

# It's All About the Benjamins

Diddy

Now... what y'all wanna do?  
Wanna be ballers? Shot-callers?  
Brawlers -- who be dippin in the Benz wit the spoilers  
On the low from the Jake in the Taurus  
Tryin to get my hands on some Grants like Horace  
Yeah livin the raw deal, three course meals  
Spaghetti, fettucini, and veal  
But still, everything's real in the field  
And what you can't have now, leave in your will  
But don't knock me for tryin to bury  
seven zeros, over in Rio Dijanery  
Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard  
on your Hot 9-7 everyday, that's my word  
Swimmin in women wit they own condominiums  
Five plus Fives, who drive Millineums  
It's all about the Benjamins, what?  
I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts  
Five carats on my hands wit the cuts  
And swim in European figures  
Fuck bein a broke nigga

I want a all chromed out wit the clutch, nigga  
Drinkin malt liquor, drivin a Bro' Vega  
I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers (uhh)  
Rockin Bejor denims, wit gold zippers (c'mon)  
Lost your touch we kept ours, poppin Cristals  
Freakin the three-quarter reptiles (ahahah)  
Enormous cream, forrest green -- Benz jeep  
for my team so while you sleep I'ma scheme (that's right)  
We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe you  
You should do what we do, stack chips like (Hebrews)  
Don't let the melody intrigue you (uh-uh)  
Cause I leave you, I'm only here  
for that green paper which lead you

I'm strictly tryin to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's  
And have papi flip coke outside Delgado's (whoo!)  
Mienda, with cash flowin like Sosa  
And the latin chick tranportin in the chocha  
Stampedin over, pop Mo's, never sober  
Lex and Range Rovers dealin weight by Minnesota (uhh)  
Avoidin NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas (uh-huh)  
Stash in the buildin wit this chick named Alona (uh-huh)  
from Daytona, when I was young I wants to bone her (uh-huh)  
But now I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants (ahahaha)  
Trickin, they takin me skiing, at the Aspens (c'mon)  
Uhh, gangsta mental, stay poppin Cristal  
Pack a black pist-al in the Ac' Coupe that's dark brown (whoo!)  
Pinky-ringin, gondolas wit the man singin  
Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin  
to my bizzalls, player you mad false  
Actin hard when you as pussy as RuPaul