

Puff Daddy, It's All About The Benjamins (Promo

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Now... what y'all wanna do?

Wanna be ballers? Shot-callers?

Brawlers -- who be dippin in the Benz wit the spoilers

On the low from the Jake in the Taurus

Tryin to get my hands on some Grants like Horace

Yeah livin the raw deal, three course meals

Spaghetti, fettucini, and veal

But still, everything's real in the field

And what you can't have now, leave in your will

But don't knock me for tryin to bury

seven zeros, over in Rio Dijanery

Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard

on your Hot 9-7 everyday, that's my word

Swimmin in women wit they own condominiums

Five plus Fives, who drive Millineums

It's all about the Benjamins, what?

I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts

Five carats on my hands wit the cuts

And swim in European figures

Fuck bein a broke nigga

Verse Two: Jadakiss (overlaps last two lines of Puff Daddy)

I want a all chromed out wit the clutch, nigga

Drinkin malt liquor, drivin a Bro' Vega

I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers (uhh)

Rockin Bejor denims, wit gold zippers (c'mon)

Lost your touch we kept ours, poppin Cristals

Freakin the three-quarter reptiles (ahahah)

Enormous cream, forrest green -- Benz jeep

for my team so while you sleep I'ma scheme (that's right)

We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe you

You should do what we do, stack chips like *Hebrews*

Don't let the melody intrigue you (uh-uh)

Cause I leave you, I'm only here

for that green paper which lead you

Verse Three: Sheek

I'm strictly tryin to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's

And have papi flip coke outside Delgado's (whoo!)

Mienda, with cash flowin like Sosa

And the latin chick tranportin in the chocha

Stampedin over, pop Mo's, never sober

Lex and Range Rovers dealin weight by Minnesota (uhh)

Avoidin NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas (uh-huh)

Stash in the buildin wit this chick named Alona (uh-huh)

from Daytona, when I was young I wants to bone her (uh-huh)

But now I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants (ahahaha)

Trickin, they takin me skiing, at the Aspens (c'mon)

Uhh, gangsta mental, stay poppin Cristal

Pack a black pist-al in the Ac' Coupe that's dark brown (whoo!)

Pinky-ringin, gondolas wit the man singin

Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin

to my bizzalls, player you mad false

Actin hard when you as pussy as RuPaul