

Diddy "When It's On"

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It's on, it's on, it's on, yeah
It's on, it's on, it's on, yeah
It's on, it's on, it's on, yeah
It's on, it's on, it's on, yeah

I'm just a drop top flippin', flippin'
Fifth of yacht sippin', sippin'
Dope crack that's going in the strip clubs tippin'
M J G ah, P I'm P Ah

Fuck a blind date, oh no, I got to see her
The new millennium poet
Forever show it, can't blow it
If you reap it, you sow it

I, pay my, dues and it's the rules that I play by
Carry the team like I'm A I
I used to cook rocks, and hit the block
And gun in the bushes and money in my sock

Shit, I had hoes way before I was nationally famous
I was in the hood strapped up good watchin' my anus
I'm a target splitter
The world's strongest man hardest hitter

Even though you hate, I still elevate regardless nigga
Step to us boy, look what you done started
And we don't even care that your arsenal be the largest

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Look, you niggaz play too much Mayne you need to
pump yo' brakes
Keep a heater nigga need for them restless snakes

Right in my face caught a case tryin' to defend my
space
Dodging snitches police niggaz jumping state to state

What kind of nigga run his mouth and snitch out
everybody?
The kind of nigga that's gone end up being a dead
body
Yo' wife and children gone be searching for their dear
ol' daddy
They found his headless body tied up in a dark alley

It's cold like ice and snow on a nigga soul
For bricks or snow, niggaz will fuck you like a dirty hoe
Kick yo' door and put you and your babies on the floor
See you in public fuck who with you let the thang go

A nigga tell you don't let business turn personal
Fuck what they say cause for gram a nigga hurtin' you
Niggaz out here hurtin' fool nothing is for free Mayne
Fuckin' with the game that's how that shit be Mayne

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I was torn this bitch came from the streets I was born
Pussy like a little kitty back yellow as corn
I don't go around poppin' shit wit' niggaz who talkin'
Them niggaz ain't talkin' no more closed coffin

Not often do you see a nigga loyal as I
Like that boy from best eye nigga ready to die
For my bread and them niggaz that considered me
family
Hold it down Mayne I got you 'til we up there wit' granny

'Cause as soon as I start writing I start going through
physical
Deeper into my spiritual I'm so fuckin' lyrical
MJG the realest the truth the definition
Just call me the competition, I'm still stomping and
pimpin'

I'm still working with Diddy, still fuck wit the hood

I got the key to the city, the streets is all good
My leather is all wood, my gun is still secluded
I'm still hoping and praying to God, I don't use it

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