# Been Around The World (remix)

## Puff Daddy

(laughs)
Yeah, uh uh
Turn me up a little bit
Yeah kids, Harlem on the rise
Yeah, turn me up a little bit more
Uh-huh, uh-huh
We like it
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Yeah kids, Harlem on the rise
This the remix '98
And you don't want no problem with these guys
Come on
Chorus: Puff Daddy, Mase
I been around (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
I been around the world (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
I been around (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
(We ain't gon' stop)
I been around the world (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
(We don't even know how to stop)
I been around (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
I been around the world
Verse One: Mase
Yo, yo
Now trick what? Lace who?
That ain't what Mase do
Got a lotta girls that'll love to replace you
Tell it to your face boo, not behind your back
Cats talk slick, we never mind that
Funny never find that Puff a dimestack
Write hot stuff that make people say 'Rewind that'
People know, you go against the Harlem Jiggalo
Getcha hoe, lick her low, make your girl trick your dough
I represent honies with money, fly guys, and jets
Ride with the tints that be thirty-five percent
Hoes hope I lay, so I look both ways
Cop says okay, my tint smoke gray
No way, people leave without handin' me my chips
Got plans to get my land and my 6
People outta pen'll understand these hits

Pop champagne like I won a championship
repeat Chorus (substitute words in parentheses with
Carl Thomas singing)
Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Yeah, yeah
I was in one bedroom, dreamin of a million
Now my beach houses creamed to the ceiling
I was a gentleman livin in tenements
Now I'm swimmin' in all the women every tens
Went from Bad Boys to the Crushed Linen Men
Now my dividends be the new Benjamins
Chicks of all complexions, I like cinnamon
Mase you got some girls, well playboy
Send 'em in
What you waitin' for let the freakshow begin
How they came in a truck (Mase: Nah Puff, that's a Benz)
Mercedes, come here baby
You don't like the way it's hot and hazy
Never shady, you must be crazy
It's ridiculous how they keep their lips on this
Don't kiss right there, girlfriend I'm ticklish
And I be switchin fees with a wrist full of G's
Playa please, I'm the macaroni with the cheese
repeat Chorus (now both Mase and Carl Thomas sing in
the background)
Verse Three: Mase, Puff Daddy
What, what
You don't know who the hell I be
Can tell I be
Now hasta la vista, c'est la vie
Now what have we a cat in a Bentley waggy
That keep cats saggy, roll with P-Daddy
Come be one of baggy, girls be one to stab me
I be more than gladly to tell a foe
Yo, you ain't offendin' me
It ain't like you the first son of the Kennedy
Or even in a mallway, you can *** for me
But all until you talk you don't ever spend a G
I know how it be
You know me from before when I used to detour
Down in ***
Push the E or
Days I just kick it
My crew buy Crystal

Just so we can spit it
All that expensive stuff
Just so that we can ***
Be a lot of places that you *** can't visit
Talking cause I live it
repeat Chorus until fade (everybody sings together)

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