

Puff Daddy, Mo Money Mo Problems

Verse One: Mase

Now, who's hot who not

Tell me who rock who sell out in the stores

You tell me who flopped who copped the blue drop

Who jewels got robbed who's mostly Goldie down

to the tube sock, the same ol pimp

Mase, you know ain't nuttin change but my limp

Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp

Guarantee a million sales pullin all the love

You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up

We don't play around it's a bet lay it down

nigga didn't know me ninety-one bet they know me now

I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound

Can't no Ph.D. niggaz hold me down, Cooter

schooled me to the game, now I know my duty

Stay humble stay low blow like Hootie

True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty

And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie

singers come in over this last line

I don't know what, they want from me

It's like the more money we come across

The more problems we see

(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Yeah yeah, ahaha, from the D-to-the-A-to-the-D-D-Y

know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly

I call all the shots

Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks

Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin now's

when all the ballin stops, nigga never

home gotta call me on the yacht

Ten years from now we'll still be on top

Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop

Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool

bag a money much longer than yours

and a team much stronger than yours, violate me

this'll be your day, we don't play

Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way

Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here

for you to shine here, deal with many women

but treat dimes fair, and I'm

bigger than the city lights down in Times Square

Yeah, yeah yeah

I don't know what, they want from me

It's like the more money we come across

The more problems we see

repeat 2X)

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

Uhh, uhuh

B.I.G., P-O, P-P-A

No info, for the, DEA

Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant

Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement

My team supreme, stay clean

Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that

cat you see at all events bent

Gats in holsters girls on shoulders

Playboy, I told ya, bein mice to me

Bruise too much, I lose, too much

Step on stage the girls boo too much

I guess it's cause you run with lame dudes too much

Me lose my touch, never that

If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat

Where the true players at?

Throw your Rollies in the sky
Wave em side to side and keep your hands high
While I give your girl the eye, player please
Lyrically, niggaz see, B.I.G.
be flossin jig on the cover of Fortune
Five double oh, here's my phone number
Your man ain't got to know, I got to go
Got the flow down pizat, platinum plus
Like thizat, dangerous
on trizack, leave your ass blizzack
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
repeat 3X)
What's goin on?
What's goin on?
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
(repeat 3X to fade)