

# 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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