

I Want the Love

Diddy

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 you 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 niggaz catchin' verbals and I tell you

I want the love

'Cause all I know is getting money,

Knockin' at the door, I'm like a wizard, bitch I tell you

I want the love

I'm a rich nigga I don't get mad, I just get paid

I don't catch feelings I catch flights, that's brick paper

For one rider at Badboy, that's one side

These killers with me, don't fuck around they jump fast like all sides

I'm about to keep up on the billy, bumping these bottles and willy

I know they gonna 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 tryin' to kill me

'Cause I'm gonna ball on you, and I ain't talkin' about you, I hate all you a'll niggas

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

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Wanted the money, and wanted the love

Wanted them bitches that wanted the drugs

That wanted the molly, that wanted the weed

I walk in the building give 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 whaty what?

It is what it is, look at me now

Living the life in the fucking EO

Niggaz that hate me still come to my shows

Shorty 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

We package the good and we ring up the money

You act like you good better sell you some money, hater

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