

# 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

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

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

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