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 vacumn 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)