

## **P. Diddy** **"Lonely"**

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**(feat. Kain, Kokane, Mark Curry)**

*[Kokane begins stutter-singing the word lonely]*

*[P. Diddy]*

This goes out to my nigga B.I.G.  
Listen to me playboy, check dis out  
I go, on and on and on and  
Won't take her to the crib unless she's bonin'  
PD call her on the phone and  
Promise I'll leave her moanin'  
Now she zonin'  
Tellin' me she's all alone and  
Love the dark chocolate tone and  
Ahead of my time, I live what's said in my rhymes  
The cars and the chedda is mine  
We ain't, the type to sit back and lose focus  
Spit that mack-a-docious  
Most ferocious  
Cash all in my holsters  
Burn more bread than toasters  
You must know this, the cats I'm with is the coldest  
Hip-hop quota but quote this  
Back on the track again, thats whats happenin'  
Please believe it, we on top and won't leave it

*[Chorus: Kokane]*

Sometimes I feel like I'm lonely  
And sometimes I feel like I'm lonely

*[Kain]*

Uh, uh, yeah  
Ey yo C-I-O-F-F-I-E  
Q-U-double E-N-Z  
Come on ma your riding with me  
Leave the lame respect the game  
When you hanging on my arm you expect the same  
And, extasy when you sex the Kain  
I, only link with the wealthiest  
And only cop jewels if it drop celcius  
Now, you can run but you can never hide

But, where you go when the temperature rise  
It's Bad Boy see death in ya eyes  
Kain Cioffe the next on the rise  
Damagin' shit hot stamina split  
You got screwball raps we the hammerin' clique  
Limo, the club, and the cameras'll flip  
Money, music women son we standin' in it HA!

*[Chorus]*

*[Mark Curry]*

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Don't panic, don't take this for granted  
I did then still do and always ran it  
A lot to gain when I say I'm off the chain  
The shit I spit...burn flames  
Who's controllin' this  
I can make the bitches grin  
Cuz I get money and run with the richest men  
Knockin' at ya door it's Curry again  
Been down since the jump off begin  
You know who I am  
Don't get it all twisted up  
Get the cash to my hands be all blistered up  
We can pick it up, we can drop it low  
Recognize what it is when I come through the door  
Not partyin' and pimpin', I walk wit a limp  
Once I took it to the top I ain't fell off since  
Stay high stay fly stay cool in the fan  
Ain't none of y'all seein' ya man  
Get a grip niggas

*[Chorus]*

*[Kokane]*

(On guard, defend yo' self) It's lonely at the top hey  
hey *[repeated twice]*

*[Kokane fades out stutter-singing the word lonely]*

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