

# Pe 2000

## Puff Daddy

A yo Puff check this out I'm tired of fuckin' dictating on these  
mutherfuckers lets take it to the next millennium on these niggas  
you got to keep bubblin' on em platinum doublin' on em fuck  
these niggas A yo I bumped into these cat an' they was like  
"Yeah what up wit that nigga Puff he swear he nice " I said yo  
he don't swear he nice he knows he nice.

You Public Enemy number one right now fuck that dash spit  
that hydro-ghetto shit,

(Puffy)

Lets go,

thats that beat right here

who should I fear

throw your hand in the air

socialise, get down, let your soouulll lead the way

cause i'm that enemy that you can't see

who you wanna be, you ain't shit to me

It ain't hard for you to get to me

playa, my own dogs, they'll spit fo me

so if you want whats mine, you gots to have the heart

I've seen em come and i've seen em part

If you ain't want beef then why did you start?

Front from the light catch shots after dark

suffer duck or you'll catch these

on the spot, red dots make em all believe

ain't nobody kicking the rhymes like these

see I do the things that they can't achieve

so don't start bassin' an' i'll start pacing

bets on that you'll be discracing

more hotter than the sun,

I'm living on the run

because i'm Public Enemy number one

Chorus (singing with beat scratching in the background)

one, one, one one,

one, one, one

one, one, one

let me ask you, what you got against me?

is it my girl or is it the Bentley?

is it my house? or maybe its all three

I just came up and you're all against me

now ask yourself, why is he number one?  
now ask yourself, who's done what he's done  
then ask yourself, you're fifth of the long run  
you think its a game cause you fucked the wrong one

always with God and I don't swing solo,  
never back down when I got a throw dolo  
wanna see me out, but I just won't go though  
pretty young thing wanna have my photo  
one in the room hangin' on the wall  
in remembrance that I rocked them all  
got no time for those that think small  
grill me in the club cause they can't ball  
hate shot callers,  
hate them ballers,  
back in control now I call orders  
it's no fun fleeing under the gun,  
because they got me Public Enemy number one

Chorus

All you suckers, liars,  
caught at the fires,  
wanna infiltrate and break my empire  
I spit lines, hit rhymes, keep dimes sweating  
giving them the juice thast their not gettin'  
a bonafide playa, now who got the flavour  
a non-stop, rhythm rock poetry sayer  
I'm the life saver, the New york mayor  
before you try me, you better say your prayers  
my word to the wise is "Do not cry,"  
you know that i'm gone then say don't die  
I take what I find, put a beat to they rhyme  
thought it was over but I crept from behind,  
wanna try to stop me from speaking my mind  
almost 2000 and running out of time  
almost to the point when I wanna bust nines  
a lot of straight faces, I can only trust mine  
soldiers in positions, all on the front line  
don't make a move till I give them the sign  
known as the poetical, lyrical miracle son  
because i'm Public Enemy number one

Chorus

Yeah yeah, thats right Puff, Thats what i'm talking about love,  
sparklin' and glisten on thes mutherfuckers, these niggas talkin'  
foul like, talking about what you got and what they ain't got,  
they wanna bring you down.

(beat fades)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>