

Bad Boy for Life

Puff Daddy

I'm the definition of, half man, half drugs
Ask the clubs, Bad Boy that's whassup
After bucks, crush cruise after us
No gaze, we ain't laughin much
Nothin but big thangs, check the hitlist
How we twist shit, what change but the name?
We still here, you rockin wit the best
Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write checks (ah!)
Who's the boss? Dudes is lost
Don't think cause I'm iced out, I'ma cool off
Who else but me? (Who else?) And if you don't feel me
That mean you can't touch me, it's ugly, trust me
Get it right dawg, we ain't ever left
We just, moved in silence and rep to the death (yeah)
It's official, I survived what I been through
Y'all got drama, "The Saga Continues" We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin nowhere
We can't be stopped now, cause it's Bad Boy for life
We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin nowhere
We can't be stopped now, cause it's Bad Boy for life Ayo strait from the Harlem streets
I don't play, I push it down wit the Harlem Heat (uh-huh)
All a sudden niggas got a problem wit me (Black, what happened?)
They run around actin like the black don't care eat
And you know what? (What?) For some strange reason (uh)
I want this medication full of deranged eatin
For y'all to put the word out (c'mon, c'mon) we ain't leavin
We tryin to be rich before we do stop breathin
Then fall (what?) we kinda hustle lanes
Stay layin down on muscle games (c'mon)
Still turn niggas dreams to flames (yeah)
You got the wire, if not I ain't sayin no names
You soon expire (heh) no pain
I feel remorse, the shit causes me and Diddy up first
Racin Porsches wit the beat swing vaul exhausters (yeah)
On the cover of ya five (hehe) XXL's or (yeah) Source's (c'mon) bitch We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin
nowhere
We can't be stopped now, cause it's Bad Boy for life
We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin nowhere
We can't be stopped now, cause it's Bad Boy for life It ain't shit changed, since the Notorious (We miss you
B.I.G.)

See everything still glorious (yeah)
We still got Oreos, still be the victorious (that's right)
See it's a lot of them, but it's more of us
Still got cash to blow, raps that flow
Still them cats that know, pack ya flow
That's fo' sho', bottles that pop
Joints that rock, play the background
Hand 'em a jock, hold 'em a glock (hahaha)
Money to get (yeah), cars to flip (uh)
Bars to sit at and sip Cogniac wit Jews that drink (c'mon)
Hoes to see (uh), make sure they knowin it's me (they know ya shit)
Drop that beat, can't believe that I MC (haha)
Bad Boy 'til the casket drop (Bad Boy)
Gotta love it, place nuttin above it (nuttin)
It's on like that (c'mon), don't believe, we ain't goin like that
For always gonna be here (yeah), be there (uh)
Every (what?) motherfuckers here! We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin nowhere
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Songwriters

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