

P Diddy, Young G's

Intro: Biggie

Uhh, check it out, uhh

singing I steps in where the Mo's and the hoes at bay-bee!

Fuck all that pretty shit

Takin it back to the gutter for you motherfuckers

Niggaz know the deal

Niggaz know who the Don is

Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant, the livest one

Peep game, uhh, what, what

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Out of this world like Mars, when I spit these bars

Come fuck with these stars up in luxury cars

We built them radars to stay free from the cops

Crucial choices to make, like A-C or the drop

Are we gonna stop? Shit man never my squad go broke

Your squad arti-choke

Watch your circle vanish like cigar smoke

Ain't no joke, when your ones don't show

Nigga I know, might say 'Been There Done That' like Dre

Through hard work I earn the vault

Promise God to never look back or I turn to salt

Got nice watches nice cars nice bitches and rings

Guess it's safe to say a nigga like me got nice things

Can't relate to motherfuckers, who ain't go no cake

When you all fucked up, and can't get no break

When your fake ass friends, don't help you out when you need it

Be on some real bullshit, politely tell you to beat it

Fuck that, get your own nigga, don't ask me for shit

That's what I did, now they all askin for hits

Nigga it's on for the simple fact I let it be known

We still fly but seperately cause now I, charter my own

Propellers, Goodfellas, leave all them playa haters jealous

Billboard charts should tell us, they can't touch us

Why niggaz bring the ruckus?

Because release day is bigger than Mandela's, motherfuckers

Chorus: