

No Diggity (Blackburner Remix)

Blackstreet

You know what
I like the playettes
No diggity, no doubt
Play on playette, play on playette
Yo Dre, drop the verse
It's going down, fade to Blackstreet
The homies got RB, collab' creations
Bump like acne, no doubt
I put it down, never slouch
As long as my credit can vouch
A dog couldn't catch me ass out
Tell me who can stop when Dre makin' moves
Attracting honeys like a magnet
Giving 'em eargasms with my mellow accent
Still moving this flavor
With the homies Blackstreet and Teddy
The original rump shakers
Shorty get down, good Lord
Baby got 'em up open all over town
Strictly biz, she don't play around
Cover much ground, got game by the pound
Getting paid is her forte
Each and every day, true player way
I can't get her out of my mind
I think about the girl all the time
East side to the west side
Pushin' phat rides, it's no surprise
She got tricks in the stash
Stacking up the cash
Fast when it comes to the gas
By no means average
She's on when she's got to have it
Baby, you're a perfect ten, I wanna get in
Can I get down, so I can win
I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up
I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up
I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up
I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up
She's got class and style
Street knowledge by the pound
Baby never act wild, very low key on the profile
Catchin' feelings is a no

Let me tell you how it goes
Curve's the words, spins the verbs
Lovers it curves so freak what you heard
Rollin' with the phatness
You don't even know what the half is
You gotta pay to play
Just for shorty, bang-bang, to look your way
I like the way you work it
Trumped tight all day, every day
You're blowing my mind, maybe in time
Baby, I can get you in my ride I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up Cause that's my peeps and we row G
Flyin' first class from New York City to Blackstreet
What you know about me, not a motherfuckin' thing
Cartier wooded frames sported by my shortie
As for me, icy gleaming pinky diamond ring
We be's the baddest clique up on the scene
Ain't you getting bored with these fake ass broads
I shows and proves, no doubt, I be taking you, so
Please excuse, if I come across rude
That's just me and that's how the playettes got to be
Stay kickin' game with a capital G
Axe the peoples on my block, I'm as real as can be
Word is bond, faking jacks never been my flavor
So, Teddy, pass the word to your nigga Chauncey
I be sitting in car, let's say around 3:30
Queen Pen and Blackstreet, it's no diggity I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up

Songwriters

TEDDY RILEY, WILLIAM WITHERS, RICHARD VICK III, CHAUNCEY HANNIBAL, LYNISE

WALTERS, WILLIAM STEWART Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>