

# P. Diddy "Blast Off"

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**(feat. Mark Curry, G. Dep, Loon)**

*[G. Dep]*

Yeah...

Yeah, me and my man's and them

We gon' blast off

Bad Boy nigga, and we don't stop

Come on to the top, blast off

Yeah, yo

Aiyyo, I take it up top for my peeps

Cracks in they Jeeps, don't sleep till they 6 feet deep

No 'lax' in my tracks they potent

Fuck homicide, I'ma ride, keep smokin'

I keep smokin' till the bullshit filter

Like cigarettes, Dep came through, killed ya

When I swerve hit nerves

Number 1 contenders, I put 'em on injured reserve

And everybody know what's golden, matter of fact  
platinum,

?mores trap to mold in?

Once I explode and I, burn up the road and

Cruise around the globe, the cops thinkin' it's stolen

Understand, the world's in my hand

G. Dep in this scam, no stunt

Bitch play the front

And I'ma show you how to lay back do a buck while you  
puff on a sac

Cause yo, I'm about to blast off -

Straight to the chase, cause everybody know what's the  
case

Aiyyo, I'ma about to blast off

Straight to the point, aiyyo, yo, light another joint

Nigga, I'ma blast off

Right to the top, aiyyo, no, I ain't gon stop yo

Nigga, I'ma blast off

Straight to the dome, you entered in the Bad Boy zone

*[Mark Curry]*

Yo, yo, uh

Who's a nigga harder than me?

On the boats, make it known how the slaughterin' be  
Damn, Curry ain't the shit? Put the name in your mouth  
Got it different? You ain't on what you talkin' about  
Bustin' off in her mouth, catch me  
I'm feelin' for whoever test me, pity for whoever  
second guess me  
Know how to 'manhand'? it's real as it get  
Feelin' my shit, straight through the cealin' with this  
Bet your block love it, find me only with the grimy  
Gutters of the street where my mind be  
Play the game, get you a 'zil'

Forever, put you until, it fit me to kill  
Heat, got it with me still  
Flip the game over, see me, we be, untouched  
Out like your motherfuckin' guns bust, BLAOW  
Sure shot, hit again, spit it grim, anytime, anyplace  
Bitch, I'm about to-

*[G. Dep]*

Blast off, yo I get it poppin'  
When I rock, yo it's non-stoppin'  
Yo, I'm about to blast off  
See me at the show, when I rock everybody know  
Aiiyo, I'm about to blast off  
Bottles gon' pop, cause when I rock, everybody rock  
Aiiyo, I'm about to blast off  
Straight to the top, cause everybody know this is hot

*[Loon]*

Aiiyo son, I'm about to blast off, like an astronaut  
Niggas don't wanna see a nigga blast the glock  
Niggas don't wanna see a nigga flash the rocks  
And pop up in the flashy drop - motherfuckers  
Niggas know me, Loon's a gunslinger  
Fuck fightin' a nigga, I'm usin' one finger  
Catch one of you rap cats in the 'Humdinger'  
Some niggas get shot, live and become singers  
Expect to die, I'd rather sit in a chair, electrified  
Than to stand here and testify  
But, other than that though, we never get caught  
We 'Joy Jefferson' walk, out of federal court  
We gettin' bread in New York, ain't better the sport  
So whatever you thought, you can use whatever  
support  
But, I think it's best you go 'head and just walk  
Or have the cops find traces of lead in your corpse  
Yo, I'm about to-

*[G. Dep]*

Blast off-

Straight to the chase, cause everybody know what's the  
case  
Ayyo, I'ma about to blast off  
Straight to the point, ayyo, yo, light another joint  
Nigga, I'ma blast off  
Right to the top, ayyo, no, I ain't gon stop yo  
Nigga, I'ma blast off  
Straight to the dome, you entered in the Bad Boy zone

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