

# P. Diddy, The Saga Continues (feat. Black Rob, C

[&quot;Sirius&quot; by Alan Parsons Project plays in the background]

[better known to some as &quot;Introducing your Chicago Bulls&quot; music]

[P. Diddy]

Yeah can you hear me? Yeah  
There's certain things in life that you can stop  
and there's certain things in life that can't be stopped  
Let's go..

&quot;And now.. for your.. Bad Bad Boys..

Starting at guard..&quot;

[P. Diddy]

Y'all niggaz still talkin?

Oh you got a little name little fame little fortune?

What you have is a portion

Bout the size of the hats in the back of my Porsche and

So you better use caution, knowin I'm the boss and

I'm sittin on pyramids, flossin

I don't really gotta talk son

I can get lost and sit back livin off endorsements

I'm a pro, kid

Why you actin like you don't really know, kid?

Any records I broke it

Through the fame and the stardom, makin my mark on Harlem like Poe did

I said, here's your eviction notice

But you probably already know this

I don't mean to be greedy, but turn on your TV

or pick up your CD, P.D.

[G. Dep]

This is gruesome

Niggaz always grab that mic and salt like they really gon' do some'

What's wrong with you son?

Oh you got a new gun, do you know how to use one?

Then you livin an illusion, livin in a used one

while I'm in the Limited, cruisin

You ain't really got a crew son

You givin them amusement, fuck what your Comic Views meant

Youse a smokehead

I've been doin this since this Pro-Ked

Broke breads with the cokeheads

Been down, still I get around like a nigga with broke legs on a moped

I said; I'm a &quot;Top Gun&quot; like Gossett

Run and get your CD and cass-ette

Gossip, lotta niggaz got lip

But they ain't got hot yet 'til they got Dep

[Loon]

Why niggaz lie like that? Know they ain't fly like that

Niggaz get fried like that

And you don't wanna die like that

Have your momma cryin like that

Besides all that, I'm in to get it fryin like that

Still on the block and move pies like that

Never my life dealt with guys that rap

In fact, I leave a nigga with his eyes all sad

Swoll up, y'all niggaz better hold up

Any nigga that roll up, could get fold up

Body get ripped up, and then sewed up

Every nigga I fucked with, niggaz is grewed up

We don't play games, get on the stand, and say names

All we do is cock back, and spray planes

Give a fuck if nigga hustle or gangbang

Nigga try to use they muscle and fang fang

[Black Rob]

Keep frontin, I'ma put a crease in your jaw

Might catch me squeezin the four

My nigga I go to war

And if a nigga want the raw you still gotta come in the store  
Y'all never had a run-in before, with the likes of an outlaw  
Predicate assassin, smashin  
Open shit, rig scope, focus it  
Give niggaz what they 'posed to get (shit)  
Oppose the clique, I send five close to six  
Hoodfellaz, that'll come close your shit  
Niggaz stay with the frozen wrists  
Now the smoke colored big Benz with the top broke off  
Fix your face, we back on the paper chase  
Never left, so I ain't gotta take your place  
Fuck the fake bogus niggaz that ain't notice  
the breadwinner, three-six-five I stay focused nigga  
[P. Diddy]  
We'll never stop..  
We'll never stop..  
One of the greatest teams that ever lived..  
It's like in our blood..  
We gotta be born this way..  
Bad Boy baby