

# Fake Thugs Dedication

Puff Daddy

Aiyyo  
One two, one two  
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This one right here  
Goes out to all the fake thugs out there  
Yeah, yeah uh huh

Yo, when you say you thuggin', it doesn't matter  
It goes into my mind as just chit-chat  
You may say I have a ego, or just merry free  
But none of that tough talk I take seriously  
It goes in one ear and right out the other  
Heard that fake thug shit? brotha  
I don't mean to brag, never never hate  
You ain't got the bank that it takes to stop this  
Ha, ha, ha, ha sucker, you missed  
I put feelings aside, you know who I am  
P-U-2-F, keys to the U.S.  
And I hate when one attempts to analyze  
Franchise, get your hands tied  
Thrown over a boat, don't know what you was thinking  
That dream is over, your body sinking

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka  
You thugs out there who don't got a clue  
(You have Brooklyn, ain't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you  
(You have Jersey, ain't shoot the shit out)  
Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew  
(We go Uptown and shoot the shit out)  
Yo, we want hardcore, smash the walls  
I stack, bring it back for y'all  
With 40 nigga's after y'all

We got it ziplocked (that's right)  
Everybody hit the floor when the shit drop  
Shit knocked, bitch stop (bitch, stop)  
We roll, we ball, we all night long  
We don't stop, nigga's thought the heat was gone  
But I'm back to do it again, leader of rhyme  
BAD BOY, we turn it to the scene of the crime  
Immaculate fame, you can have that shit  
I just wanna 'gaitor slide with the baddest bitch  
Models and actresses that swallow bottles  
That magnum shit  
Get nice as fuck, leave when the lights is up  
Tear it down when the mics is up  
Lately they say Diddy's gettin' nice as hell  
Shit, if I don't write it I recite it well  
Locked the flow so tight you gotta know  
I'mma tumble 'fore they rock my dough  
Motherfuckers

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka  
You thugs out there, you don't got a clue  
(You have Boogie Down, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you

(You got Shaolin, don't shoot the shit out)  
Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew  
(You have QB, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, you want hardcore, smash the walls  
I stack, bring it back for y'all  
With 40 nigga's after y'all

Aiyyo ladies, get up  
Bounce your tits up  
Be happy Brooklyn ain't shoot this shit up  
Cause I see some ladies tonight  
That I could give a condom or 3 babies tonight  
You might catch a flight if you playing me right  
But if you whack there you gettin cab fare  
Yo, I'm all for drama, a little clap clap there  
I mean I ain't Ghandi of this whole rap gear  
But you see honey that I'm rappin with there?  
All I need is a minute to get her back to the Leer  
Back where it is, less traffic there  
Where Cease is with a few of his pieces  
That's how we is, we slide and divide  
If she ain't with it, I-95  
Hit the road tramp, and don't you come back no more  
No more, no more, no more

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka  
You thugs out there, you don't got a clue  
(You got Def Squad, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you  
(You got Bad Boy, don't shoot the shit out)  
Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew  
(We go Brick City, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, you want hardcore, smash the walls  
I stack, bring it back for y'all  
With 40 nigga's after y'all