# On Top

## P. Diddy

Yo, I'm a gangsta, outlaw, indoor, outdoor
Nigga tell me, right, Loon goin' south paw
It's Bad Boy we don't give a fuck about y'all
Step in the room see the bitch come up out y'all
I fuck with niggas but it's something about y'all
Actin' like loon can't do shit without y'all
I caught my menses in Benzes that out y'alls
See how it feel when your friends be without y'all
I been doin' it, coke I been movin' it
Before you niggas thought of the block I been through with it
Keep confusin' this music shit, die for some foolishness
Frontin' like you a hardware usin' bitch
You hit the block, prolly lose your whip
Niggas snatch your watch and the rocks out your crucifix
Watch how we do this shit, Bad Boy 2Kin it
So playboy, what type of paper is you playin' wit
See that Bad Boy on the countdown
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run
Don't stop, what we gone too far
Don't flop, what we just too large
See that Bad Boy on the countdown
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run
Don't stop, what we gone too far
Don't flop, what we just too large
Let's get, one thing clear
Still the same cat who put the flavor in ya ear
Still the same cat who let the big rock with Tony
Most wanted successful rap mogul
Still got niggas wilin' out on the floor
Still got the sky-blue drop-toppers on
Still eat at Justin's in Sean John velor
Still humble and still want more
Still hate war, still want peace
And I still can't stand to see blacks beefin'
Y'all still sleepin' and we still eatin'
Still bring that heat, wilin' out on the weekends
Still happy in black and don't need a reason
Still platinum back in London and Sweden
Still pack the garden like Adam did Eve 'n'

I still got rhymes to leave your girlfriend freakin'
See that Bad Boy on the countdown
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run
Don't stop, what we gone too far
Don't flop, what we just too large
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Too slow can't keep up, no, better run
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Aiyo, besides all the money and riches
Videos and pictures, slippin', these silly hos will get ya
But not me, I'm too cocky
I love when the women scream, "Hey Papi"
I love when a chick leave my crib knock-kneed
And I love when a playa-hata try to knock me
Or cock-block me but you can't stop me
You come for all you want but you can't top me
Yeah, I'm just a B A D B O Y
Son we multiply, nigga we don't die
Niggas frontin' like we ain't fly
But nigga can't name nothing that we ain't buy
Or we ain't try, or we ain't drive
The judge said, "Not guilty" and he ain't lie
Niggas need a hit it's to me they cry
So why front like nigga P-D ain't live
See that Bad Boy on the countdown
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run
Don't stop, what we gone too far
Don't flop, what we just too large
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Don't flop, what we just too large
See that Bad Boy on the countdown
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run
Don't stop, what we gone too far
Don't flop, what we just too large
We got some, real niggas, real blingas, real money makers
No play, Bad Boys on top
They won't stop
No, we got some, real niggas, real blingas, real money makers

No play, Bad Boys on top
They won't stop

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