

Back For Good Now

Puff Daddy

Uhh, yeah, you know what it is

Hey , back on the scene
Ain't nuthin' changed
Still doin' wild things
Whippin' something mean
The whole shorts in the Rolls Royce is off
For sure, bouncin' the bar on my next world tour
When we hit the sick, I'm the cure
We 'bout to pop it off so wild, hit the floor
Ain't nobody botherin' you
All I'm thinkin' 'bout is clobberin' you
Immigration always sayin' I'm harboring a few
Illegal aliens
Females, mostly Latins and Israeli-ans
The top story, evening news
I'm the shit, they been deceiving you
Drop the roof on the Coupe D'Ville
Shoot to kill
Ask niggas, Duke is real
Stay lookin' for the loot to steal
He determined
Don't try to touch Bad Boy, cause we burnin'
I want my glory
Duke is not a joke, and I ain't gotta story
Every time I grab the mic it's with the sole intent
To rip shots and give you 200 percent
Man, I'm tired of doin' dirt
Tired of being on the the run from Wyatt Earp
Rather be somewhere in a quiet church, sayin' prayers
Not only sayin' mine, but sayin' theirs
That's cause my dogs ain't there

R: The more hits we make, more money to burn
The more fame we get, niggas get concerned
It don't matter who's hot, who's out
Bad Boy is Back For Good Now
(2x)

Hey yo, I'm fresh off the plane
Trying to get a little bit of stress off my brain
M-I-A
Dom P., palm trees, 90 degrees
Arm freeze, mom please, ain't nothin' but cheese
Caribbean Sea, Malibu breeze
Watchin' DVDs on 50 inch screens
So cut it out, you ain't now Don Juan, please
I stay spillin' Dom on my Sean John jeans
I hit the bar, yo, it's all on me
Pop bottles, models, be all on me
You all goin' see how it's all gon' be
Front on me and see where you all gon' be
Six feet deep
When the heat seek, niggas be misty
From 155th to 110th Street
Harlem bound, Bad Boy, who the fuck want a problem now?

R: (2x)

See this is the part I like right here
I like when I see everybody on the dance floor
Yeah, I see why y'all, just shakin' your asses
See man, hold on, I need to break it down
Yeah
One time like this

Now would you clap your hands
Your hands you clap
If your girl's outta place then your girl get tapped
Niggas keep thinkin' Diddy ain't on it like that
But you never see me standing on the corner like that
Cause, I'm talented, yes I'm gifted
Never boosted, never shoplifted
Forget get the cash, the money ain't nothin'
Cause everything I talk about, you know I ain't fronting
I rock Sean John everyday
Boutiques from France to the USA
And I make all the chips off the hits I invent
So it really doesn't matter how much I spent
Cause, I'm droppin' hits
Daily
You burn me?
Really?
Think Bad Boy been played a million times
And I don't care if niggas write a billion rhymes
Damn, we still payed!

We still payed!
Yeah, we got it made!

Hey yo, this game ain't stoppin'
We champagne poppin'
Girl, I got shit that your man ain't coppin'
You could hop in when your man ain't watchin'
Give you one option, temperature's droppin'
Gettin' cold, control your soul when I'm locked in
You the type of chick that fold when you boxed in
Signals my watch and givin' you more reasons to hop in
This is a Bentley, not a Datsun
Don't confuse me with dude, I'm not him
Your man got a lot to learn
But you could leave with the cat if you that concerned
One day you goin' actually learn
But now cause, girl, I got tracks to burn
I stay on my J-O-be
Nigga, me, P. Diddy, B. are-O-be

The fam baby, Bad Boy

R: (4x)

Yeah, I want to dedicate this to everybody that been down with us
From day one
Shakin' them asses on the dance floor
That's all we're tryin' to do
Mo' money, no mo' problems
2001, Bad Boy forever