

## Diddy

# "The Saga Continues"

Visit "[The Saga Continues](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Black Rob, G. Dep, Loon)

["Sirius" by Alan Parsons Project plays in the background]

[better known to some as "Introducing your Chicago Bulls" music]

[P. Diddy]

Yeah can you hear me? Yeah  
There's certain things in life that you can stop  
and there's certain things in life that can't be stopped  
Let's go..

"And now.. for your.. Bad Bad Boys..  
Starting at guard.."

[P. Diddy]

Y'all niggaz still talkin?  
Oh you got a little name little fame little fortune?  
What you have is a portion  
Bout the size of the hats in the back of my Porsche and  
So you better use caution, knowin I'm the boss and  
I'm sittin on pyramids, flossin  
I don't really gotta talk son  
I can get lost and sit back livin off endorsements  
I'm a pro, kid  
Why you actin like you don't really know, kid?  
Any records I broke it  
Through the fame and the stardom, makin my mark on  
Harlem like Poe did  
I said, here's your eviction notice  
But you probably already know this  
I don't mean to be greedy, but turn on your TV  
or pick up your CD, P.D.

[G. Dep]

This is gruesome  
Niggaz always grab that mic and salt like they really  
gon' do some'  
What's wrong with you son?  
Oh you got a new gun, do you know how to use one?

Then you livin an illusion, livin in a used one  
while I'm in the Limited, cruisin  
You ain't really got a crew son  
You givin them amusement, fuck what your Comic  
Views meant  
Youse a smokehead  
I've been doin this since this Pro-Ked  
Broke breads with the cokeheads  
Been down, still I get around like a nigga with broke  
legs on a moped  
I said; I'm a "Top Gun" like Gossett  
Run and get your CD and cass-ette  
Gossip, lotta niggaz got lip  
But they ain't got hot yet 'til they got Dep

[Loon]

Why niggaz lie like that? Know they ain't fly like that  
Niggaz get fried like that  
And you don't wanna die like that  
Have your momma cryin like that  
Besides all that, I'm in to get it fryin like that  
Still on the block and move pies like that  
Never my life dealt with guys that rap  
In fact, I leave a nigga with his eyes all sad  
Swoll up, y'all niggaz better hold up  
Any nigga that roll up, could get fold up  
Body get ripped up, and then sewed up  
Every nigga I fucked with, niggaz is growed up  
We don't play games, get on the stand, and say names  
All we do is cock back, and spray planes  
Give a fuck if nigga hustle or gangbang  
Nigga try to use they muscle and fang fang

[Black Rob]

Keep frontin, I'ma put a crease in your jaw  
Might catch me squeezin the four  
My nigga I go to war  
And if a nigga want the raw you still gotta come in the  
store  
Y'all never had a run-in before, with the likes of an  
outlaw  
Predicate assassin, smashin  
Open shit, rig scope, focus it  
Give niggaz what they 'posed to get (shit)  
Oppose the clique, I send five close to six  
Hoodfellaz, that'll come close your shit  
Niggaz stay with the frozen wrists  
Now the smoke colored big Benz with the top broke off  
Fix your face, we back on the paper chase  
Never left, so I ain't gotta take your place  
Fuck the fake bogus niggaz that ain't notice

the breadwinner, three-six-five I stay focused nigga

[P. Diddy]

We'll never stop..

We'll never stop..

One of the greatest teams that ever lived..

It's like in our blood..

We gotta be born this way..

Bad Boy baby

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

---

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