

Been Around the World

O-Town; O'Town Boyz

Intro: Mase

Yo yo this Mase youknowwhatImsayin?

You got niggaz that don't like me for whatever reason

You got niggaz that don't wanna see me rich

You got niggaz that's mad cause I'm always with they bitch

Then 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 shit

But a lot of niggaz don't make hits

But it's like this whole Bad Boy shit

we come to bring it to y'all niggaz, me, B.I., Puff, Lox, whoever

Black Rob

If you wanna 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 you

Tell 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 percent

Hoes 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 6

Niggaz outta pen'll understand this shit

Pop champagne like I won a championship (uhh, uhh)

Chorus: sung by Notorious B.I.G.

spoken words by Puff

Been around the world and I I I

And we been playa hated [say what?]

I don't know when and I don't know why

Why they want us faded [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!

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

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, c'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

Verse Three: Puff Daddy, Mase

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-ride

We 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 wanna roll, break a hundred out the toll

Chorus w/ slight modifications

line 1, Puff: C'mon, yeah yeah, uh-huh

line 2, Puff: We been playa hated!

line 3, Puff: Why?

line 4, Puff: Why they want us hated!

line 5, Puff: Why they hate us?

line 6, Puff: Is it our ladies?

line 7, Puff: Say what?
line 8, Puff: Yeah, bay-bee bay-BEE!
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
(music fades)

Radio Show from B.I.G.'s album continued:
OK after these messages we'll be back with
the Mad Rapper and his brother the Mad Producer, after this
applause

OK just sit back, relax, and enjoy yourself
We'll get you through this
Take a sip of water, deep breath, that'll do it
And welcome back as you can see (You got the check though?)
I'm Trevor Jones and I'm sitting in
I've been conversing with the Mad Rapper (Did you get the check
though?)
and he's still pretty mad

But, this time he brought someone else with him
and quite frankly (yeah yeah) he's even madder (You god damn right!)
Mr. Producer (yo, youknowwhatImsayin) why are you so mad?
Yo, Iiiiiii, I'ma I'ma keep it real simple for you
Yeah t-t-t-t-t-tell them niggaz why you mad son!
Tell them niggaz why you mad son!
(OK, gentlemen please, one at a time)

Tell em why you mad son, word up, tell em why you mad son!
YouknowwhatImsayin? Iiiiiii, Iiiiiii be I be I been
I been, I been here for the culture, youknowwhatImsayin?
I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't
I don't be recognizin all that new jack shit
Yo we don't play, we don't play that shit youknowwhatImsayin?
(Please Mr. Producer, explain yourself, Mr. Rapper, please calm down)
That nigga be on some bullshit, youknowwhatImsayin?
We ain't, we don't do that shit, word, yeah
He ain't no real producer neither
And then come to find out youknowwhatImsayin
My brother hipped me to it, the nigga tryin to rap now!
Oh yeah, that's the shit that got me mad!
(Please, Mr. Rapper, once again)
That's the shit that got me mad!
That's the shit, youknowwhatImsayin?
(It's a family oriented show)
YouknowwhatImsayin? That's the shit that feds me up
(Gentlemen, please)

Word up, youknowwhatI'msayin?
(Disregard the foul language)

I'm watchin this nigga video youknowwhatI'msayin?
They got mermaids swimmin in they living rooms and shit
like that youknowwhatI'msayin?

This nigga dancin in the rain with kids climbin up mountains and shit
YouknowwhatI'msayin?

I'm I'm I'm watchin this nigga video
(I'm gonna have to ask you to refrain from the language)
the car goin two hundred miles an hour
WHERE THE FUCK IS HE GOIN?!

(Please Mr. Rapper, please refrain from the foul language)
The nigga climbin out the fuckin car!
(One more time)

Let me see you try that shit on a train!
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Try that shit on a fuckin train
What kind of shit, youknowwhatI'msayin?

Got a thousand niggaz write for him, let ME write for you
Son my shit is jumpin, I got John Blaze shit...

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