

## **Puff Daddy F/ Redman**

### **"Fake Thugs Dedication"**

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[Puff Daddy]

Aiyyo

One two one two

One two one two

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 chatter

You may say I have a ego or just maybe three

But none of that tough luck 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) ha (ha) ha sucker you missed

I put feelings inside, 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

[Redman]

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo

All of you thugs out there, who don't got it,

Come to Brooklyn and get shoot to shit,

Yo fuck you you and you you, fuck you and you

See that, Brooklyn get shoot to shit

Aiyyo bitch, you know what I want and what I bring

You know we tired and you shoot to shit

You want hardcore smash the walls

Back, and back, back to y'all

With funny niggas after y'all

[Puff Daddy]

You got it ziplocked (that's right)

Everybody hits the floor when the shit drops

This shit knocked, bitch stop (bitch, stop)

We brawl, we pile, we all night long

We don't stop, niggas thought the heat was gone  
But I'm back to do it again, lead up rhymes  
BAD BOY, we turn into the scene of the crime  
I'm accurate, damn you can have that shit  
I just wanna get a 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 got to know  
I'm tight with my glock and my dough  
Motherfuckers

[Redman]

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo  
All of you thugs out there, who don't got it,  
How many times we tear it down and shoot to shit now,  
Yo fuck you you and you you, fuck you and you  
Yo in Brooklyn you'd get shoot to shit  
Aiiyo bitch, you know what I want and what I bring  
Don't fuck with me you won't get shoot to shit  
You want hardcore smash the walls  
Back, and back, back to y'all  
With funny niggas after y'all

[Puff Daddy]

Aiiyo 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 more for drama little clap clap there  
I mean I ain't Ghandi of this whole rap gear  
But you see honey what I'm rappin with there?  
All I need is a minute to get back to the lair  
Back where it is let's trap the deal, where  
Cease is with a few of his pieces  
That's how we is, east side and divide  
If she ain't with, I-9-5 hit the road tramp  
And don't you come back no more no more no more  
No more

[Redman]

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo  
All of you thugs out there, who don't got it  
You ain't touched fuck don't shoot to shit  
Fuck you you and you you, fuck you and you

We with Bad Boy don't shoot to shit  
Aiyyo bitch, you know what I want, and what I bring  
Yo New York city don't shoot to shit  
You want hardcore smash the walls  
Back, and back, back to y'all  
With funny niggas after y'all

Repeat to fade

P Diddy gonna shoot to shit

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