

**Diddy****"P.E. 2000 Lost Remix"**

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[Puffy]

Cohiba cigars, spittin' 16 bars,  
Spit on a dial, my Chopard  
See the reflection of the gods  
Spill Louie because, I'm supposed to, none close to  
Me flow hotter, see me in any way shape, don't bother -  
showstopper  
As for your hoe, cock the rhymes I wrote, murda like  
shocka  
Deem these bitches, stay on the penis  
I went from the Vernon, the curve servin', paper earnin'  
Got Arabians smugglin' dope in they turban  
Sit with two techs in my duplex, bulletproof vest  
In the shoot fest with the law  
Got it all, want more, future foreseen  
Keep the city how for Louie XIV  
Rob, Dep, and Shyne bring Bad Boy more cream  
Uncut hits nigga, lyrical morphine  
The overboss, fuck the cost, I 'ford it  
Next year, number 1 on the Forbe's list  
motherfuckas

[Chorus]

The hoes, the clothes, the cars, the loot  
Public Enemy Number One  
The plaques and the macs, bitch check my movies, uh  
Public Enemy Number One  
You can say what you want when you talk about me  
Public Enemy Number One  
You know where I be, it ain't hard to find me  
Public Enemy Number One

[Shyne]

Once again it's Shyne and, rhymin'  
Remarkable timin'  
Tryin' to sit up on the charts with a diamond  
Bottom line, ya teams get splashed with macs  
17 caps and cats, for runnin' with my image  
Y'all finish  
Hence the don, doing two-fifteen on a autobon  
Louie Vittons, skunk on the back

The flyest, tryin' to tell y'all motherfuckers can't deny  
us  
Fuckin' right, when God made me, He was biased  
No lies, yo highness with the most mob ties  
In the metropolitan, platinum child from the home of  
Chris Wallace  
So how could I not be hot?  
That's like Puff in the summertime without a drop  
Uncle Paul, posted up, without a glocks  
I chew coals & spit diamonds  
Jacob got nothin' on me, top ranks, stop banks

[Chorus]

The hoes, the clothes, the cars, the loot  
Public Enemy Number One  
The plaques and the macs, bitch check my movies, uh  
Public Enemy Number One  
You can say what you want when you talk about me  
Public Enemy Number One  
You know where I be, it ain't hard to find me  
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[Shyne]

Rather its all from the guns to the brawl  
Coke to the alcohol, this young nigga want it all  
Time runnin' out on my front, nigga in pursuit of bigger  
things  
Arm, neck glitterin', shiverin'

[Puffy]

Fuck bein' broke  
Give that bitch a girdle tell her, "Transport my coke"  
On to Peter Pan, so we can get the two seater  
And lay up in the trunk for months  
Increase the lease, yeah, I got to eat

[Shyne]

Streets to Greece, stay up in the tape deck on seek,  
repeat  
Motion picture, my movie so sick, 4,5,6, ya die quick  
Y'all niggas ride dick, you test me, I wish  
I love to drill shit, kill shit, real quick  
On some top bill shit, half a mil with

[Puffy]

Soft or hard top, sedan or coupes be trial  
Every time, the law got too many loops  
Fuck my bitches in groups menaga  
Pimpin' ain't easy, but monogamy's harder  
Jets we charter, bring the slaughter

[Shyne]  
Million dollar bracelets  
Your favorite DJ couldn't fade this, come on

[Chorus 2x]  
The hoes, the clothes, the cars, the loot  
Public Enemy Number One  
The plaques and the macs, bitch check my movies, uh  
Public Enemy Number One  
You can say what you want when you talk about me  
Public Enemy Number One  
You know where I be, it ain't hard to find me  
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