

Back For Good Now

P. Diddy

Yeah, you know what it is
Aiyyo, 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 Latinos 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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Aiyyo, 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?
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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
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