

On Top

Puff Daddy

Yeah (3x)

Yo I'm a gangsta, outlaw; indoor, outdoor
Nigga tell me, right, Loon going south paw (that's right)
It's Bad Boy we don't give a fuck about why y'all (that's right)
Step in the room see the bitch come up out why y'all (that's right)
I fuck with niggas but it's something about why y'all (uh huh)
Acting like Loon can't do shit without why y'all (c'mon)
I caught my menses in Benzes that out why y'alls (yeah)
See how it feel when your friends be without why y'all (that's right)
I been doing it, coke I been moving it
Before you niggas thought of the block I been through with it
Keep confusing this music shit, die for some foolishness
Fronting like you a hardware using bitch
You hit the block, prolly lose your whip
Niggas (yeah) snatch your watch and the rocks out your crucifix
Watch (yeah) how we do this shit, (c'mon) Bad Boy 2Kin it (uh huh)
So playboy, what type of paper is you playin wit

R: See that Bad Boy on the countdown (on the countdown)
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run (better run)
Don't stop, what we gone too far (yeah)
Don't flop, what we just too large (oh)
(2x)

Let's get, one thing clear (that's right)
Still the same cat who put the flavor in ya ear (c'mon)
Still the same cat who let the BIG rock with Tony (yeah)
Most wanted successful rap mogul (uh)
Still got niggas wiling out on the floor (let's go)
Still got the sky-blue drop-toppers on (yeah)
Still eat at Justin's in Sean John velour (that's right)
Still humble (c'mon) and still want more (uh)
Still hate war, still want peace
And I still can't stand to see blacks beefing
Why y'all still sleeping and we still eating
Still bring that heat, wiling out on the weekends
Still happy in black and don't need a reason (that's right)
Still platinum back in London and Sweden (c'mon)
Still pack the garden like Adam did Eve ?n (yeah)
I still got rhymes to (yeah) leave your girlfriend freaking
(I like that)
(C'mon)
(Let's go)

R: (2x)

Hey yo, besides all the money and riches
Videos and pictures, slipping, these silly hos will get ya (c'mon)
But not me, I'm too cocky
I love when the women scream "Hey Papi" (that's right)
I love when a chick leave my crib knock-kneed (c'mon)
And I love when a player-hater try to knock me (yeah)
Or cock-block me (yeah) but you can't stop me
You come for all you want (yeah) but you (yeah) can't top me

Yeah I'm just a B-A-D (c'mon) B-O-Y (that's right)

Son we multiply, nigga we don't die
Niggas frontin like we ain't fly (say what)
But nigga can't name nothing that we ain't buy (c'mon)
Or we ain't try, (that's right) or we ain't drive (yeah)
The judge said ?not guilty? and he ain't lie (he ain't lie)
Niggas need a hit it's to me they cry (c'mon)
So why front like nigga (yeah) P-D ain't live (yeah)

See man, man (let's go)

R: (4x)

We got some, real niggas, real blingas, real money makers
No- (Bad Boy baby) Bad Boys on top (we ain't going, we ain't going)
They won't stop (we ain't gonna stop)
No, we got some, real niggas, real blingas, real money makers
No play, Bad Boys on top
They won't stop