

## Caesar

### "Sitting Home"

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[Puff Daddy]

The man ya'll been waitin' to hear  
Check him out

[Shyne]

Let it be understood, Bad Boy run this  
>From Brooklyn to AT, they pump this  
Got you in the head with this gun shell  
Yeah, I know... I be on some dumb shit  
>From the cold killa niggas that air the block out  
Them chinchilla broads that wear your cock out  
Cost her ten mil, now it's me you see hop out  
Stop playin', game over like the lock-out  
Serious shit, I'm the baddest Bad Boy, imperial shit  
Me and Q double L from the 4 period 6, knockin Total  
? flava, no doubt

[Pam] (Puffy)

I'm gettin' tired of bein' tired of your ways (c'mon)  
You haven't come home or even called me today (this  
is the remix)  
And you don't know the pain when I'm feelin' alone  
I'm callin' out your name when you're not even home  
(yeah, yeah yeah yeah)

[Kima]

And I need you with me babe  
Can't see you leavin' me babe  
Cuz I don't know no other road I would go  
And I hope your feelings change  
Come bring your lovin' back to me  
So I can give you all you need and much more  
Oh, I'm sittin'

1 - [Total]

Sittin' home waitin' for you  
Starin' at these walls is all I do  
I try my best to be good to you  
But you're never around when I'm in the mood

[Keisha] (Puffy)

All my friends think that I am your fool (talk to me  
Keisha)  
And since you have been gone, I been thinkin' so too  
Just tell me what it is and what you feel I do wrong  
(you ain't doin' nothin' wrong)  
We should stay together cuz our love is so strong (I feel  
ya)

[Kima] (Puffy)

And I need you with me babe  
Can't see you leavin' me babe  
Cuz I don't know no other road I would go  
And I hope your feelings change  
Come bring your lovin' back to me  
So I can give you what you want and much more  
Oh, I'm sittin' (Shyne, talk to me one time)

[Shyne]

I think it's only right I live the beat  
I was on some multi-platinum melody tone  
Shoot, they 'bout to bury me homes  
Carry it home, pencil bars and continental laws  
Coincidental? Nah  
I was meant to do this  
My speeches as a fetus get you at your z-lift, you  
beatless  
I made one, you lightweight, I made tons  
You betta off countin' stars, then them hoes that I make  
cum  
Hot to def, I ain't talkin' rhymes  
I'm talkin' 'bout this vest, TEK and the coat to cover it all  
From the veteran ?, VK the 2-5  
Nigga, Shyne is too live  
Say you betta? Nigga you lie  
Wanna be me? You can't fit the shoe size  
Them hoes? Bruised eyes  
Young Don from, ummm, Brook-lon

Repeat 1 to fade

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