramshack, you dig that?  
Worldwide while you simply thought where you lived at

Chorus

Verse Three: Sheek

You don't really wanna get involved, with the L-O-X car  
Tellers, Goodfellas, that's who we are  
You can't outsell us, it ain't shit you could tell us  
Jealous dog, cause we spread like relish  
Bad Boys, and we all eat together  
When it go down, then we draw heat together  
Since I made the connection with the big man

I done got big plans, to be a little nigga in the big Land  
Ghetto star, presidential all gift wrapped  
And what you call weight, I know cats who sniff that  
Enjoy life, what are you sayin?  
If the DA ain't got a nigga payin, papi got him weighin  
Anything to do with money you can count J in  
Next time we bring it to these faggots we ain't playin  
Cream of the crop, and we ain't never gonna stop  
Hittin you in your head with that butter from The Lox  
Chorus (fades)