

## **P. Diddy**

# **"I'll Do This For You"**

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[Puffy] (Mase) |Kelly|  
Yeah, we up now, yeah (Uh c'mon)  
Yeah, we up now (Uh, uh c'mon)  
We up now |Baby, I like it|  
Yeah, yeah (Uh, uh c'mon)  
(Uh uh c'mon) |I like it babe|  
(Uh uh c'mon)  
(C'mon c'mon c'mon)  
They're back

[Puffy]  
Yo, now nobody party like we party  
You wouldn't know 'till you cats see me party  
I hardly sip bacardi  
So your clique think a nigga to pretty to sip a mixed  
drink (uh uh)  
But chicks think when they see I be a V.I.P. D-I-double D-  
Y  
Be the cat that kick back, bring all the stars out  
Same cat you know bring all the cars out (yep yep)  
All our street cats buy all the bars out (yep yep)  
Don't know whatch'all 'bout but I'm livin' it up  
Ten mill' yeah, I'm bigger than what  
So you know on the low when I blow, niggas givin' it up  
(they got to)  
They know why everything I touch is so fly  
Mult-I so I stay swimmin' in cho-chi  
All day the niggas from New York to Norway  
My name hold more weight than Broadway

1 - [Kelly Price]  
You like the way I do the things I do  
It's all for you  
No way to fill my shoes  
'cause all I do, I do for you

The more cheddar, the more better  
Ever since I was young I was a go-getter  
And you should know better to call Puff the coketeller  
Knowin' I'm a Hummer wholesaler  
And you should know this  
I'm a poet, got money won't show it

I'm like Russell plus I got the right hussle  
Talk slick, I might bust you  
Watch your manners, I be on the cameras  
I be the next cat down in Atlantis  
Or Pacific to be specific, lifestyle too terrific  
Hop in the van shop when we land  
Don't worry bout the pilot chattin' in the Chopper's my  
man  
I ain't only from Harlem, I'm from the Heartland  
When I got problems I send in a dark van  
Cats in the street treat me like a mob man  
Been number one so much, call me Mr. Chart Man

Repeat 1

Yo, I tried to hold back, I can't hold back  
Y'all could be all that, I want it all back  
I sat back, let niggas get they dough  
I played the cut and let niggas rip they show  
Sip they mo', watch niggas pop they Cris'  
Cop they whip, brag about they watch and shit  
But watch this shit, I'mma put a stop to this  
I got to flip, the v's niggas pop the shit, come on  
And I been copped the six, been droppin' hits  
Been rock my wrist, and flood my dial  
These haters be hatin, but love my style  
And ladies go crazy, they love my smile  
P. Diddy the man push Bentley Sedan, nigga  
Get money, that's simply the plan  
True Chocolate Mack who's pocket's fat  
You wanna rock nigga, rock to that with Bad Boy

Repeat 1 while:

[Mase] (Puffy)

Yep yep, All Out

Yep yep, H World

Yep yep, Bad Boy

Yep yep, wanna blow

Yep yep, I'm a problem

Yep yep, can I be

Yep yep, Crime Fam'

Yep yep, suga suga

Uh uh uh

Uh uh uh

Uh uh uh

Uh uh, uh uh (Yeah, we up now)

Uh uh uh uh uh (yeah, yeah, true that)

Uh uh uh uh uh

All Out, we back we back

(We gon' see what you could do now 'cause we up now)

Yeah Baby Stase, Blinky Blink

(It's our time, come on, come on, come on, come on)

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