

## **Puff Daddy "24 Hours To Live"**

Visit "[24 Hours To Live](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Puff Daddy]

I want you to ask yourself one question  
If you had twenty four hours to live, what would you do?  
That's some deep shit right there, a lot of pressure  
How would you handle it?  
Mase, what would you do?

[Mase]

Yo, I'd turn out all the hoes that's heterosexual  
Smack conceited niggas right off the pedestal  
I'd even look for my dad that I never knew  
And show him how I look in my Beretta, too  
I'd do good shit like take kids from the ghetto  
Show them what they could have if they never settle  
Take every white kid from high class level  
Show 'em what Christmas like growin' up in the ghetto  
Teach niggas how to spend, stack the rest  
Give blunts to the niggas under massive stress  
Give every bum on the street cash to invest  
And hope Harlem will blow up be my last request

[Jadakiss]

Yo, yo if I had twenty four hours to kick the bucket, fuck  
it  
I'd probably eat some fried chicken and drink a  
Nantucket  
Then go get a jar from Branson  
And make sure I leave my mother the money to take  
care of grandson  
Load the three power, hop in the Eddie Bauer  
And go give all six to that papi that sold me flour  
Get a fresh baldy, make a few calls  
Shop at the mall, shoot a lil' ball  
Have all of my bitches on one telly at the same time  
Spread it out on different floors  
And I'm gon' play lotto, for what?  
Even though I ain't gon' be here tomorrow, so what

[Black Rob]

You know when I was close to the ledge  
I'd probably be in the wedge  
With this bare spanish mami playin' 'tween my legs

Then I'm off to get choke and smoke one a them  
dreads  
And get that bitch from '89 that gave us up to the feds  
Thought of momma, wrote her a note, we ain't close  
I hate her boyfriend so I put one in his throat  
Fuck around and sniff an ounce of raw, bust the four  
Fours, pull out my dick and take a piss on the floor  
Jump in the whip, git them cats I wanted to git  
Since the Tavern on the Green robbery in eighty-six  
Went home took a shower in nice cold water  
And spent my last hours wit my son and my daughter

[1] - If you had twenty four hours to live just think  
Where would you go?  
What would you do?  
Who would you screw?  
And who would you wanna notify?  
Or would yo' ass deny that yo' ass about to die?

If you had twenty four hours to live just think  
Where would you go?  
What would you do?  
Who would you screw?  
And who would you wanna notify?  
Or would yo' ass deny that yo' ass about to die?

[Sheek]  
What hey yo, if I had twenty four nigga gotta get the  
raw  
Run all them papi's spot, put one in his head at the door  
For the times that I paid for twenty an he gave me  
twelve  
The other eight had to be baking soda by itself  
So papi fuck you, you dead now, I'm off to the bank  
With those bricks in a bookbag and a stolen Jag I just  
grabbed  
Went in there grabbed the bank teller wit the pretty  
face  
Fuck her in the safe, and have her take me to my place  
We'll make a kid but that's selfish and that'll be bad  
For my son to have the same shit his pops just had  
And when I'm down to twenty three, I'm a be strapped  
wit TNT  
Run up in city hall and take the judges wit me

[Styles]  
If I had twenty four hours to live, I'd probably die on the  
fifth  
Run in the station squeezin the inf'  
I'll be waitin' to get to hell and bust down Satan  
Styles' on this shit and I got spot vacant

Back to the twenty four I make it out the precinct  
Shootin niggas that I hate in they face while they eatin'  
I'm on the job robbin' every so-called Don  
Give the money to my moms and tell her that I'm gone  
I would school my little brother that niggas mean him  
harm  
He should learn to tell the future without readin' palms  
When they come in with the bullets, you prepared with  
the bomb  
So fuck bein' violent get stocks and bonds

[DMX]

Twenty four left until my death  
So I'm gon' waste alot of lives, but I'll cherish every  
breath  
I know exactly where I'm goin', but I'mma send you  
there first  
And with the shit that I'll be doin', I'mma send you there  
worse  
I've been livin' with a curse, and now it's all about to  
end  
But before I go, say hello to my little friend  
But I gots to make it right, reconcile with my mother  
Try to explain to my son, tell my girl I love her  
C-4 up under the coat, snatch up my dog  
Turn like three buildings on Wall Street, into a fog  
Out with a bang, you will remember my name  
I wanted to live forever, but this wasn't fame

[Repeat 1 until fade]

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