Where's Sean?

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 somethin', I need you to do
Call up the rest of the crew, I'll see you there
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 jokin'
Don't worry about it dun, I'm on the next thing smokin'
Hit Bristal up on the speed dial
Yo these funny talkin' 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 [Incomprehensible]
I'm splurtin' for certain bris-pro workin'
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 wanna know where they came from or who sent them
First nigga to find them better bend 'em
'Cuz I just spoke to Polly Fontaine
Shit ain't a game and Sean feel the same
So, y'all niggas betta get on point
Well it seems like our bad boys have theirselves in a bit of a jam
Seems like Bristal got his back up against the wall
Well, let's see how Rob B.O. handles this one
Bad boys watch ya backs, watch ya backs bad boys
Yo, who the fuck is this pagin' me at eight fourty six?
I'm hoppin' outta shorty whip
I'm by the tell, 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 commission 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
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 'cuz 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 P.D. 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
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 retarted and shit
Dog I came to play my part and that's it
We had a full proof plan, all we need was the fam
Ammunition a van, two chicks and one extra man
Two Lincoln L.S. 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
Maybe Ling and Kim long, both of them dead wrong
Two rich bitches the feds on
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
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
'Til 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, "Yo Kain, I just spotted Sean Jean"
Hold up, some information was missin'
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 men's die
We've been fucked somebody told us a Bent lie
(What?)
Let's get back to the spot in N.Y.
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
Hey yo yo hold up, stop the music man heh heh
Y'all niggas is crazy, I was only jokin' man
I just wanted to see if my family was on point

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