

Puff Daddy, Let's Get It

[Black Rob - almost mumbling]

They said that I'm a Rottweiler

And I'm from the Rottweiler house, the Rottweiler New York

[G-Dep]

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly

Fucking with these niggaz from the, what you gon' do

When you ready? Shit I was born ready

And I was already on fish and spaghetti

Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya

Attack like a vulture, see what I told ya?

Said I'd get'cha, wear it if it fit ya

Y'all thirteen inches, I see the big picture

If it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya

If not burn it, get hot like a furnace

Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits

We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (*phone sounds*)

Red bone pretty, when she get aroused

like to suck her own titty; put it in the video

Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go

Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it

Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit

'til my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

(Chorus)

Make this money, take this money (Let's get it)

Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)

Ain't shit funny (uh) shake it honey (Let's get it)

Take it money.. now let's get it (Let's get it)

[G-Dep]

Creep with your people

Though my shit is Sweet and Low it's no Equal

Front but you lookin

Once I throw the hook in proceed to get cookin

with the game when I sewed it

Since you came thought I owed you one

Wide big Lincoln, why's this guy on the side for the stinking?

Watch task force dash forward lookin marveled

It's a big chance, big pants, might guard him

with my man's type proper

Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue

You ain't my crew, who are you? Beat it

'fore we take off make sure you all seated

In Billboard read it, believe it

(Chorus)

[G-Dep]

Soul Controller, rap Ayatollah

Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the stroller

I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota

Give some bakin soda and a quarter

Bet I flow straight up out the water

I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "out of order"

Put the high score up

Then tear the floor up

On the world tour with your whore out in Europe

Head on the tour bus

Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler

Called up five reporters to thank my supporters

Hittin wives and daughters

Brought 'em neck spray from Estee Launders

Call Puffy to order

[P-Diddy]

Aiyyo, call me Diddy - I run this city

Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me

Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me

Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty

Straight lose it, love two things my family my music
Might co-write and produce it
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive
Got y'all Hawkin like Yusef
Cause I can, break backs and stacks it's no problem
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem
I get worldwide coverage
Got so many spots I don't even buy luggage, ya love it
Make moves major, hide out in Asia
If your girl keep comin around them I'm a blaze her
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators
NOT GUILTY, and I'm filthy, c'mon
(Chorus)
[Black Rob (Puffy)]
I be the Eastside Soprano, Rob Marciano
Flow in e'ry channel with the Iverson handle
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to dismantle
Can't slay Rob
How many niggaz done tried to play Rob, quit they day job
Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing
If I go to jail again I'm goin under the bing
Act like you gon' pull that thing thing
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling
I represent "A" block in Sing Sing
Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's queen
Moves for paper, booze no chaser
Bullets out the blazer four-fifth with the laser
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers said I did it
(He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it)
(Chorus) (x3)