

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"If You Want This Money"

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f/ G. Dep, The Hoodfellaz

You are now entering a Bad Boy zone (3x)

Yeah!

[Morock]

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

[Classy Freddie Blassy]

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?

[G. Dep - Chorus]

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

[Verse]

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

[P. Diddy]

And here we go {overlaps Verse's last line}

Aiyyo, 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!

(Chorus)

[G. Dep]

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

Aiyyo, I burn more

Wait till I drop it, then you can learn more (Why?)

Cause you a turn-off

[Poppa Sims]

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

(Chorus - till fade

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