

Diddy Rock

Puff Daddy

You gonna believe me now though
Tryin' to get up in your body your spirit take your soul

Come here girl
Let me creep in your world
Let me see the backside of your moon
No Vickies only the pearl
Let me take you to Indonesia
Where nobody can reach us
There's no need to take your phone
'Cause you far away from home
Baby let me be your tour guide
I'm your burger
You my fries

Run through sets
Come through sets
Chicks hypnotize by my 1, 2 steps
I'm way too fresh
So complex
Niggas try to predict what I'm gonna do next
Let's get the party started
Far from a motherfuckin' starving artist
Got something to prove
Don't talk it, walk it
My niggas outside on them walkie talkies
Pop that trunk
Pass that dutch
Let's get crunk
Baby don't play dumb
Baby don't say none
It's on me
Louie 13 and the Cris on me
Dimes wall to wall in the VIP
The age don't mean a thing
I ain't G Ali
I bring them out with no ID
Them boys they bring them out like I'm T.I.P.

R: Come here girl
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Ready for action when I attack on the track
And I flat up a sac on strap on the Cadillac and the glove
Could call me when you start shit with the ambassador of New York and the queen of the Chi
And I'm backing her up
Flow be ugly but it's a beautiful thing

Aluminum rings
Get money like I'm moving the thang
I got connects in every section
When I'm up in the hood
Chain looking so nasty all the bitches going ughhh
Heard they wanna get me
But I got my guns cocked
I'm dirty riding 30 stuntin' cock like Yung Joc
I'm the talk of the town
Lightin' up 50 rounds
Meet me in a circle everybody it's goin down
Give you Hypnotiq to get you erotic
And then I take you somewhere exotic
Where we can blow chronic
A full clip for a lil drama
You know I ain't a hoe
Snap yo bitch
Lil mama you know you wanna go

I'm from the city where nothing pretty
And everybody know
I spit a flow to get up with Diddy
And now we fi'na blow
Niggas in the hood show me love
I'm the girl
Pimp tight let my mink game down to the floor
Pardon me if I gotta be a boss bitch
I don't give a fuck what it cost bitch
I floss big whips
I floss big chains
I talk big shit
'Cause I'm of big thangs
Now what you wanna do
You betta not step
Now nigga move back
Let me catch my breath
Bring it, bring it back to the floor
So sick with an ass so fat
It's Shawwna, Twist and Diddy with Timb on the track
You know it gotta be tint with 20's on the 'Llac
I see 'em looking at me like what's up
But I was hit low in the cut

R: