

Fake Thugs Dedication

Puff Daddy

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-chat

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 (that's right)

Everybody hit the floor when the shit drop

Shit knocked, bitch stop (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 Ghandi 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