

**Diddy****"Mo Money Mo Problems"**

Visit "[Mo Money Mo Problems](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

## Verse One: Mase

Now, who's hot who not  
Tell me who rock who sell out in the stores  
You tell me who flopped who copped the blue drop  
Who jewels got robbed who's mostly Goldie down  
to the tube sock, the same ol pimp  
Mase, you know ain't nuttin change but my limp  
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp  
Guarantee a million sales pullin all the love  
You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up  
We don't play around it's a bet lay it down  
nigga didn't know me ninety-one bet they know me now  
I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound  
Can't no Ph.D. niggaz hold me down, Cooter  
schooled me to the game, now I know my duty  
Stay humble stay low blow like Hootie  
True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty  
And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie  
\*singers come in over this last line\*

I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see  
(repeat 2X)

## Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Yeah yeah, ahaha, from the D-to-the-A-to-the-D-D-Y  
know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly  
I call all the shots  
Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks  
Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin now's  
when all the ballin stops, nigga never  
home gotta call me on the yacht  
Ten years from now we'll still be on top  
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop  
Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool  
bag a money much longer than yours  
and a team much stronger than yours, violate me  
this'll be your day, we don't play

Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way  
Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here  
for you to shine here, deal with many women  
but treat dimes fair, and I'm  
bigger than the city lights down in Times Square  
Yeah, yeah yeah

I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see  
repeat 2X)

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

Uhh, uhhh  
B.I.G., P-O, P-P-A  
No info, for the, DEA  
Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant  
Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement  
My team supreme, stay clean  
Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that  
cat you see at all events bent  
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders  
Playboy, I told ya, bein mice to me  
Bruise too much, I lose, too much  
Step on stage the girls boo too much  
I guess it's cause you run with lame dudes too much  
Me lose my touch, never that  
If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat  
Where the true players at?  
Throw your Rollies in the sky  
Wave em side to side and keep your hands high  
While I give your girl the eye, player please  
Lyrically, niggaz see, B.I.G.  
be flossin jig on the cover of Fortune  
Five double oh, here's my phone number  
Your man ain't got to know, I got to go  
Got the flow down pizat, platinum plus  
Like thizat, dangerous  
on trizack, leave your ass blizzack

I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see  
repeat 3X)  
What's goin on?  
What's goin on?  
I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see  
(repeat 3X to fade)

Visit [Diddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.