

I Got The Power

Diddy

My click is in it til it's over, never sober
Bustin' over, lay in the lane with the 'caine in the Rover
Pray to Jehovah, for the nigga with the Ruger
The young Don, the Heron mover
You know my hustle, I bring the fo' pound to the tussle
Motherfuck your pit with no muzzle
So chill cuzo, let me blow for my niggas
Runnin' round, get down like motherfuckin' gorillas
Shorty bop the wolop, in the spot with the dollop
Pot full of acid, I got the game mastered
Move dimes, hit twenties addicted to gettin' money
It could be a hundred degrees and never look sunny
Black I'm tryin' to live, somethin got to give
But everyday's the same old, runnin from po-po
Mom think I'm loco, cause I sell crack and puff cocoa
Yo, it's the style see it's still the same
And when worse comes to worse, I steal the 'ciane
Papi know my face, so he don't expect it
Runnin' from the gutter so he gots to accept it
Stripped his ass naked, then I put a slug in him
He just another motherfucker, ain't no love in him
I put a bug in him, never sleep on one who never slept
I take my last breath every time I hit the meth
It's the D to the E, M to the O N
Blowin', steady playin' shotgun, throwin'
Don't you see the shorty with the baseball cap
Don't make me flip motherfucker with this baseball bat
Best to brace yo' gat, 'fore I brace mine, cause I lace nine
From yo' dome to yo' motherfuckin spine

I be, that nigga that yo' niggas can't fuck wit
That nigga that yo' bitches wanna creep wit
That nigga that you can't get along wit
Playa hate but you wanna do a song wit
That nigga that you see in the videos
That nigga with the jewels and the jiggy hoes
That nigga that'll die for his main man
That nigga with the gettin' money game plan

Haven't you heard that Bad Boys move in silence yet?
When you increase the peace, the mo' wild it get
I'm only sizin' you niggas from the waist up
And I ain't, wettin' no parts you can't touch with makeup
Mr. Jacob without the Ladder
It don't matter clap your wake up and do a shakeup
Nobody badder, since the, baby finksta
I was in the playpen wai-tin for kids to enter
Shit I even blitz the rich to get chips
Housekeeper disguised with the nine bubble grip
Extra clip in the vacuum if I slip
Room service ring the alarm and get the bomb
Blown the hall pearl wide been long gone
Plus I got the power to ram shack, you dig that?
Worldwide while you simply thug where you live at

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You don't really wanna get involved,
With the L-O-X car-tellers, Goodfellas,
That's who we are
You can't outsell us, it ain't shit you could tell us
Jealous dog, cause we spread like relish
Bad Boys, and we all eat together
When it go down, then we draw heat together
Since I made the connection with the big man
I done got big plans, to be a little nigga in the big Land
Ghetto star, presidential all gift wrapped
And what you call weight? I know cats who sniff that
Enjoy life, what are you sayin'?
If the DA ain't got a nigga payin', papi got him weighin'
Anything to do with money you can count J in
Next time we bring it to these fagots we ain't playin'
Cream of the crop, and we ain't never gon' stop
Hittin' you in your head with that butter from The Lox

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