

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"Do You Like It Do You Want It"

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f/ Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

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

[Puffy]

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

1 - [Both]

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

[Puffy]

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

[Jay-Z]

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

Repeat 1

[Puffy]

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

[Jay-Z]

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

[Puffy]

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

[Jay-Z]

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

Repeat 1 until fade

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