

It's All About the Benjamins

Puff Daddy

Uh, uh-huh, yeah
Uh, uh-huh, yeah, it's all about the Benjamins baby
Uh, uh-huh, yeah, it's all about the Benjamins baby Goodfellas, uhNow, what y'all wanna do?
Wanna be ballers? Shot-callers? Brawlers?
Who be dippin' in the Benz wit the spoilers
On the low from the Jake in the Taurus
Tryin' to get my hands on some Grants like Horace
Yeah livin' the raw deal, three course meals spaghetti, fettuccine, and veal
But still, everything's real in the field
And what you can't have now, leave in your will
But don't knock me for tryin' to bury
Seven zeros, over in Rio Dijanery
Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard
On your Hot 9-7 everyday, that's my word
Swimmin' in women wit' they own condominiums
Five plus Fives, who drive Millineums
It's all about the Benjamins, what?
I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts
Five carats on my hands wit the cuts
And some'n European figures, fuck the clutch, what? (I want a all chromed out, fuck bein a broke
nigga)Drinkin' malt liquor, drivin' a Bro' Vega
I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers (uh)
Rockin' Bejor denims, wit' gold zippers (c'mon)
Lost your touch? We kept ours, poppin' Cristals
Freakin' the three-quarter reptiles (ahahah)
Enormous cream, forest green, Benz jeep for my team so while you sleep I'ma scheme
We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe you
You should do what we do, stack chips like Hebrews
Don't let the melody intrigue you (uh-uh)
Cause I leave you, I'm only here
For that green paper with the eagle, I'm strictly tryin' to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's
And have papi flip coke outside Delgado's (whoo!)
Mienda, with cash flowin' like Sosa
And the Latin chick tranportin' in the chocha
Stampedin' over, pop Mo's, never sober
Lex and Range Rovers dealin' weight by Minnesota (uh)
Avoidin NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas (uh-huh)
Stash in the buildin' wit' this chick named Alona (uh-huh)
From Daytona, when I was young I wants to bone her (uh-huh)

But now I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants (hahaha)
 Trickin', they takin me skiing, at the Aspens (c'mon)
 Uh, gangsta mental, stay poppin' Cristal
 Pack a black pist-al in the Ac' Coupe that's dark brown (whoo!)
 Pinky-ringin', gondolas wit the man singin'
 Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin'
 To my bizzalls, player you mad false
 Actin' hard when you as pussy as RuPaulC'mon, c'mon, uh-huh it's all about the Benjamins baby
 Uh-huh, yeah, it's all about the Benjamins baby
 Uh-huh, yeah, it's all about the Benjamins baby
 Uh-huh, yeah, it's all about the Benjamins baby, uh-huh, yeahNow, what y'all wanna do?
 Wanna be ballers, shot-callers brawlers who be dippin' in the Benz wit the spoilers
 On the low from the Jake in the TaurusUh, uh, what the blood clot?
 Wanna bumble wit the Bee hah?
 Bzzz, throw a hex on a whole family (yeah, yeah yeah)
 Dressed in all black like "The Omen" (say what?)
 Have your friends singin' This is for my homey' (that's right)
 And you know me, from makin' niggas so sick
 Floss in my 6 with the Lex on the wrist
 If it's Murder, you know she wrote it (uh-huh)
 German Luger for your ass bitch, deep throated
 Know you wanna fill the room cause it's platinum coated
 Take your pick, got a firearm you shoulda toted, suck a dick
 All that bullshit you kick, playa hatin' from the sideline
 Get your own shit, why you ridin' mine? (uh-huh)
 I'm, a Goodfella kinda lady
 Stash 380's and Mercedes, Puffy hold me down baby!
 Only female in my crew, and I kick shit
 Like a nigga do, with a trigga too, fuck you (Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh)I been had skills, Cristal spills
 Hide bills in Brazil, about a mill' to ice grill
 Make it hard to figure me, liquor be, kickin' me
 In my asshole, uh, undercover, "Donnie Brasco"
 Lent my East coast girl, the Bentley to twirl (uh-huh)
 My West coast shorty, push the chrome 7-40
 Rockin Redman and Naughty, "Oh where my kitty kat?"
 Half a brick of yea, in the bra, where her titties at
 And I'm livin' that, whole life, we push weight (uh-huh)
 Fuck the state pen, fuck hoes at Penn State (c'mon)
 Listen close it's Francis, the Praying Mantis
 Attack with the Mac, my left hand spit, right hand
 Grip on the whip, for the smooth getaway
 Playa haters get away or my lead will spray
 Squeeze off til I'm empty, don't tempt me
 Only, to Hell I send thee, all about the Benji's, what?It's all about the Benjamins baby uh-huh, yeah
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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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