

# If You Want This Money

Puff Daddy

You are now entering a Bad Boy zone  
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Yeah!

This is for the niggas who ain't got shit to love  
I cripple thugs, just because  
You not Jada but you could, kiss the slugs  
Until your place hit up  
Rap niggas in the studio, wasting bucks  
You're better off making sure papi know your name well  
Guess who ghostwrite for me, my brain sails/sells  
Now believe it, better place checks  
Bad Boy, big things nigga, HF

I put it down for mine, my crew live a life of crime  
Constantly non-stop, when they on the climb  
And BK, no such thing, it's dark  
The sun go down, the tool start to spark  
Outline in chalk, moms lift the part  
Cases handle in the street, motherfuck the court  
Shouldn't talk the talk, you can't walk the walk  
It's The Hoodfellaz, what the fuck y'all thought?

Now if you want this money baby  
Then I guess you in the right place  
And if your mind ain't right sugar  
Then you need to get up outta my face  
So what's the deal?  
Cant' ya see how a nigga feel?  
And let me know if you gon' ride tonight  
Cause this paper we makin' is real, all day

It's like that y'all (that y'all)  
Don't get it twisted with the rap y'all (rap y'all)  
Still walk around with the gat y'all (gat y'all)  
Don't make me have to point it at y'all (at y'all)  
And clap y'all (clap y'all)  
That's how I see things goin'  
Chains showin', rings glowin', Range Rovin'  
And my nigga push ki's like Beethoven  
It's gonna stay like that till the pearly gates open

And here we go [overlaps Verse's last line]  
Aiiyyo, let's get it where it needs to be  
Tuned in to the, P-the-D, please believe  
I told y'all it's on for life  
The only bars I ever be behind is the one's I co-write  
Hold it down, hold the crown  
What I gotta brag for? Y'all should know by now  
Cats talk this and that, so we rip the track  
This a fact, it's a wrap, uh!

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Yo, yo  
Niggas mad at the fact we bad  
Man I won't stop like a New York taxicab  
If your shit wack, we burn  
If you got beef, we come back like a tax return  
We get money, hold money, no quotas  
We gon' fuck around and do this murder, no motive  
Aiiyyo, I burn more  
Wait till I drop it, then you can learn more (Why?)  
Cause you a turn-off

Numb in my veins  
And bought enough to numbin' the brain  
Lovin' the brain, let a slob till it's come and arrange  
Strollin' the block, honey holdin' the glock  
1-9, come on baby, it's crunch time  
In a truck blue, yellin' my fuck you's  
Doin' a buck-2, circle hoods like Doug Ghouls  
Huggin' the piece, ha ha, Sim is the word on the street  
Come on, I can make dessert outta beef

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