

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"I Got the Power"

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f/ The Lox

[Verse One: Styles]

My click is in it til it's over, never sober

Bustin over, lay in the lane with the 'caine in the Rover

Pray to Jehovah, for the nigga with the Ruger

The young Don, the Heron mover

You know my hustle, I bring the fo' pound to the tussle

Motherfuck your pit with no muzzle

So chill cuzo, let me blow for my niggaz

Runnin round, get down like motherfuckin gorillas

Shorty bop the wolop, in the spot with the dollop

Pot full of acid, I got the game mastered

Move dimes, hit twenties addicted to gettin money

It could be a hundred degrees and never look sunny

Black I'm tryin to live, somethin got to give

But everyday's the same old, runnin from po-po

Mom think I'm loco, cause I sell crack and puff cocoa

Yo, it's the style see it's still the same

And when worse comes to worse, I steal the 'ciane

Papi know my face, so he don't expect it

Runnin from the gutter so he gots to accept it

Stripped his ass naked, then I put a slug in him
He just another motherfucker, ain't no love in him
I put a bug in him, never sleep on one who never slept
I take my last breath every time I hit the meth
It's the D to the E, M to the O N
Blowin, steady playin shotgun, throwin
Don't you see the shorty with the baseball cap
Don't make me flip motherfucker with this baseball bat
Best to brace yo' gat, 'fore I brace mine, cause I lace
nine
from yo' dome to yo' motherfuckin spine

[Chorus: Puff Daddy]

I be, that nigga that yo' niggaz can't fuck wit
That nigga that yo' bitches wanna creep wit
That nigga that you can't get along wit
Playa hate but you wanna do a song wit
That nigga that you see in the videos
That nigga with the jewels and the jiggy hoes
That nigga that'll die for his main man
That nigga with the gettin money gameplan

[Verse Two: Sheek]

Haven't you heard that Bad Boys move in silence yet?
When you increase the peace, the mo' wild it get
I'm only sizin you niggaz from the waist up
And I ain't, wettin no parts you can't touch with makeup
Mr. Jacob without the Ladder

It don't matter clap your wake up and do a shakeup

nobody badder, since the, baby finksta

I was in the playpen wai-tin for kids to enter

Shit I even blitz the rich to get chips

Housekeeper disguised with the nine bubble grip

Extra clip in the vacuum if I slip

Room service ring the alarm and get the bomb

Blown the hall pearl wide been long gone

Plus I got the power to ramshack, you dig that?

Worldwide while you simply thug where you live at

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Jadakiss]

You don't really wanna get involved, with the L-O-X car-tellers, Goodfellas, that's who we are

You can't outsell us, it ain't shit you could tell us

Jealous dog, cause we spread like relish

Bad Boys, and we all eat together

When it go down, then we draw heat together

Since I made the connection with the big man

I done got big plans, to be a little nigga in the big Land

Ghetto star, presidential all gift wrapped

And what you call weight? I know cats who sniff that

Enjoy life, what are you sayin?

If the DA ain't got a nigga payin, papi got him weighin

Anything to do with money you can count J in

Next time we bring it to these faggots we ain't playin

Cream of the crop, and we ain't never gon' stop

Hittin you in your head with that butter from The Lox

[Chorus] - fades out

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