

Ivana Spagna

"Bad Boy For Life"

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[Intro: P. Diddy] (Busta Rhymes)

Stick 'em up!

As we proceed

Stick em up motherfuckers!

To give you what you need

Put your hands in the air

It's star time (Bring the fire along, c'mon)

We still here (Bring the fire along, c'mon)

It's star time (Bad Boy, M.O.P., Busta Rhymes)

Motherfuckers

Yeah, c'mon

[P. Diddy]

I'm the definition of - fuck it y'all already know

I stack heavy doe, sell out every show

It'll never die, we live

And we gon stay big time 'til it's time to see Big (B.I.G. forever!)

Get a grip, Bad Boy never slip

We, runnin strips while y'all runnin lips

Haters wanna stop my lute

They don't want me wearing Sean John, they want me wearing lawn suits

P.D. increase the heat in ya streets

Keep ya tapes on rewind, CD's on repeat

My mental, more older, jewellery, more colder

Got a lot like its '97 all over

You know what I came to do; change the rules

Even when I stand still I'm makin moves

I, paid my dues as soon as I stepped in

P. Diddy a.k.a. News at Eleven

[Chorus 2x]

Throw your hands up in the air now

We're gonna hit you with the heat

For the streets

Throw your hands up in the air now

We won't stop

It's Bad Boy For Life

[Lil' Fame] (Billy Danze)

M.O.P.!

Catch me walking on the wildness side of your block

Yo, I bang mine, niggas showing me hood love

throwing up gang signs

(Yo, is that who I think it is?)

You see it, Brooklyn Military remains in blazin

Respect our hood because the clove is a ghetto

But niggas start switchin like hoes in stilettos

(It's Lil' Fame and them!)

Remember them niggas from the hill up in Brownsville

We still bangin 'em!

Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

[Billy Danze] (Lil' Fame)

Sound the alarm

It's the First Family and we're back to drop bombs,

boom! (Napalm)

Nuke those justice, it's the worlds, famous, fast Caress'

street

Vow, to keep the homies proud in the street

To make our music loud and stomp over beats

Like (ba ba bom bom ba bom bom!) There you go!

Yeah, we ain't goin nowhere

[Chorus 2x]

[Busta Rhymes]

Niggas put a hundred grand up

Stand up, before I stick your bitch-ass you better put

your hands up

Hate if you want and front like you ain't wit it, nigga

I bust your motherfucking head with a skillet, nigga

More rugged nigga, heat for the track

I'm like a Pick-up Truck with broken concrete in the back

Now let me add a couple G's to the stack

I know we got you dumb and how we put this together

And run when you didn't even see it coming

Back the fire armor and pop your car

Nigga watch me shatter your windshield with a rock

guitar

We be them zero tolerance niggas

I'll turn on your ass, bitch

And melt you niggas like a fire, burnin yo' ass bitch

Relax bitch, the fact is we trifil with heat

With cycles with lyrics right from the street

I'm sayin "AS WE COME THROUGH, PUT THE SHIT

DOWN"

Soldiers get up, faggot niggas need to sit down, what?

[Chorus 2x]

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