The Saga Continues

Murs

{"Sirius" by Alan Parsons Project plays in the background..
better known to some as "Introducing your Chicago Bulls" music}
[P. Diddy]Yeah can you hear me? Yeah
There's certain things in life that you can stop
and there's certain things in life that can't be stopped
Let's go..
"And now.. for your.. Bad Bad Boys..
Starting at guard.."
[P. Diddy]Y'all niggaz still talkin?
Oh you got a little name little fame little fortune?
What you have is a portion
Bout the size of the hats in the back of my Porsche and
So you better use caution, knowin I'm the boss and
I'm sittin on pyramids, flossin
I don't really gotta talk son
I can get lost and sit back livin off endorsements
I'm a pro, kid
Why you actin like you don't really know, kid?
Any records I broke it
Through the fame and the stardom, makin my mark on Harlem like Poe did
I said, here's your eviction notice
But you probably already know this
I don't mean to be greedy, but turn on your TV
or pick up your CD, P.D.
[G. Dep]This is gruesome
Niggaz always grab that mic and salt like they really gon' do some'
What's wrong with you son?
Oh you got a new gun, do you know how to use one?
Then you livin an illusion, livin in a used one
while I'm in the Limited, cruisin
You ain't really got a crew son
You givin them amusement, fuck what your Comic Views meant
Youse a smokehead
I've been doin this since this Pro-Ked
Broke breads with the cokeheads
Been down, still I get around like a nigga with broke legs on a moped
I said; I'm a "Top Gun" like Gossett
Run and get your CD and cass-ette

Gossip, lotta niggaz got lip
But they ain't got hot yet 'til they got Dep
[Loon]Why niggaz lie like that? Know they ain't fly like that
Niggaz get fried like that
And you don't wanna die like that
Have your momma cryin like that
Besides all that, I'm in to get it fryin like that
Still on the block and move pies like that
Never my life dealt with guys that rap
In fact, I leave a nigga with his eyes all sad
Swoll up, y'all niggaz better hold up
Any nigga that roll up, could get fold up
Body get ripped up, and then sewed up
Every nigga I fucked with, niggaz is growed up
We don't play games, get on the stand, and say names
All we do is cock back, and spray planes
Give a fuck if nigga hustle or gangbang
Nigga try to use they muscle and fang fang
[Black Rob]Keep frontin, I'ma put a crease in your jaw
Might catch me squeezin the four
My nigga I go to war
And if a nigga want the raw you still gotta come in the store
Y'all never had a run-in before, with the likes of an outlaw
Predicate assassin, smashin
Open shit, rig scope, focus it
Give niggaz what they 'posed to get (shit)
Oppose the clique, I send five close to six
Hoodfellaz, that'll come close your shit
Niggaz stay with the frozen wrists
Now the smoke colored big Benz with the top broke off
Fix your face, we back on the paper chase
Never left, so I ain't gotta take your place
Fuck the fake bogus niggaz that ain't notice
the breadwinner, three-six-five I stay focused nigga
[P. Diddy]We'll never stop..
We'll never stop..
One of the greatest teams that ever lived..
It's like in our blood..
We gotta be born this way..
Bad Boy baby

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