

# Been Around the World

Puff Daddy

Yo yo, this Mase, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
You got niggaz that don't like me for whatever reason  
You got niggaz that don't wanna see me rich  
You got niggaz that's mad, cause I'm always with they bitch  
Then you got niggaz that just don't like me  
You know, the, those P.H.D. niggaz  
But you know I pop a lot of shit but I back it up though  
see it's a difference, a lot of niggaz pop shit  
But a lot of niggaz don't make hits  
But it's like this whole Bad Boy shit  
we come to bring it to y'all niggaz, me, B.I., Puff, Lox, whoever  
Black Rob  
If you wanna dance, we dance

Now trick what? Lace who? That ain't what Mase do  
Got a lot of girls that'd love to replace you  
Tell you to your face Boo, not behind your back  
Niggaz talk shit, we never mind that  
Funny, never find that, Puff a dime stack  
Write hot shit, and make a nigga say, 'Rewind that'  
Niggaz know, we go against the Harlem Jigalo  
Getcha hoe, lick her low, make the bitch, hit the do'  
I represent honies with money fly guys with gems  
Drive with the tints that be thirty-five percent  
Hoes hope I lay so I look both ways  
Cop says, 'OK, my tint smoke gray'  
No way, nigga leave without handin me my shit  
Got plans to get my Land and my 6  
Niggaz outta pen'll understand this shit  
Pop champagne like I won a championship (uhh, uhh)

Been around the world and I I I  
And we been playa hated (say what?)  
I don't know and I don't know why  
Why they want us faded (ahehe)  
I don't know why they hate us (yeah)  
Is it our ladies? (uh-huh)  
Or our drop Mercedes (uhh, uhh)  
Bay-bee bay-BEE!

I was in one bedroom, dreamin of a million (yeah)  
Now I'm in beach houses, cream to the ceiling (that's right)  
I was a gentleman, livin in tenements  
Now I'm swimmin in, all the women that be tens (hoo)  
Went from Bad Boys to the Crushed Linen Men  
Now my divi-dends be the new Benjamins (uh-huh)  
Hoes of all complexions, I like cinnamon  
Mase you got some hoes well nigga, send em in (c'mon)  
What you waitin for, let the freak show begin  
How they came in a truck? (Mase: Nah Puff, that's a Benz)  
Mercedes, c'mere baby, you don't like the way  
it's hot and hazy, never shady, you must be crazy  
It's ridiculous, how you put your lips on this  
Don't kiss right there girlfriend I'm ticklish (heheh)  
And I be switchin fees with a wrist full of G's  
Nigga please, I'm the macaroni with the cheese

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Now Puff rule the world, even though I'm young  
I make it my biz to see that all ladies come (yeah)  
Get em all strung from the tip of my tongue  
Lick em places niggaz wouldn't dare put they faces (c'mon)

Before I die, hope I, remake a flow by  
In the brand new treasure on a old try  
Now when my third dry, even when the smoke lie  
Eat the mami's chocha and drive her loca  
We never ride far, packed five in a car  
Save money for the drinks, I'm about to buy the bar (yeah)  
And everywhere I drive I'm a star, little kids  
all on the corner scream, 'That's my car!'

It was days couldn't be fly, now I'm in a T.I.  
Come in clubs with B.I., now a nigga V.I. (uh-huh)  
Rock tons of gold, nuff money I fold  
Roll the way you wanna roll, break a hundred out the toe

C'mon, yeah yeah, uh-huh  
We been playa hated!  
Why?  
Why they want us hated!  
Why they hate us?  
Is it our ladies?  
Say what?  
Yeah, bay-bee bay-BEE!

You know, sometimes I gotta ask myself  
Why's there so much jealousy in the world?  
Don't look at mine, get yours

OK after these messages we'll be back with  
the Mad Rapper and his brother the Mad Producer, after this  
(applause)  
OK just sit back, relax, and enjoy yourself  
We'll get you through this  
Take a sip of water, deep breath, that'll do it

And welcome back as you can see (You got the check though?)  
I'm Trevor Jones and I'm sitting in  
I've been conversing with the Mad Rapper (Did you get the check though?)  
and he's still pretty mad  
But, this time he brought someone else with him  
and quite frankly (yeah yeah) he's even madder (You god damn right!)  
Mr. Producer (yo, youknowwhatI'msayin) why are you so mad?

Yo, Iiiiiiii, I'ma I'ma keep it real simple for you  
Yeah t-t-t-t-t-tell them niggaz why you mad son!  
Tell them niggaz why you mad son!  
(OK, gentlemen please, one at a time)  
Tell em why you mad son, word up, tell em why you mad son!  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Iiiiiiii, Iiiiiiii be I be I been  
I been, I been here for the culture, youknowwhatI'msayin?

I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't  
I don't be recognizin all that new jack shit  
Yo we don't play, we don't play that shit youknowwhatI'msayin?  
(Please Mr. Producer, explain yourself, Mr. Rapper, please calm down)  
That nigga be on some bullshit, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
We ain't, we don't do that shit, word, yeah  
He ain't no real producer neither  
And then come to find out youknowwhatI'msayin  
My brother hipped me to it, the nigga tryin to rap now!  
Oh yeah, that's the shit that got me mad!  
(Please, Mr. Rapper, once again)  
That's the shit that got me mad!  
That's the shit, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
(It's a family oriented show)  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? That's the shit that feds me up  
(Gentlemen, please)  
Word up, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
(Disregard the foul language)  
I'm watchin this nigga video youknowwhatI'msayin?  
They got mermaids swimmin in they living rooms and shit  
like that youknowwhatI'msayin?  
This nigga dancin in the rain with kids climbin up mountains and shit  
YouknowwhatI'msayin?  
I'm I'm I'm watchin this nigga video  
(I'm gonna have to ask you to refrain from the language)  
the car goin two hundred miles an hour  
WHERE THE FUCK IS HE GOIN?!  
(Please Mr. Rapper, please refrain from the foul language)  
The nigga climbin out the fuckin car!  
(One more time)  
Let me see you try that shit on a train!  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Try that shit on a fuckin train  
What kind of shit, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
Got a thousand niggaz write for him, let ME write for you  
Son my shit is jumpin, I got John Blaze shit...