

Let's Get It

P. Diddy

Attack like a Rottweiler
But worse den a Rottweiler
Cause da Rottweiler soft

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly
Fucking with these niggas from the, what you gonna do
When you ready, shit I was born ready,
And I was all ready on fish and spaghetti
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya
Attack like a vulture, see what I told ya
Said I'd get cha, wear it if it fit ya
Y'all thirteen inches, I see the big picture
If it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (*phone sounds*)
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused like to suck her own titty
Put it in the video
Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it
Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit
Till my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

Make this money
Take this money (Let's get it)
Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)
Ain't shit funny (uh)
Shake it honey (Let's get it)
Take it money
Now let's get it (Let's get it)

Creep with your people
Though my shit is Sweet and Low it's no Equal, front but you lookin
Once I throw the hook you proceed to get cookin
With the game when the soldiers shit
you came, thought that I owed you one
Wide big Lincoln, why's this guy on the side for the stinking?
Watch task force dash forward lookin marveled
It's a big chance, big pants, might guard him
with my man's type cargo
Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue
You ain't my crew, who are you? Beat it
'Fore we take off make sure you all seated
Billboard read it believe it

Soul Controller, rap Ayatollah
Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the stroller
I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota
Give some bakin soda and a quarter
Bet I flow straight up out the water
I'ma wreck the game til it say out of order
Put the high score up, then tear the floor up
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe, head on the tour bus
Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler
All the five quarters, headline supporters,
Hitting wives and daughters
Brought a neck spray from Estee Lauders

Call Puffy to order

Aiyyo, call me Diddy, I run this city
Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me
Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me
Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty
Straight lose it, love two things my money my music
Might co-write and produce it
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive
Got y'all Hulkin like Bruce did
Cause I can, break backs and stacks it's no problem
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem
I get worldwide coverage
I got so many spots I don't even buy luggage, ya love it
Make moves major, hide out in Asia,
If your girl keep coming around them I'm a blaze her
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators
NOT GUILTY, plus I'm filthy, c'mon

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano
Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to dismantle
Can't slay Rob
How many niggas done tried to play mob, quit they day job
Tired of putting broke niggas under the wing
If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing
Act like you gonna pull that thing thing
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling
I represent "A" block in Sing Sing
Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's queen
Moves for paper, booze no chaser
Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it
(He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it)