

# Back For Good Now

## P. Diddy feat. Black Rob, Loon & Cheri Dennis

Yeah, you know what it is  
Aiiyo, back on the scene, ain't nuthin' changed  
Still doin' wild things, whippin' somethin' mean  
The whole shorts in the Rolls Royce is off  
For sure, bouncin' the bar on my next world tour  
When we hit the sick, I'm the cure  
We 'bout to pop it off so wild, hit the floor  
Ain't nobody botherin' you  
All I'm thinkin' 'bout is clobberin' you  
Immigration always sayin' I'm harborin' a few  
Illegal aliens, females, mostly Latins an' Israeli-ans  
The top story, evenin' news  
I'm the shit, they been deceivin' you  
Drop the roof on the Coupe D'Ville, shoot to kill  
Ask niggas, Duke is real  
Stay lookin' for the loot to steal  
He determined, don't try to touch Bad Boy 'cause we's burnin'  
I want my glory  
Duke is not a joke an' I ain't got, sorry  
Every time I grib the mic, it's with the sole intent  
To rip shots an' give you 200 percent  
Man, I'm tired of doin' dirt  
Tired of bein' on the the run from Wyatt Earp  
Rather be somewhere in a quiet church, sayin' prayers  
Not only sayin' mine but sayin' theirs  
That's 'cause my dawgs ain't there  
The more hits we make, more money to burn  
The more fame we get, niggas get concerned  
It don't matter who's hot, who's out  
Bad Boy is back for good now  
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The more fame we get, niggas get concerned  
It don't matter who's hot, who's out  
Bad Boy is back for good now  
Aiiyo, I'm fresh off the plane  
Tryin' to get a little bit of stress off my brain  
M I A, Dom P, palm trees, 90 degrees  
Arm freeze, ma please, ain't nuthin' but cheese  
Caribbean seas, Malibu breeze

Watchin' DVDs on 50 inch screens  
So cut it out, you ain't now Don Juan, please  
I stay spillin' Dom on my Sean John jeans  
I hit the bar, yo, it's all on me  
Pop bottles, models be all on me  
You all gon' see how it's all gon' be  
Front on me an' see where you all gon' be  
Six feet deep  
When the heat seek, niggas be misty  
From 155th to 110th Street  
Harlem bound, Bad Boy, who the fuck want a problem now?  
The more hits we make, more money to burn  
The more fame we get, niggas get concerned  
It don't matter who's hot, who's out  
Bad Boy is back for good now  
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It don't matter who's hot, who's out  
Bad Boy is back for good now  
See this is the part I like right here  
I like when I see everybody on the dance floor  
Yeah, I see y'all just shakin' your asses  
C'mon, hold on, I need to break it down  
Yeah, one time like this  
Now would you clap your hands, your hands, you clap  
If your girl's outta place then your girl get tapped  
Niggas keep thinkin' Diddy ain't on it like that  
But you never see me standin' on the corner like that  
'Cause, I'm talented, yes, I'm gifted  
Never boosted, never shoplifted  
Forget get the cash, the money ain't nuthin'  
'Cause everythin' I talk about, you know I ain't frontin'  
I rock Sean John everyday  
Boutiques from France to the U.S.A.  
An' I make all the chips off the hits I invent  
So it really doesn't matter how much I spent  
'Cause, I'm droppin' hits daily, you burn me, really?  
Think Bad Boy been played a million times  
An' I don't care if niggas write a billion rhymes  
Damn, we still payed, we still payed  
Yeah, we got it made  
Aiiyo, this game ain't stoppin', we champagne poppin'  
Girl, I got shit that your man ain't coppin'  
You could hop in when your man ain't watchin'  
Give you one option, temperature's droppin'

Gettin' cold, control your soul when I'm locked in  
You the type of chick that fold when you boxed in  
Signals my [Incomprehensible]  
Givin' you more reasons to hop in  
This is a Bentley, not a Datsun  
Don't confuse me with dude, I'm not him  
Your man got a lot to learn  
But you could leave with the cat if you that concerned  
One day you gon' actually learn  
But not now 'cause, girl, I got tracks to burn  
I stay on my J O B  
Nigga, me, P Diddy, B R O B  
The more hits we make, more money to burn  
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