

Fake Thugs Dedication

Diddy

Aiyyo
One two, one two
One two, one two
This one right here
Goes out to all the fake thugs out there
Yeah, yeah uh huh

Yo, when you say you thuggin', it doesn't matter
It goes into my mind as just chit-chatter
You may say, I have a ego, or just merry free
But none of that tough talk, I take seriously

It goes in one ear and right out the other
Heard that fake thug shit, brotha
I don't mean to brag, never never hate
You ain't got the bank that it takes to stop this

Ha, ha, ha, ha sucker, you missed
I put feelings aside, you know who I am
P-U-2-F, keys to the U.S.
And I hate when one attempts to analyze

Franchise, get your hands tied
Thrown over a boat
Don't know what you was thinking
That dream is over, your body sinking

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka
You thugs out there who don't got a clue
(You have Brooklyn, ain't shoot the shit out)
Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you
(You have Jersey, ain't shoot the shit out)
Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew
(We go Uptown and shoot the shit out)

Yo, we want hardcore, smash the walls
I stack, bring it back for y'all
With 40 nigga's after y'all

We got it ziplocked
Everybody hit the floor when the shit drop
Shit knocked, bitch stop
We roll, we ball, we all night long

We don't stop, nigga's thought the heat was gone
But I'm back to do it again, leader of rhyme
Bad boy, we turn it to the scene of the crime
Immaculate fame, you can have that shit

I just wanna 'gaitor slide with the baddest bitch
Models and actresses that swallow bottles, that magnum shit
Get nice as fuck, leave when the lights is up
Tear it down when the mics is up

Lately they say Diddy's gettin' nice as hell
Shit, if I don't write it I recite it well
Locked the flow so tight you gotta know

I'mma tumble 'fore they rock my dough, motherfuckers

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka

You thugs out there, you don't got a clue

(You have Boogie Down, don't shoot the shit out)

Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you

(You got Shaolin, don't shoot the shit out)

Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew

(You have QB, don't shoot the shit out)

Yo, you want hardcore, smash the walls

I stack, bring it back for y'all

With 40 nigga's after y'all

Aiyyo ladies, get up, bounce your tits up

Be happy Brooklyn ain't shoot this shit up

'Cause I see some ladies tonight

That I could give a condom or 3 babies tonight

You might catch a flight if you playing me right

But if you whack there, you gettin' cab fare

Yo, I'm all for drama, a little clap clap there

I mean I ain't Gandhi of this whole rap gear

But you see honey that I'm rappin' with there?

All I need is a minute to get her back to the Leer

Back where it is, less traffic there

Where Cease is with a few of his pieces

That's how we is, we slide and divide

If she ain't with it, I-95

Hit the road tramp, and don't you come back no more

No more, no more, no more

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka

You thugs out there, you don't got a clue

(You got Def Squad, don't shoot the shit out)

Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you

(You got Bad Boy, don't shoot the shit out)

Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew

(We go Brick City, don't shoot the shit out)

Yo, you want hardcore, smash the walls

I stack, bring it back for y'all

With 40 nigga's after y'all

You thugs out there, you don't got a clue

(You got Def Squad, don't shoot the shit out)

Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you