

# Bad Boy For Life

Puff Daddy

I'm the definition of, half man, half drugs  
Ask the clubs, Bad Boy - that's whassup  
After bucks, crush cruise after us  
No gaze, we ain't laughin much  
Nothin but big thangs, check the hitlist  
How we twist shit, what change but the name?  
We still here, you rockin wit the best  
Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write checks (ahh!)  
Who's the boss? Dudes is lost  
Don't think cause I'm iced out, I'ma cool off  
Who else but me? (who else?) And if you don't feel me  
that mean you can't touch me, it's ugly, trust me  
Get it right dawg, we ain't ever left  
We just, moved in silence and rep to the death (yeah)  
It's official, I survived what I been through  
Y'all got drama, "The Saga Continues..."

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Aiyyo strait from the Harlem streets  
I don't play, I push it down wit the Harlem Heat (uh-huh)  
All a sudden niggaz got a problem wit me (Black, what happened?)  
They run around actin like the black don't care eat  
And you know what? (what?) For some strange reason (uhh)  
I want this medication full of deranged eatin  
For y'all to put the word out (c'mon, c'mon) we ain't leavin  
We tryin to be rich before we do stop breathin  
Then fall (what?) we kinda hustle lanes  
Stay layin down on muscle games (c'mon)  
Still turn niggaz dreams to flames (yeah)  
You got the wire, if not I ain't sayin no more names  
You soon expire; (heh) no pain (nuh-uh)  
I feel remorse, the shit causes me and Diddy up first  
Racin Porsches wit the beat swing vaul exhausters [screeching] (yeah)  
On the cover of ya five (hehe) XXL's or (yeah) Source's (c'mon) bitch

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Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah  
It ain't shit changed, since the Notorious (We miss you B.I.G.)  
See everything still glorious (yeah)  
We still got Oreos, still be the victorious (that's right)  
See it's a lot of them, but it's more of us  
Still got cash to blow, raps that flow  
Still them cats that know, pack ya flow  
That's fo' sho', bottles that pop  
Joints that rock, play the background  
Hand 'em a jock, hold 'em a glock (hahaha)  
Money to get (yeah), cars to flip (uhh)  
Bars to sit at and sip Cogniac wit Jews that drink (c'mon)  
Hoes to see (uhh), make sure they knowin it's me (they know ya shit)

Drop that beat, can't believe that I MC (haha)  
Bad Boy 'til the casket drop (Bad Boy)  
Gotta love it, place nuttin above it (nuttin)  
It's on like that (c'mon), don't believe, we ain't goin like that  
For always gonna be here (yeah), be there (uhh)  
Every (what?) motherfuckers here!

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