

Puff Daddy

"Who's Number One?"

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[Puff Daddy]

Ladies and gentleman

(Come on throw your hands in the air like this one time)

One-two, this thing on right here

(We ain't gonna stop)

Can y'all hear me out there?

(And we want every one in this motherfucker to get out their seat)

Ladies and gentleman without further adieu

(It's our time)

I'd like to introduce to you, my bitch

[Lil' Kim]

Fuck that, bitches don't deserve to rap

I'm back, and I'm about to murder cats

Trying to take my crown, I ain't letting that go down

I cop the four pound and go the whole twelve rounds,
yeah

You broke hoes need to throw in the towel

Life's a wheel of fortune and y'all can't buy a vowel

Who me? That's none of your concern

Like ashes in the urn, more money to burn

Damn my ass is firm, stay away from germs

Pussy flawless, get wetted in worms

If you only knew like Aaliyah

How your man be hawking me and stalking me

When he fucking you he see me

Every crack valve or record he sell I get a piecey

Easy, believe me, my words is credible

Ask Nat Cole huh, I'm unforgettable

Don't let the QB get a hold of your guy

Sex him well, get him high, he might fuck around and
die

1 - [Lil' Kim]

I guess you know by now who's number one

Brooklyn, Brooklyn that's where I'm from

(Number one)

So if you got beef better think again

(Number one)

Cause you can't win

(You can't win)

Repeat 1

Your so called vendetta was light like birds' feathers
Even with an umbrella, you can't stop my hurricane
I moved on to bigger and better things
Y'all still making minimum wage
First on stage, like the ever I graze
Leave you amazed
And keep the fifth by the rib cage
All you jealous ass holes is rebellious ass holes
Still trying to recoup from the first album ass holes
You's a gangster, prove it
Wanna shoot me, do it
That's word than Jerry McGuire
I'll set that ass on fire
That's how you work with barbed wire
Carve my name in your face
Pour gas-o-line on you and drop you at the gas station
Y'all chicks ain't blind, I shine like polyeurotheme
Cocoa butter crÄ"Ä"me
That's the gleam of drugs baby like codeine
Low self esteem, eh-eh, the flows excellent
Your's is satisfactory return them to the factory
I mean practically, the shit is whack for me
Mama bear, finally out of hibernating
Here to tell you chicks to stop tailgating

Repeat 1 (2x)

[Lil' Kim]

It's the B-I-G-M-A-M-A
Often tipsy, cabin in Percipsy
I've been in this shit since Biz hit the, one-two
Nothing left to do
Move it in there, cathedral ceilings
Don't come to my house, it might hurt your feelings
P Diddy introduced me to the business side
Fired me a few mill and a couple of oil spills
That's how we do it, you chicks is no thrill
Doin' it Flinstones style, car with no wheels
Still on tricycles, riding bicycles
Our diamonds be so white they look like icicles
I'm getting sick and tired of hearing all these rough
drafts
On the countdown, don't make me laugh
Got my own company, I'm chief of the staff
They say we twins then I'm the better half
I'm nasty worse than Howard Stern
This court is adjourned

And now it's your turn bitch

Repeat 1 (2x)

[Puff Daddy]

Can you feel me?

I just wanna know if y'all can feel me

I just wanna know if y'all can feel me out there

It's not a game, we're back

And this time we're not going anywhere

Number one, that's my bitch

Recognize! Ya feel me?

Yeah, yeah, yeah

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