

## Diddy f/ Cee-Lo, Nas

### "Everything I Love"

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[Verse 1 - Diddy]

The world at my sneakers  
Gold pieces moulded with Jesus features  
Give streets the fever from the way I spit the Ether  
Came on the scene at 19 a gritty fiend for  
Money, power, respect, get it by any means uh  
New Yorker, slick talker, walk like a brick flipper  
Decimal doctor, multiply to get richer  
I'm a entrepreneur, I'm the heart of the city  
I'm a part of the sewers, I'm the honorable diddy  
I taste the dirt in my sweat, that's from the Harlem  
struggle  
All in my swagger that's the reason why I got my hustle  
I got the highest stature, Miami diamond flasher  
I got you caught in the most flyest and stylish rapture  
My signature next to Christopher Wallace, get it honest  
My first album through to him, that was my biggest  
project  
Now I'm the illest known to walk like the illest soldier  
And when I smoke, only roll up with the illest doja  
You sit and mull it over my venom a killer cobra  
It's Harlem USA I diddy bop and shop with Oprah  
(Yeah nigga, what.)

[Chorus - Cee-Lo]

Nigga what  
From my voice I'm killing 'em  
I shed my blood  
About everything I love

[Verse 2 - Diddy]

To the eye blacker, over handed face the palm  
smacker  
Good scrapper, cat stacker, good wood packer  
Tear up the Dom P wrappers faster  
Platinum patrone splasher, fuck cris, spit atcha  
I call it rich ignorant laughter  
Black American express card all grey now, its  
scratched up  
From constant usage, girl kidnapper, pop tags off tags  
Poppa making monster music, and still I Costra Nostra

Big roaster, skin cola, girl when I send for ya  
Bring friends wontcha?  
I'm from the 80's NYC 5 percent of culture  
Breeze through with that old school blue malaroma  
Wrist glowing, ho-ing, fly off in a Boeing  
Slide off with your ho, and spend six figures on her  
My persona, Sean John unforgivable cologne  
Copping the biggest diamonds makes me sorta bi-  
polar  
Ferrari to Phantom, vehicles for high rollers  
The studded chain around my neck makes the night  
colder  
(Yeah nigga, what.)

[Chorus - Cee-Lo]  
Nigga what  
From my voice I'm killing 'em  
I shed my blood  
About everything I love

[Verse 3 - Nas]  
The Queens Crypt keeper, Mets hat rocker  
Pretty bitch slobber, Ex-robber  
Heister, my own life biographer  
Pants sagging, Bentley whipping  
Summer jam stopper, Tim truck wearing  
Pineapple rocker, then I spray choppers  
A doctor in the jungles of Haiti made me  
Draped in paisley bandanas  
Suits with Adam Stacey  
Cigar like Dick Tracy  
Its dark I get spacey  
Alcohol and laced weed  
That was part of my 80's  
The Cartier consigieres be near me  
Canary yellow cuts in my pinky yearly  
Liz Taylor tried to joke me  
Coz I keep it green like the other side of bill hicks be  
When he gets mean  
Think fast before I blast hoes  
Like Grassino  
Went from scraggly old clothes to the illest fashion  
And realest rappin'  
Pablo bath on the scene, won't go back to no green  
Strictly paper cruising through the strip in Vegas  
Two of New York's biggest niggaz  
Y'all used to hate us, but now you love us  
Nas and Diddy, power hustlers  
(Yeah nigga, what)

[Chorus - Cee-Lo]

Nigga what  
From my voice I'm killing 'em  
I shed my blood  
About everything I love

C'mon..

On everythin' I love man..

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