

P. Diddy

"Special Delivery"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Fuck the whole industry!!!!

You tried to get rid of me!!! Y'all must be kiddin me!!

Y'all must be kiddin me!!! Aiiyyo fuck the whole industry!!!

Come on!!! Staten Island! Come on! Hold me down!!!

[Verse 1: Ghostface Killah]

Monster cut truck balley shit

Champagne spillin while we hittin every bump that my Denali hit

Outfit is four thousand and better

The rhinestones in my flintstones look crazy in my sweater

Pah, it's not a big fairy tale that's my M.O.

Fuck bitches on the reg' with no problemo

Iceberg, rabbits, and the fox and more

Where I coped two more, brought four for RZA

Bad Boy thank you for this special delivery

Catch me by the pool in my Tony Starks slippers

Wonder Woman armed, Ghost is intelligent

Made 30 offa Def Jam I was killin 'em

Did cash on One-Sixteen I was feelin 'em

Them days kept a crisp cold dollar bill on 'em

I lived it out -- special delivery

I spit it out -- special delivery

I sniffed it out -- special delivery

[Chorus: P. Diddy]

(I want that) Special delivery!!!

(I need that) This is the remix, special delivery!!!

(Can I have that?) Come on, special delivery!!!

(Well give it to me) Bad Boy baby!~, special delivery!!!

(I want that) We won't stop!!!, special delivery!!!

(I need that) Yeah! G. Dep! Child of the Ghetto!!!

(Can I have that?) As we proceed! AHHH!!

(Well give it to me)

[Verse 2: G. Dep]

Aiiyyo! Aiiyyo!

Signed, sealed, delivered in just the nick of time

Rare, I'm a give it to 'em my design is rhyme in the

ghettoist form
Show power the child of the ghetto is born
Uh, feet first, preach give a speech I kick ya each verse
Groove let the shit just spit now it's dirt
Death pressin ya and ya like a hustler on the first ya
need work
Stand by the grand high exhalted
At your door with a portrait of the raw shit
Picture that while I spit anthrax
On your cd, tape, and wax so stand back
You don't really wanna jump the gun
In the airless flow with punctured lungs
Go 'head and stand there and bump ya gums
If ya wan't the problem we can hurry up and come bury
ya
I'ma play the courier

[Chorus: P. Diddy]
special delivery!!!
(I want that) Yeah come on, special delivery!!!
(I need that) This is the remix, special delivery!!!
(Can I have that?) Ha-ha ha-ha, special delivery!!!
(Well give it to me) Come on come on!!! Special
delivery!!!
(I want that) Yeah yeah!!! Special delivery!!!
(I need that) What what!!! Special delivery!!!
(Can I have that?) Ladies and gentlemen, Keith Murray,
ahh!!
(Well give it to me)

[Verse 3: Keith Murray]
Yo! This for my niggaz dem special delivery
Bang ya head off to this, fuckin up your memory
I'll shake your cradle and rock your boat
Buck 50 your face and then butter your throat
It don't matter where you been or where you at
I'm here now and I'm bangin, kid you softer than the
Queen of England
Phraseologist natural philosopher wordsmith
Authentic metaphorical lyricist
Sharp descriptive writer, kill a biter
Panty raider, party exciter
Yo Murray what the deal - how ya feel?
Yeah I'm gutter what I utter got you timid hesitatin like
a stutter
Oxymoron, don't be dumb
I school niggaz like the United Negro College Fund
I see you plottin schemin tryin to snake
And when you do I'm a give it to you special delivery

[Chorus: P. Diddy]

(I want that) Special delivery!!!
(I need that) This is the remix!!! Special delivery!!!
(Can I have that?) Get wit me now come on special
delivery!!!!
(Well give it to me) Bad Boy baby!!! Special delivery!!!

Ay yo hold up a second.....this is the remix
so let's bring back my man, Craig Mack

[Verse 4: Craig Mack]

Aiyyo you must wanna be in the Guinness Book of
World Records
as the dumbest motherfucker alive
Figure you gon' survive
You couldn't move through my terrain, even in 4-wheel
drive
And I'm your highness, finest
You hungry? Try this, buy this, livest
Uh huh, I take my rap style real serious
What you think it ain't...that serious?
I bang clubs and streets it's gettin hot
See Mack won't stop until Mack's on top
Young black america my CD drop
in two thousand and two, to change hip-hop
Most folks shake ya bones
I'm talkin cyclones and "Terrordomes" like Mel Gib-
son's
My heat will cook you bwoyy, whooped you bwoyy!
Mack came an shook you bwoyy, somma'bitches

[P. Diddy]

Somma'bitches!!!

[Chorus & Outro: P. Diddy]

(I want that) Take that!!! Come on!!! Special delivery!!!
(I need that) Special delivery!!!
(Can I have that?) This is the remix!!!! Special
delivery!!!
(Well give it to me) G. Dep!!!! Special delivery!!!
(I want that) Come on now!!! Special delivery!!!
(I need that) Child of the ghetto!!! Special delivery!!!
(Can I have that?) 1-1-5, Harlem's Finest!!! Special
delivery!!!
(Well give it to me) Yeah, special delivery!!!
(I want that) Alumni baby! Special delivery!
(I need that) B-R, special delivery!
(Can I have that?) Ghostface, special delivery, Keith
Murray!
(Well give it to me) Craig Mack, special delivery!
(I want that) I'm that boy they call Diddy, Bad Boy baby
(I need that) Yeah! Special delivery!

(Can I have that?) Special delivery
(Well give it to me) Special delivery...

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