

Trina F/ Bathgate**"Let's Get It *"**

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* differs from the remix on P. Diddy's "Bad Boy For Life" 12"

[Black Rob]

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

[Loon over Black Rob] (P. Diddy)

We just happy to be here (This is the remix)
Fuckin cock suckers (Bad Boy baby), haha!

[Kain]

Yo.. aiyyo, get smacked silly (right)
Kain am I aid and check wet willys (uhh)
Dep cracked the dutch cause Curry broke the philly
(what?)
News at ten, Bad Boy, hope ya know not them dudes
again
(not them dudes again) Yeah we hold vendettas, big
ten letters
(what?) S6s with fourteen antennas (c'mon)
Or in the Porsche with the buckets back, hah
(Oh my God!) Bitches like, "Who the fuck is that?"
Ciaffi, freaked off, drunk off Saki (that's right)
Got 'em +Eyeing The Tiger+ like +Rocky+ (c'mon)
When I, step on the scene I'm expectin my cream
Stand by and I'm reppin for Queens (that's right)
My destination is, detonation (say what?)
If one verse-out, my mouth could dead a nation (that's
right)
Yeah I said it, and Diddy gon' and did it (c'mon)
Put these rappers on edit, now let's get it (let's get it)

[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 (uhh) shake it honey (let's get it)
Take it money, now let's get it (let's get it)

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby..
We just happy to be back

[Mark Curry]

Curry the paperchaser, lace the track up with 16 bars of crack
Bring it back from the block, sub on (?) workin it
wherever you at
Get the money and the nigga, no takin nothin from me
I'm hungry for it, I'm fadin niggaz 'cross the border
And if they want war, we can war (we can war)
I'm chin-chose down to the floor (uhh)
Round 'em and count 'em, take 'em all (uhh)
Ya lookin for the hook up, who ya call?
The M the A the R the K the C-U double R-Y
Shit crackin all night, gotta hear it all types
I'm to the pavement, my nights and days wit (uh-huh)
While you stare in amazement, I'm hotter than Cajun
You're blazin, throwin up my tre's in, who want 'em?
Just like that, a 360 on 'em, get that
Twist yo' ball caps and rep how ya livin
It's all about the cash, let's get it (let's go)

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

C'mon, Bad Boy's young guns
This, is, the, remix - Loon..

[Loon]

Uhh, yeah, now check it out, yo, check it out
I'm 'bout a dollar, son, I see through it, I gotta follow
(c'mon) If ya ain't borrow money I gotta holla (holla)
Simple and plain (plain), the reason why I entered the
game
(that's right) I seen Sean do it, so I'm tryin to get it the
same
(let's go) Pimpin ain't changed, niggaz still gettin 'em
thangs
Got the six with Shaquille feet rippin 'em lanes
Got a chick that's a real freak givin me brains
The temperature changed, soon as nigga get off the
plane
So ya know a nigga gettin some change, stand over the
game
While do they shake they shoulders the same? (why?)
We get money, they ain't supposed to be playin
So what we supposed be sayin
You niggaz actin like these crackers ain't payin
So let's get it (you got it), so let did it again (c'mon)
In 2002, son, I'm diggin the Benz (that's right)

With the rims that stop but continue to spin (yeah)
My shorty come with a crew son, I'm diggin the French
So let's get it

[P. Diddy over Loon's last line]
This, is, the, remix

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]
Bad Boy baby, The Saga Continues, The Saga
Continues
The Saga Continues

[G. Dep]
Soul Controller (yeah!), rap Ayatollah
Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the
stroller
(c'mon) I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota
Give some bakin soda and a quarter (yeah)
Bet I flow straight up out the water
I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "Out of order"
(uh-huh) 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 (ehh)
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 Lauders
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 (aah!)
Straight lose it, love two things my money my music
Might co-write and produce it, drop mine, hot 9
exclusive
Got y'all +Hulkin+ like +Bruce+ did (say what, say
what?)
Cause I can, break backs and stacks, it's no problem
(no problem) Make raps and tracks and go Harlem
I get worldwide coverage
I 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!! {*echoe*} C'mon

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby

The Saga Continues, The Saga Continues

[Black Rob]

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano

Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle (c'mon)

Forty-five sparks (haha) 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 mob, quit they day
job

Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing

If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing

Act like you gonna 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

(oh papi!) Moves for paper, booze no chaser

Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser (take that)

Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it
(he ain't do it) Now let's get it (let's get it)

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby, yeah

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby

2001, The Saga Continues

[P. Diddy]

The Saga Continues, yeah {*ad libs to end*}

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