

P. Diddy, Lonely (feat. Kain, Kokane, Mark Curry)

[Kokane begins stutter-singing the word lonely]

[P. Diddy]

This goes out to my nigga B.I.G.
Listen to me playboy, check dis out
I go, on and on and on and
Won't take her to the crib unless she's bonin'
PD call her on the phone and
Promise I'll leave her moanin'
Now she zonin'
Tellin' me she's all alone and
Love the dark chocolate tone and
Ahead of my time, I live what's said in my rhymes
The cars and the chedda is mine
We ain't, the type to sit back and lose focus
Spit that mack-a-docious
Most ferocious
Cash all in my holsters
Burn more bread than toasters
You must know this, the cats I'm with is the coldest
Hip-hop quota but quote this
Back on the track again, that's what's happenin'
Please believe it, we on top and won't leave it

[Chorus: Kokane]

Sometimes I feel like I'm lonely
And sometimes I feel like I'm lonely

[Kain]

Uh, uh, yeah
Ey yo C-I-O-F-F-I-E
Q-U-double E-N-Z
Come on ma your riding with me
Leave the lame respect the game
When you hanging on my arm you expect the same
And, extasy when you sex the Kain
I, only link with the wealthiest
And only cop jewels if it drop celcius
Now, you can run but you can never hide
But, where you go when the temperature rise
It's Bad Boy see death in ya eyes
Kain Cioffe the next on the rise
Damagin' shit hot stamina split
You got screwball raps we the hammerin' clique
Limo, the club, and the cameras'll flip
Money, music women son we standin' in it HA!

[Chorus]

[Mark Curry]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Don't panic, don't take this for granted
I did then still do and always ran it
A lot to gain when I say I'm off the chain
The shit I spit...burn flames
Who's controllin' this
I can make the bitches grin
Cuz I get money and run with the richest men
Knockin' at ya door it's Curry again
Been down since the jump off begin
You know who I am
Don't get it all twisted up
Get the cash to my hands be all blistered up
We can pick it up, we can drop it low
Recognize what it is when I come through the door
Not partyin' and pimpin', I walk wit a limp
Once I took it to the top I ain't fell off since
Stay high stay fly stay cool in the fan
Ain't none of y'all seein' ya man

Get a grip niggas

[Chorus]

[Kokane]

(On guard, defend yo' self) It's lonely at the top hey hey [repeated twice]

[Kokane fades out stutter-singing the word lonely]