

Where's sean

P. Diddy & The Bad Boy Family

[P. Diddy]

Eh yo what's up playboy
Yeah, now I'm out here in Milan
I need you to come get wit' me aight?
Yeah, I got something I need you to do
Call up the rest of the crew
I'll see you there[Big Azz Ko]
Yo, I got the call from Sean he out in Milan
Went to get the package, got there it was gone
Hold on say word you got to be joking
Don't worry about it dun I'm on the next thing smoking
Hit Bristol up on the speed dial
Yo these funny talking cats tryin' to do a nigga foul
It's goin' down nigga round up the team
I'm'll head over here just to map out the scene
Ship them things in route to climb walls
Infrared vision ear plugs and all
Digital surveillance linked with laptops
Express mail it to me can't ???[Bristol]
I'm splurtin' for certain Bris-pro working
Searchin' dippin' curvin' breakin' clean outta virgin
From servin' here Rob certain I'm burnin'
On my way from Mt. Vernon
Swervin' a stretch bourbon
Identity of this man I look persian
Hey yo we gotta get him
I want to know where they came from
Or who sent them
First nigga to find them better bend'em
'cause I just spoke to Polly Fontaine
Shit ain't a game, and Sean feel the same
So why'all niggas betta get on point[P. Diddy]
Well it seems like our bad boys have theirselves in a bit of a jam
Seems like Bristol got his back up against the wall
Well let's see how Rob be-O handles this one
Bad boys watch ya backs
Watch ya backs bad boys[Black Rob]
Yo, who the fuck is this pagin' me at eight forty six
I'm hoppin' outta shorty whip

I'm by the tel, across Exxon by the shell
Sense of urgency on the cell
We gon' pick you up, when ya flight land
We in a tight jam
Me and Diddy fam sorta like his right hand
I touch down like two-thirty
If i was on you, your hoe's and them cowards I'm'll do dirty
Still a commssion and we all equal
All lethal
Caught'em doin' dirt to the wrong people
It's the family affair, I'm here
With all of me I'm'll deal with this one accordingly
Got the locations sittin' in the console pacin'
Get bagged murder be the case and
And I'm tired in jail
Even though through the riots I prevailed
Enjoyin' my freedom, got two kids as long as I feed'em
I'm here for the fam that's there when I need'em[Mark Curry]
Yo, uh uh uh, hello
It gotta be the same cats
I can tell by they strange acts
When they mumble to each other
Like Milan they run for cover
New 'cause this bitch that I fucked with
One thought I loved her
Seas debate the storm pull him the the surface
That's a purpose
One of these faces, make'em nervous
Catch'em when they out for hamburgers
Turn they whole lunch into a murder
In a way all the rounds gon' be heard of
This shits big, the first thing to catch to where PD is
I'm on it, act like they want it
I'm'll bring the heat
Just let me know the place we plan to meet
And I'm in it sure as your heart beat[Loon]
Yo I ain't really tryin' to duck no strays
So watch what the fuck you say
It's ya mouth that started the shit
Now you actin' all retarded and shit
Dog I came to play my part and that's it
We had a fullproof plan, all we need was the fam
Ammunition, a van, two chicks and one extra man
Two lincoln LS Sedans
Fifteen hundred yards of saran

And after the scam, we be out in Amsterdam
Yo, call Sean in Milan
Call Sean tell Sean we gone
We'll meet him in Hong Kong
With two chicks both they thongs on
Mabe Ling and Kim Long
Both of them dead wrong
Two rich bitches the feds on[P. Diddy]
Yeah, well it seems like brother Loon is out in Hong Kong
He's found his self in a sticky icky icky situation
But you know somethin' I have faith in the bad boys
Bad boys bring it on home, bring it on home bad boys[Kain]
Heh, I'm bout to do Santa Dimengo
On a horse named Bingo
A fugitive lookin' for Puff switchin' my lingo
Stayin' at a hotel called the pink flamingo
Callin' up MC from a cuatro cinco
The set up, tryin' on my way to uniform
Room service bumpin' Kain on the newest song
Holdin' gats knowin' everything I do is wrong
'Till I hi-jack the sky flyin' on a unicorn
Downstairs with a bag of money and two clips
Talkin' to Loons chicks wit' sombreros and toothpicks
Sayin' they commit homicides for two bits
And fuck for dough like I give two shits
Wildfire call from Hong Kong
Hello (Loon: Yo Kain I just spotted Sean Jean)
Hold up, some information was missing
I just got the same page from Bris
He told me he saw Sean and two chicks followed by four whips
Somewhere in the Florida sticks
It's a set up
Tell the crew to keep their heads high
I'm gonna flip if any one of my mens die
We've been fucked somebody told us a bent-lie/Bentley (what?)
Let's get back to the spot in NY
Seven glocks P-S-P-O pops
Hit both the hot locks
Let'em read it that Diddy is on them hot blocks
So we sent two teams to rush both spots
Ha yeah!
Suited up ready to dumbs out
Thumbs out watch the motherfuckin' door with our guns out[P. Diddy]
Hey yo yo hold up stop the music man heh heh
why'all niggas is crazy I was only joking man

I just wanted to see if my family was on point

Songwriters

Combs, Sean / Winans, Mario Mendell / Ross, Robert / Curry, Mark / Weinberg, Matthew / Last, James /
Fisher, Jamel Naquaan / Hawkins, Chauncey Lamont / Christo, Dimitri / Gibson, Tommie L
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