

I Want the Love (feat. Meek Mill)

Puff Daddy

I hate funerals, I love life.
I hate when I see a whole bunch of people just crying in a funeral
On some fake shit.
They ain't really love a nigga while they was there.
See I'm a different type of nigga, I wanna be honest with y'all.
I need the love now, if y'all motherfuckers gonna be crying
And playing thirty minute specials when I'm gone
An hour special that I'm gone
Fuck that, love me while I'm here. Love me while I'm here
I had to tell a bitch (I want the love)
'Cause all I see is haters and this money got these niggas catchin'
Verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)
'Cause all I know is getting money, knockin' at the door
I'm like who is it? Bitch I tell ya
(I want the love) I'm a rich nigga I don't get mad, I just get paper (I don't)
I don't catch feelings I catch flights, that's brick paper (for what)
For one rider at Badboy, that's one side
These killers with me, don't fuck around
They jump fast like off sides
I'm 'bout to keep up on the billy
Poppin' these bottles and Willy
I know they gon' hate when I'm high
But when it's all over they feel me
If you want your love when I'm dead
You better off just tryna kill me
'cause I'm gonna ball on you and I ain't talkin' about you
I hate all y'all niggas, oh Ten ? For your man, ho I could buy that
Last week I made a hundred mill, you should try that
I'm a real nigga, they all see it, can't hide that
I'll touch down in your city, fuck shit up, nigga then fly back (I want the love)
'Cause all I see is haters and this money got these niggas
Catchin' verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)
'Cause all I know is getting money, knockin' at the door,
I'm like who is it? Bitch I tell ya
(I want the love) I wanted the money, and wanted the love
Wanted them bitches that wanted the drugs
That wanted the molly and that wanted the weed
I walk in the building get love in the club
Love in the streets, bitch it's Meek Milly

Them niggas was haters I love what they was
'cause all of that hating was my motivation
Now I got the paper and what waty what?
It is what it is, look at me now
Living the life in the fucking EO
Niggas that hate me still come to my shows
Shawty ain't ready to fuck up my wrist, give a fuck about gold
Straight to the money and back to the hood
Where they takin' that money,Â we package the good
And we break up that money,Â you act like you good
Better sell you some money, hater(I want the love)
'Cause all I see is haters and this money
Got these niggas catchin' verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)
'Cause all I know is getting money
Knockin' at the door, I'm like who is it? Bitch I tell ya
(I want the love)All the hoes gon' love me
And all the suckers gon' hate too
Been thrill like Bombi, can't name nuthin I ain't do
We race to Vegas on jets (yeah)
From Miami, Vegas went back
And I did live in the same night
Woke up lil' nigga what's next?
Just more money pile we stack
Most these niggas probably in debt
Back when Michael Jackson was moonwalkin'
I'm still cuttin' them checks
And I'm still ? Through my set
And they ain't showin' love yet
It's more money, more power with my niggas big ?(I want the love)
'cause all I see is haters and this moneyÂ
Got these niggas catchin' verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)
'Cause all I know is getting money
Knockin' at the door, I'm like who is it? Bitch I tell ya
(I want the love)

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