

# Been Around the World

## Puff Daddy

Yo yo this Mase youknowwhatI'msayin?  
You got niggaz that don't like me for whatever reason  
You got niggaz that don't want to see me rich  
You got niggaz that's mad cause I'm always with they bitchThen you got niggaz that just don't like me  
You know the those P.H.D. niggaz  
But you know I pop a lot of shit but I back it up though  
see it's a difference a lot of niggaz pop shitBut a lot of niggaz don't make hits  
But it's like this whole Bad Boy shit  
we come to bring it to why'all niggaz, me, B.I., Puff, Lox, whoever  
Black RobIf you want to dance, we dance  
Verse One: Mase  
Now trick what? Lace who? That ain't what Mase do  
Got a lot of girls that'd love to replace youTell you to your face Boo, not behind your back  
Niggaz talk shit, we never mind that  
Funny, never find that, Puff a dime stack  
Write hot shit, and make a nigga say, 'Rewind that'Niggaz know, we go against the Harlem Jigalo  
Getcha hoe, lick her low, make the bitch, hit the do'  
I represent honies with money fly guys with gems  
Drive with the tints that be thirty-five percentHoes hope I lay so I look both ways  
Cop says, 'OK, my tint smoke gray'  
No way, nigga leave without handin me my shit  
Got plans to get my Land and my 6Niggaz outta pen'll understand this shit  
Pop champagne like I won a championship (uhh, uhh)[Chorus]  
Been around the world and I I I  
And we been playa hated [say what?]  
I don't know and I don't know why  
Why they want us hated [ahehe]  
I don't know why they hate us [yeah]  
Is it our ladies? [uh-huh]  
Or I drive Mercedes [uhh, uhh]  
Bay-bee bay-BEE!I was in one bedroom, dreamin of a million (yeah)  
Now I'm in beach houses, cream to the ceiling (that's right)  
I was a gentleman, livin in tenements  
Now I'm swimmin in, all the women that be tens (hoo)Went from Bad Boys to the Crushed Linen Men  
Now my divi-dends be the new Benjamins (uh-huh)  
Hoes of all complexions, I like cinnamon  
Mase you got some hoes well nigga, send em in (c'mon)What you waitin for, let the freak show begin  
How they came in a truck? (Mase: Nah Puff, that's a Benz)  
Mercedes, see'mere baby, you don't like the way

it's hot and hazy, never shady, you must be crazy  
It's ridiculous, how you put your lips on this  
Don't kiss right there girlfriend I'm ticklish (heheh)  
And I be switchin fees with a wrist full of G's  
Nigga please, I'm the macaroni with the cheese[Chorus]Now Puff rule the world, even though I'm young  
I make it my biz to see that all ladies come (yeah)  
Get em all strung from the tip of my tongue  
Lick em places niggaz wouldn't dare put they faces (c'mon)Before I die, hope I, remake a flow by  
In the brand new treasure on a old try  
Never my throat dry, even when the smoke lie  
Eat the mami chochi and drive a low-rideWe never ride far, packed five in a car  
Save money for the drinks, I'm about to buy the bar (yeah)  
And everywhere I drive I'm a star, little kids  
all on the corner scream, 'That's my car!'It was days couldn't be fly, now I'm in a T.I.  
Come in clubs with B.I., now a nigga V.I. (uh-huh)  
Rock tons of gold, nuff money I fold  
Roll the way you want to roll, break a hundred out the toll[Chorus w/ slight modifications][Chorus w/ Puff  
talking while B.I.G. sings]  
You know, sometimes I gotta ask myself  
Why's there so much jealousy in the world?  
Don't look at mine, get yours

Songwriters

CHRISTOPHER WALLACEPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, TINTORETTO MUSIC

, Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>