

Diddy Rock (Feat. Timbaland, Twista & Shawnna)

P. Diddy

You gonna believe me now though
Tryin' to get up in your mind in your body your spirit
Take your soul Come here girl
Let me creep in your world
Let me see the backside of your moon
No Vickies only La Perl-a
Let me take you to Indonesia
Where nobody can reach us
There's no need to take your phone
Cause you far away from home
Baby let me be your tour guide
I'm your burger
You my fries Run through sets
Come through sets
Chicks hypnotized by my 1, 2 steps
I'm way too fresh
So complex
Niggas try to predict what I'm gonna do next
Let's get the party started
Far from a motherfuckin' starving artist
Got something to prove
Don't talk it, walk it
My niggas outside on them walkie talkies
Pop that trunk
Pass that dutch
Let's get crunk
Baby don't play dumb
Baby don't say none
It's on me
Louie 13 and the Cris on me
Dimes wall to wall in the VIP
The age don't mean a thing
I ain't Chi Ali
I bring them out with no ID
Them boys they bring them out like I'm T.I.P. Come here girl
Let me creep in your world
Let me see the backside of your moon
No Vickies only La Perl-a
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Where nobody can reach us
There's no need to take your phone
Cause you far away from home
Baby let me be your tour guide
I'm your burger
You my fries Ready for action when I attack on the track
And I flat up a sac on strap on the Cadillac and the glove
Could call me when you start shit with the ambassador of New York and the queen of the Chi
And I'm backing her up
Flow be ugly but it's a beautiful thing
Aluminum rings
Get money like I'm moving dem thangs
I got connects in every section
When I'm up in the hood
Chain looking so nasty all the bitches going uhhh
Heard they wanna get me
But I got my guns cocked
I'm dirty ridin thirty somethin' cocked like Yung Joc
I'm the talk of the town
Lettin' off fifty rounds
Meet me in a circle everybody it's goin down
Give you Hpnotiq to get you erotic
And then I take you somewhere exotic
Where we can blow chronic
A full clip for a lil drama
You know I ain't a hoe
Snap yo bitch
Come here lil mama you know you wanna go I'm from the city wit nothing pretty
And everybody know
I spit a flow to get up with Diddy
And now we finna blow
Niggas in the hood show me love
I'm the girl
Pimp tight let my mink hang down to the floor
Pardon me if I gotta be a boss bitch
I don't give a fuck what it cost bitch
I floss big whips
I floss big chains
I talk big shit
Cause I'm got big thangs
Now what you wanna do
You betta not step
Now nigga move back
Let me catch my breath
Bring it, bring it back to the floor

So sick with an ass so fat
It's Shawwna, Twis' & Diddy with Tim on the track
You know it gotta be tint with twenties on the llac, ahh
I see 'em looking at me like what's up
But I'ma sit low in the cut

Songwriters

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