

Do You Like It... Do You Want It...

Puff Daddy

Picture me ballin' in the drop top, open skies
In something foreign, soarin', 145
The God is calling for my body, let my spirit fly
I want it all, no lie
Picture me pourin' poppin' something imported
Pedal flooring, clutch poppin', boppin' to Lauryn
Now picture me falling

Never seen, never heard, never happened, never occurred
Now picture me flying 10,000 feet above the sea
Popping bubbly, you'd love to be me
Now picture the servants in the cabin with the sweetest massage
Picture having ice and only wanna speak to God
Picture your dreams being shattered and your cream being lavished
At the same time, tell me what you think matters
Picture all the money that I've gotten off tours
Now picture me plotting for more, picture this nigga

Do you like it (yeah)
Wanna do the things that I do
Tell me do you want it (yeah)
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes
Do you need it (yeah)
Wanna see the things that I see
Tell me do you want it (yeah)
Wanna know what it's like to be me

Picture me wildin', fiendin', reaching for tools
Straight flipping, losing my cool
Now picture me gritty, P. Diddy 'bout to run in your house
The gun's with me, put one in your mouth
Now picture me dressed in white linen while your life is ending
Slightly grinning, picture that priceless image
Picture me broke as fuck on your block about to open up
Like Okay nigga, what's up

Picture me driving a course through your home, bustin' a "U"
Screaming at the top of my lungs "YOU FUCKING WITH WHO?"
Picture me not being that hustler dude
Picture the Benz, a 5, and the drop not new
Picture the watch ain't platinum, and the rock's not blue
Picture y'all niggaz not knowing how I do
Picture me, better yet picture you
Painting a better picture than the one that I drew

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Where do you go from here when you felt you've done it all
When what used to get you high don't get you high no more
When you got a lot of cars, don't even drive no more

When you're expected to win, they ain't surprised no more

Hold up, stop, wait, reverse the tape
How much money can one nigga make in one place
How much dough could you hold in one safe
How many hoes can a nigga really chase

Where do you go after the applause
After all the Soul Train and Grammy awards, after the tours
After asking these whores what they after me for
Is it the money? The fame? The house, take it all

The sky's the limit, but I ain't done jumping
Money is fast, but I ain't done running
Picture me driving some wack shit
Picture me folding under pressure, picture that shit

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