

## **Puff Daddy P Diddy**

### **"Let's Get It"**

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f/ Black Rob, G. Dep

[Black Rob - almost mumbling]

They said that I'm a Rottweiler  
And I'm from the Rottweiler house, the Rottweiler New  
York

[G-Dep]

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly  
Fucking with these niggaz from the, what you gon' do  
When you ready? Shit I was born ready  
And I was already on fish and spaghetti  
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya  
Attack like a vulture, see what I told ya?  
Said I'd get'cha, wear it if it fit ya  
Y'all thirteen inches, I see the big picture  
If it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya  
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace  
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits  
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (\*phone  
sounds\*)  
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused  
like to suck her own titty; put it in the video  
Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go  
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it  
Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit  
'til my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

(Chorus)

Make this money, take this money (Let's get it)  
Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)  
Ain't shit funny (uh) shake it honey (Let's get it)  
Take it money.. now let's get it (Let's get it)

[G-Dep]

Creep with your people  
Though my shit is Sweet and Low it's no Equal  
Front but you lookin  
Once I throw the hook in proceed to get cookin  
with the game when I sewed it  
Since you came thought I owed you one

Wide big Lincoln, why's this guy on the side for the  
stinking?  
Watch task force dash forward lookin marveled  
It's a big chance, big pants, might guard him  
with my man's type proper  
Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue  
You ain't my crew, who are you? Beat it  
'fore we take off make sure you all seated  
In Billboard read it, believe it

(Chorus)

[G-Dep]

Soul Controller, rap Ayatollah  
Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the  
stroller  
I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota  
Give some bakin soda and a quarter  
Bet I flow straight up out the water  
I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "out of order"  
Put the high score up  
Then tear the floor up  
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe  
Head on the tour bus  
Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler  
Called up five reporters to thank my supporters  
Hittin wives and daughters  
Brought 'em neck spray from Estee Launders  
Call Puffy to order

[P-Diddy]

Aiyyo, call me Diddy - I run this city  
Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me  
Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me  
Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty  
Straight lose it, love two things my family my music  
Might co-write and produce it  
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive  
Got y'all Hawkin like Yusef  
Cause I can, break backs and stacks it's no problem  
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem  
I get worldwide coverage  
Got so many spots I don't even buy luggage, ya love it  
Make moves major, hide out in Asia  
If your girl keep comin around them I'm a blaze her  
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators  
NOT GUILTY, and I'm filthy, c'mon

(Chorus)

[Black Rob (Puffy)]

I be the Eastside Soprano, Rob Marciano  
Flow in e'ry channel with the Iverson handle  
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel  
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to  
dismantle  
Can't slay Rob  
How many niggaz done tried to play Rob, quit they day  
job  
Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing  
If I go to jail again I'm goin under the bing  
Act like you gon' pull that thing thing  
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling  
I represent "A" block in Sing Sing  
Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's  
queen  
Moves for paper, booze no chaser  
Bullets out the blazer four-fifth with the laser  
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers said I did  
it  
(He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it)

(Chorus) (x3)

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