Puff Daddy, Been Around The World (feat. Mase,

[Intro: Mase]
Yo yo, this Mase, youknowhatI'msayin?
You got niggaz that don't like me for whatever reason
You got niggaz that don't wanna see me rich
You got niggaz that's mad, cause I'm always with they bitch
Then you got niggaz that just don't like me
You know, the, those P.H.D. niggaz
But you know I pop a lot of shit but I back it up though
see it's a difference, a lot of niggaz pop shit
But a lot of niggaz don't make hits
But it's like this whole Bad Boy shit
we come to bring it to y'all niggaz, me, B.I., Puff, Lox,
whoever
Black Rob
If you wanna dance, we dance
[Verse One: Mase]
Now trick what? Lace who? That ain't what Mase do
Got a lot of girls that'd love to replace you
Tell you to your face Boo, not behind your back
Niggaz talk shit, we never mind that
Funny, never find that, Puff a dime stack
Write hot shit, and make a nigga say, 'Rewind that'
Niggaz know, we go against the Harlem Jigalo
Getcha hoe, lick her low, make the bitch, hit the do'
I represent honies with money fly guys with gems
Drive with the tints that be thirty-five percent
Hoes hope I lay so I look both ways
Cop says, 'OK, my tint smoke gray'
No way, nigga leave without handin me my shit
Got plans to get my Land and my 6
Niggaz outta pen'll understand this shit
Pop champagne like I won a championship (uhh, uhh)
[Chorus: sung by Notorious B.I.G.
spoken words by Puff]
Been around the world and I I I
And we been playa hated [say what?]
I don't know and I don't know why
Why they want us faded [ahehe]
I don't know why they hate us [yeah]
Is it our ladies? [uh-huh]
Or our drop Mercedes [uhh, uhh]
Bay-bee bay-BEE!
[Verse Two: Puff Daddy]
I was in one bedroom, dreamin of a million (yeah)
Now I'm in beach houses, cream to the ceiling (that's
right)
I was a gentleman, livin in tenements
Now I'm swimmin in, all the women that be tens (hoo)
Went from Bad Boys to the Crushed Linen Men
Now my divi-dends be the new Benjamins (uh-huh)
Hoes of all complexions, I like cinnamon
Mase you got some hoes well nigga, send em in (c'mon)
What you waitin for, let the freak show begin
How they came in a truck? (Mase: Nah Puff, that's a Benz)
Mercedes, c'mere baby, you don't like the way
it's hot and hazy, never shady, you must be crazy
It's ridiculous, how you put your lips on this
Don't kiss right there girlfriend I'm ticklish (heheh)
And I be switchin fees with a wrist full of G's
Nigga please, I'm the macaroni with the cheese
[Chorus]
[Verse Three: Puff Daddy, Mase]
Now Puff rule the world, even though I'm young
I make it my biz to see that all ladies come (yeah)

Get em all strung from the tip of my tongue
Lick em places niggaz wouldn't dare put they faces (c'mon)
Before I die, hope I, remake a flow by
In the brand new treasure on a old try
Now when my third dry, even when the smoke lie
Eat the mami's chocha and drive her loca
We never ride far, packed five in a car
Save money for the drinks, I'm about to buy the bar (yeah)
And everywhere I drive I'm a star, little kids
all on the corner scream, 'That's my car!'
It was days couldn't be fly, now I'm in a T.I.
Come in clubs with B.I., now a nigga V.I. (uh-huh)
Rock tons of gold, nuff money I fold
Roll the way you wanna roll, break a hundred out the toe
[Chorus w/ slight modifications]
[line 1, Puff:] C'mon, yeah yeah, uh-huh
[line 2, Puff:] We been playa hated!
[line 3, Puff:] Why?
[line 4, Puff:] Why they want us hated!
[line 5, Puff:] Why they hate us?
[line 6, Puff:] Is it our ladies?
[line 7, Puff:] Say what?
[line 8, Puff:] Yeah, bay-bee bay-BEE!
[Chorus w/ Puff talking while B.I.G. sings]
You know, sometimes I gotta ask myself
Why's there so much jealousy in the world?
Don't look at mine, get yours
[music fades]
[Radio Show from B.I.G.'s album continued:]
OK after these messages we'll be back with
the Mad Rapper and his brother the Mad Producer, after this (applause)
OK just sit back, relax, and enjoy yourself
We'll get you through this
Take a sip of water, deep breath, that'll do it
And welcome back as you can see (You got the check though?)
I'm Trevor Jones and I'm sitting in
I've been conversing with the Mad Rapper (Did you get the check though?)
and he's still pretty mad
But, this time he brought someone else with him
and quite frankly (yeah yeah) he's even madder (You god damn right!)
Mr. Producer (yo, youknowhatI'msayin) why are you so mad?
Yo, Iiiiiii, I'ma I'ma keep it real simple for you
Yeah t-t-t-t-t-tell them niggaz why you mad son!
Tell them niggaz why you mad son!
(OK, gentlemen please, one at a time)
Tell em why you mad son, word up, tell em why you mad son!
YouknowhatI'msayin? Iiiiiii, Iiiiiii be I be I been
I been, I been here for the culture, youknowhatI'msayin?
I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't
I don't be recognizin all that new jack shit
Yo we don't play, we don't play that shit
youknowhatI'msayin?
(Please Mr. Producer, explain yourself, Mr. Rapper, please calm down)
That nigga be on some bullshit, youknowhatI'msayin?
We ain't, we don't do that shit, word, yeah
He ain't no real producer neither
And then come to find out youknowhatI'msayin
My brother hipped me to it, the nigga tryin to rap now!
Oh yeah, that's the shit that got me mad!
(Please, Mr. Rapper, once again)
That's the shit that got me mad!

That's the shit, youknowhatI'msayin?
(It's a family oriented show)
YouknowhatI'msayin? That's the shit that feds me up
(Gentlemen, please)
Word up, youknowhatI'msayin?
(Disregard the foul language)
I'm watchin this nigga video youknowhatI'msayin?
They got mermaids swimmin in they living rooms and shit
like that youknowhatI'msayin?
This nigga dancin in the rain with kids climbin up mountains and
shit
YouknowhatI'msayin?
I'm I'm I'm watchin this nigga video
(I'm gonna have to ask you to refrain from the language)
the car goin two hundred miles an hour
WHERE THE FUCK IS HE GOIN?!
(Please Mr. Rapper, please refrain from the foul language)
The nigga climbin out the fuckin car!
[One more time]
Let me see you try that shit on a train!
YouknowhatI'msayin? Try that shit on a fuckin train
What kind of shit, youknowhatI'msayin?
Got a thousand niggaz write for him, let ME write for you
Son my shit is jumpin, I got John Blaze shit...