You'll See

Puff Daddy

[Intro: Puff Daddy]

(Don't stop, I'm not finished yet) [8x]
Do you ever ask yourself, when are they ever gonna stop?
Do you ever ask yourself, when are they gonna stop making those hits?
Do you ever ask yourself, when are they gonna stop making us dance?
Do you ever ask yourself,
When those Bad Boy are GONNA STOP MAKING ALL THIS MONEY?!

[Verse One: Styles Paniro]

I lick shots at intruders
Take the coke money and invest in computers
Tryin' to reach the next level, Rolex with the ice bezel
Coming through the ghetto, in a Porsche Carrero
But for now I'll play the back of the cruiser
Light another sack for the three time losers
Pour out some beer, bust out the ruger
Ladies and gentleman
Bullets will leave you tremblin'
Shooken up
I got my cuban mommy cooking up
We got it all from Heron to Fishscale
New York to Ismail get locked, I'm gettin' bail
My style is flashy like a fiver strobes
Going around the globe, hunnies wearing silk robes
Time to flip the script, bust the whip
Legend with the chip, dark blue with my trunk dipped
To the feds, catch me if you can
I'm a still transport with my man on the Peter Pan
Get there and bury the bricks in the sand
They think I want a tan, I'm sittin' on a hundred grand
So I can hit the boat and take a shower
Head back to the airport, and hide the money in the tower
Stack blocks by the keys
L to the O to the X you'll see

[Chorus: Puff Daddy]

Bad Boy, Bad Boy, what you gonna do

What you gonna do when they come for you
[Gun cocking] You'll see, [gun cocking] you'll se [2x]

[Interlude: Puff Daddy]

See, it's 1996 man,
And we gonna do the same thing to you we did to you in '95.
We gonna keep hittin' you in your head with all that
FLAAAAAAAAAVVAAAAAAAAA

[Verse Two: Jadakiss]

Yeah aight then, you better act like you know
L to the O, X amount the flows
Ain't nothin' change but the range since I got the inf.
Dot on your head, take all your strength
Yeah, I'm in it for the green
I'll get up in your seam while I'm sonning you like a nigga from Queens
My tape in your duel cassette running me
Tryin' to get in front of me playa, but you ain't gettin' none of me
Better off gunnin' me, with hot slugs numbing me
'Cause you and I both know, the flow is coming B
When you want it? now or later?
I get mine and slide like a fresh pair of 'gators
With my mega click, involved in Montega bricks
Niggaz is mega sick, and you know we roll mega thick
Up north where they bust your man
In the custom van, interrupt your plans
Now it's back to grams, DAMN, ain't that somethin'
All that for frontin', what you gonna do? nothin'
So let's keep things rationalized
Everything I write better nationalize
I'm into gettin' money, twistin' hunnies
Niggaz is buyin' coupes while you on the stoop lookin' funny
I'm a scorer, shorty love the whole aura
Pussy wasn't all that, that's why I never called her
It's all about quick whips and fast knicks
Gats with mad clips, TV's in your whips
My style tight like Gotti when I touch you
Seasoned Picatti, or Versace joints with the buckle
Get the facts, I'm tryin' to get the Beamer with the hatch
Cop one for my man, so ill shits match
Runnin' around all crazy twistin' hunnies back
And breakin' niggaz that come to gamble with small stacks
Really though, screw y'all, I never knew y'all

Your click be like yellow lights, I'm runnin' through y'all

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Sheek Luchion]

Yo, hard as it is to make a buck I ain't tryin' to get stuck
So I'm a keep handlin' beef like I don't give a fuck
It's all about respect Tek-9's and papes
Big house in Italy, in the yard with hunnies crushin' grapes
So I go down to my steam room and give a long prayer
Knowing that one day I'll be Sheek Luchion the mayor
Fatigued out in my house or office
Blunt spots and crooked cops can't grow shit so the town supports this
(Uh-hun)
My staff rollin' in Jags, Cruisers, and Coupes
Givin' rallies, and holdin' parades for the lifers groups
Now what you gon' do?
When they come for you
The same thing you been doing
Eye screwing
And bubble gum chewing (whoooh)
While me and my mans are pursuin'
Who you think the ladies are enhancin'
Rocking Vansons I'm dancing in the mansion
So cheers to life of the ice in your chains and your watches
And you'll see how wo lock this

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: The Notorious B.I.G.]

Click, click, uh, uh, uh
Niggaz talkin' it but ain't livin' it
Crystal pops I'm sippin' it, mob hats and lizard shit
'Gator trunks bitch, rollin' blunts with the williest of the willy
Hitchlin' cocked M-1's and nine millies
Stories like a motherfucker (that's right)
Model bitches wondering if I'm a fuck with her
She know I treats my bitches like Ivana
Dolce and Gabana
Dippin'
Big poppa never slippin'
H-class diamonds shinin'
Dinner with the wifey winin', dinin'
Smoking cigars in Bogota

With Colombian niggaz named Panama
And Englique and shit
Games we play life endin'
Bitches bending over with ease
For a pair of Moschino jeans
And Donna Karan tank tops I got your bank stopped
Singles on top
Benjamins
Under the rest of 'em
Advancin'
From duplex to mansion
Stashing keys hidin' G's overseas
VCR's in my V's
Game elevates, money I make
Gets your stocks and real estates, bitch
Jet skiing in the Caribean, white sands
Discusing plans with my mans
Dark blue land, smoke tint chrome rims and system
That leaves your rear views tremblin'
What you gonna do when poppa catch an attitude
Drop to your knees and show gratitude
Kiss my rings it's a Frank White thing I stay potent
Bitch is devoted, take my dick and deep throat it

[Outro:]

You'll see (Don't stop), you'll see

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