

# Puff Daddy "Fake Thugs Dedication"

Visit "[Fake Thugs Dedication](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

**(feat. Redman)**

*[Puffy]*

Aiyyo

One two, one two

One two, one two

This one right here

Goes out to all the fake thugs out there

Yeah, yeah uh huh

Yo, when you say you thuggin', it doesn't matter

It goes into my mind as just chit-chatter

You may say I have a ego, or just merry free

But none of that tough talk I take seriously

It goes in one ear and right out the other

Heard that fake thug shit? brotha

I don't mean to brag, never never hate

You ain't got the bank that it takes to stop this

Ha, ha, ha, ha sucker, you missed

I put feelings aside, you know who I am

P-U-2-F, keys to the U.S.

And I hate when one attempts to analyze

Franchise, get your hands tied

Thrown over a boat, don't know what you was thinking

That dream is over, your body sinking

*[Redman]*

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka

You thugs out there who don't got a clue

(You have Brooklyn, ain't shoot the shit out)

Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you

(You have Jersey, ain't shoot the shit out)

Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my crew

(We go Uptown and shoot the shit out)

Yo, we want hardcore, smash the walls

I stack, bring it back for y'all

With 40 nigga's after y'all

*[Puffy]*

We got it ziplocked (that's right)

Everybody hit the floor when the shit drop

Shit knocked, bitch stop (bitch, stop)  
We roll, we ball, we all night long  
We don't stop, nigga's thought the heat was gone  
But I'm back to do it again, leader of rhyme  
BAD BOY, we turn it to the scene of the crime  
Immaculate fame, you can have that shit  
I just wanna 'gator slide with the baddest bitch  
Models and actresses that swallow bottles  
That magnum shit  
Get nice as fuck, leave when the lights is up  
Tear it down when the mics is up  
Lately they say Diddy's gettin' nice as hell

Shit, if I don't write it I recite it well  
Locked the flow so tight you gotta know  
I'mma tumble 'fore they rock my dough  
Motherfuckers

*[Redman]*

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka  
You thugs out there, you don't got a clue  
(You have Boogie Down, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you  
(You got Shaolin, don't shoot the shit out)  
Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my  
crew  
(You have QB, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, you want hardcore, smash the walls  
I stack, bring it back for y'all  
With 40 nigga's after y'all

*[Puffy]*

Aiyyo ladies, get up  
Bounce your tits up  
Be happy Brooklyn ain't shoot this shit up  
Cause I see some ladies tonight  
That I could give a condom or 3 babies tonight  
You might catch a flight if you playing me right  
But if you whack there you gettin cab fare  
Yo, I'm all for drama, a little clap clap there  
I mean I ain't Ghandi of this whole rap gear  
But you see honey that I'm rappin with there?  
All I need is a minute to get her back to the Leer  
Back where it is, less traffic there  
Where Cease is with a few of his pieces  
That's how we is, we slide and divide  
If she ain't with it, I-95  
Hit the road tramp, and don't you come back no more  
No more, no more, no more

*[Redman]*

Yo yo yo, yo yo yo, fucka  
You thugs out there, you don't got a clue  
(You got Def Squad, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, fuck you, you and you, fuck you and you  
(You got Bad Boy, don't shoot the shit out)  
Hey yo bitch, you know what I want when I bring my  
crew  
(We go Brick City, don't shoot the shit out)  
Yo, you want hardcore, smash the walls  
I stack, bring it back for y'all  
With 40 nigga's after y'all

*[Repeat chorus until fade]*

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.