

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"I Love You Baby"

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f/ Black Rob

(I'll always be there for you)

[Puff] Yeah

(I'll never betray you)

[Puff] Mmm, mmm, mmm

(I love you baby)

[Puff] I love you baby

Verse One: Black Rob

I met her Uptown on Dyckman, aight then

Talkin that, how she only dealt with businessmen

Niggaz baggin joints, money off and on the books

The ones who stand firm like ain't, nuttin shook

about them, I doubt them cats waitin for me

You know them niggaz, them big dudes across the street

She say, "Yeah, they from over on Mayfair"

Bullets from out of nowhere, told her to stay there and duck down

I hit the ground but managed to pull a piece out

This bitch over them with them pointin the chief out

They want beef out here, they gon' get it

in the worst way, I'ma show em how Black play

Roll the dice, fuckin with me is like snake eyes

I break guys, sit back and watch my cake rise

It's all about the Benjamins, true that be the motto

Ran out of ammo and started, throwin bottles

Runnin, and I ain't lookin back for shit

Crooked ass bitch, today I get you back for this

(I'll get you back)

Chorus: repeat 2X

I love you baby No you don't

You drive me crazy That's right

I'll never betray thee Uhh

I love you baby C'mon

Verse Two: Black Rob (starts rapping during the chorus)

Yo since the last altercation I been goin to street

Seein honey at the club ery week and I speak

I'ma rock that ass to sleep before I strike

I ain't know the real deal until last night

How, one of them brothers was locked with bankroll

Used to call my crib to see seventy-four

Kick rhymes over the phone for hours he had the dac

babe bro told him, 'You wanna get money, see Black

when you get home', we never had chance to get up

And wouldn't have, if his gun had left me hit up

He'd explain how his whole crew was slappin honey

Besides all that, she owed them cats a lot of money

Funny how it's a small world, baby girl

Youse about to get, fucked with no jail

I'ma sit back and watch this cake finish bakin

And plan your extermination, word

Chorus

Verse Three: Puff Daddy

It took a while to peep your style, Miss I-be-in-workin

Low profile single, house in Staten Island

and Manhattan while, them same cats

you sent to get me boo, is on they to get you

Fuckin witchu, that small time crack dealin nigga

He a bitch too, they gon' bust his shit too

Shit's real, you think you gonna set me up

And get away scot free without some type of injury

Nah kill it, I'ma flip the script on you

Same thing you did to me, I'ma do it to you

Who knew she was the female Rambo

Fill one of they chest with four soon as he came in the door

Life is out, snuffed all they mans in

In the end, she had to be the Last Bitch Standin

Not for long the buck the forty-four strong

Just like that she was gone, now it's over

Assumin I'll go back to my everyday life

Of a rich millionaire just rockin the mic

Gotta pause, and think about honey no doubt

and admire how the chick went out

Chorus: repeat to fade

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