

G. Dep

"Let's Get It (feat. Black Rob, Kain, Loon, Mark Cu)"

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[Black Rob]

They said that I'm a Rottweiler
And I'm from the Rottweiler house, the Rottweiler New
York

[Loon over Black Rob (P. Diddy)]

We just happy to be here (This is the remix)
Fuckin cock suckers (Bad Boy baby), haha!

[Kain]

Yo.. aiyyo, get smacked silly (right)
Kain am I aid and check wet willys (uhh)
Dep cracked the dutch cause Curry broke the philly
(what?)
News at ten, Bad Boy, hope ya know not them dudes
again
(not them dudes again) Yeah we hold vendettas, big
ten letters
(what?) S6s with fourteen antennas (c'mon)
Or in the Porsche with the buckets back, hah
(Oh my God!) Bitches like, "Who the fuck is that?"
Ciaffi, freaked off, drunk off Saki (that's right)
Got 'em +Eyeing The Tiger+ like +Rocky+ (c'mon)
When I, step on the scene I'm expectin my cream
Stand by and I'm reppin for Queens (that's right)
My destination is, detonation (say what?)
If one verse-out, my mouth could dead a nation (that's
right)
Yeah I said it, and Diddy gon' and did it (c'mon)
Put these rappers on edit, now let's get it (let's get it)

[Chorus]

Make this money, take this money (let's get it)
Ain't no way you can take this from me (let's get it)
Ain't shit funny (uhh) shake it honey (let's get it)
Take it money, now let's get it (let's get it)

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby..
We just happy to be back

[Mark Curry]

Curry the paperchaser, lace the track up with 16 bars of crack

Bring it back from the block, sub on (?) workin it wherever you at

Get the money and the nigga, no takin nothin from me

I'm hungry for it, I'm fadin niggaz 'cross the border

And if they want war, we can war (we can war)

I'm chin-chose down to the floor (uhh)

Round 'em and count 'em, take 'em all (uhh)

Ya lookin for the hook up, who ya call?

The M the A the R the K the C-U double R-Y

Shit crackin all night, gotta hear it all types

I'm to the pavement, my nights and days wit (uh-huh)

While you stare in amazement, I'm hotter than Cajun

You're blazin, throwin up my tre's in, who want 'em?

Just like that, a 360 on 'em, get that

Twist yo' ball caps and rep how ya livin

It's all about the cash, let's get it (let's go)

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

C'mon, Bad Boy's young guns

This, is, the, remix - Loon..

[Loon]

Uhh, yeah, now check it out, yo, check it out

I'm 'bout a dollar, son, I see through it, I gotta follow

(c'mon) If ya ain't borrow money I gotta holla (holla)

Simple and plain (plain), the reason why I entered the game

(that's right) I seen Sean do it, so I'm tryin to get it the same

(let's go) Pimpin ain't changed, niggaz still gettin 'em thangs

Got the six with Shaquille feet rippin 'em lanes

Got a chick that's a real freak givin me brains

The temperature changed, soon as nigga get off the plane

So ya know a nigga gettin some change, stand over the game

While do they shake they shoulders the same? (why?)

We get money, they ain't supposed to be playin

So what we supposed be sayin

You niggaz actin like these crackers ain't payin

So let's get it (you got it), so let did it again (c'mon)

In 2002, son, I'm diggin the Benz (that's right)

With the rims that stop but continue to spin (yeah)

My shorty come with a crew son, I'm diggin the French

So let's get it

[P. Diddy over Loon's last line]

This, is, the, remix

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

Bad Boy baby, The Saga Continues, The Saga
Continues

The Saga Continues

[G. Dep]

Soul Controller (yeah!), rap Ayatollah

Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the
stroller

(c'mon) I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota

Give some bakin soda and a quarter (yeah)

Bet I flow straight up out the water

I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "Out of order"

(uh-huh) Put the high score up, then tear the floor up

On the world tour with your whore out in Europe

Head on the tour bus (ehh)

Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler

Called up five reporters to thank my supporters

Hittin wives and daughters

Brought 'em neck spray from Estee Lauders

Call Puffy to order

[P. Diddy]

Aiyyo, call me Diddy, I run this city

Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me

Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me

Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty (aah!)

Straight lose it, love two things my money my music

Might co-write and produce it, drop mine, hot 9

exclusive

Got y'all +Hulkin+ like +Bruce+ did (say what, say
what?)

Cause I can, break backs and stacks, it's no problem

(no problem) Make raps and tracks and go Harlem

I get worldwide coverage

I got so many spots I don't even buy luggage

Ya love it; make moves major, hide out in Asia

If your girl keep comin around them I'm a blaze her

I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators

NOT GUILTY!! [echoe] C'mon

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby

The Saga Continues, The Saga Continues

[Black Rob]

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano
Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle (c'mon)
Forty-five sparks (haha) turn your day gray flannel
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to
dismantle
Can't slay Rob
How many niggaz done tried to play mob, quit they day
job
Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing
If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing
Act like you gonna pull that thing thing
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling
I represent "A" block in Sing Sing
Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's
queen
(oh papi!) Moves for paper, booze no chaser
Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser (take that)
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it
(he ain't do it) Now let's get it (let's get it)

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby, yeah

[Chorus] [P. Diddy over Chorus] This, is, the, remix -
Bad Boy baby 2001, The Saga Continues [P. Diddy] The
Saga Continues, yeah [ad libs to end]

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