

The Saga Continues

P. Diddy, The Bad Boy Family

Yeah can you hear me? Yeah
There's certain things in life that you can stop
And there's certain things in life that can't be stopped
Let's go And now for your bad Bad Boys
Starting at guard Y'all niggaz still talkin'?
Oh, you got a little name little fame little fortune
What you have is a portion
'Bout the size of the hats in the back of my Porsche and So you better use caution, knowin' I'm the boss and
I'm sittin' on pyramids, flossin'
I don't really gotta talk, son
I can get lost and sit back livin' off endorsements I'm a pro, kid
Why you actin' like you don't really know, kid?
Any records I broke it
Through the fame and the stardom
Makin' my mark on Harlem like Poe did I said, here's your eviction notice
But you probably already know this
I don't mean to be greedy
But turn on your TV, I picked up your CD, P D This is gruesome
Niggaz always grab that mic
And salt like they really gon' do some'
What's wrong with you, son?
Oh, you got a new gun
Do you know how to use one? Then you livin' an illusion, livin' in a used one
While I'm in The Limited, cruisin'
You ain't really got a crew, son
You givin' them amusement
Fuck what your Comic Views meant Youse a smoke head
I've been doin' this since this Pro-Ked
Broke breads with the coke heads
Been down, still I get around
Like a nigga with broke legs on a moped I said, "I'm a Top Gun like Gossett
Run and get your CD and cassette"
Gossip, lotta niggaz got lip
But they ain't got hot yet 'til they got Dep Why niggaz lie like that?
Know they ain't fly like that
Niggaz get fried like that
And you don't wanna die like that
Have your mamma cryin' like that Besides all that, I'm in to get it fryin' like that
Still on the block and move pies like that

Never my life dealt with guys that rap
In fact, I leave a nigga with his eyes all sadSwoll up, y'all niggaz better hold up
Any nigga that roll up, could get fold up
Body get ripped up and then sewed up
Every nigga I fucked with, niggaz is grewed upWe don't play games, get on the stand and say names
All we do is cock back and spray planes
Give a fuck if nigga hustle or gang bang
Nigga try to use they muscle and fang fangKeep frontin', I'ma put a crease in your jaw
Might catch me squeezin' the four
My nigga, I go to war and if a nigga want the raw
You still gotta come in the storeY'all never had a run in before
With the likes of an outlaw
Predicate assassin', smashin'
Open shit, rig scope, focus it
Give niggaz what they 'posed to getOppose the clique, I send five close to six
Hood fellaz, that'll come close your shit
Niggaz stay with the frozen wrists
Now the smoke colored big Benz with the top broke offFix your face, we back on the paper chase
Never left, so I ain't gotta take your place
Fuck the fake bogus niggaz that ain't notice
The breadwinner, three-six-five, I stay focused, niggaWe'll never stop, we'll never stop
One of the greatest teams that ever lived
It's like in our blood
We gotta be born this way
Bad Boy, baby

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>