

P. Diddy

"Do You Like It, Do You Want It"

Visit "[Do You Like It, Do You Want It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Picture me ballin' in the drop top, open skies
In something foreign, soarin', 145
The God is calling for my body, let my spirit fly
I want it all, no lie

Picture me pourin', poppin' something imported
Pedal flooring, clutch poppin', boppin' to Lauryn
Now picture me falling
Never seen, never heard, never happened, never
occurred

Now, picture me flying 10,000 feet above the sea
Popping bubbly, you'd love to be me
Now picture the servants in the cabin with the sweetest
massage
Picture having ice and only wanna speak to God

Picture your dreams being shattered and your cream
being lavished
At the same time, tell me what you think matters?
Picture all the money that I've gotten of tours
Now picture me plotting for more, picture this, nigga

Do you like it?
Wanna do the things that I do
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes

Do you need it?
Wanna see the things that I see
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like to be me?

Picture me wildin', fiendin', reaching for tools
Straight flipping, losing my cool
Now picture me gritty, P. Diddy 'bout to run in your
house
The gun's with me, put one in your mouth

Now, picture me dressed in white linen while your life is
ending
Slightly grinning, picture that priceless image

Picture me broke as fuck on your block about to open
up
Like, "Okay nigga, what's up?"

Picture me driving a course through your home, bustin'
a U
Screaming at the top of my lungs, "You fucking with
who?"
Picture me not being that hustler dude
Picture the Benz, a 5 and the drop not new

Picture the watch ain't platinum and the rock's not blue
Picture y'all niggaz not knowing how I do
Picture me, better yet, picture you
Painting a better picture than the one that I drew

Do you like it?
Wanna do the things that I do
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes

Do you need it?
Wanna see the things that I see
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like to be me?

Where do you go from here, when you felt you've done
it all
When, what used to get you high, don't get you high no
more?
When you got a lot of cars, don't even drive no more
When you're expected to win, they ain't surprised no
more

Hold up, stop, wait, reverse the tape
How much money can one nigga make in one place?
How much dough could you hold in one safe?
How many hoes can a nigga really chase?

Where do you go after the applause
After all the Soul Train and Grammy awards, after the
tours
After asking these whores what they after me for?
Is it the money? The fame? The house? Take it all

The sky's the limit but I ain't done jumping
Money fast but I ain't done running
Picture me driving some wack shit
Picture me folding under pressure, picture that shit

Do you like it?

Wanna do the things that I do
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes

Do you need it?
Wanna see the things that I see
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like to be me?

Do you like it?
Wanna do the things that I do
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes

Do you need it?
Wanna see the things that I see
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like to be me?

Do you like it?
Wanna do the things that I do
Tell me, do you want it?
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes

Do you need it?
Wanna see the things that I see
Tell me, do you want it?

Visit [P. Diddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.