

## Mila Mason

### "No Diggity"

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Intro: Blackstreet

NO DIGGITY!  
Yeah  
You know what  
I like the playettes  
No diggity, no doubt  
Play on playette  
Play on playette  
Yo Dre, drop the verse

Verse One: Dr. Dre

It's going down Fade to Blackstreet  
The homies got at me, collab creations, bump like acne  
No doubt - I put it down, never slouch  
As long as my credit can vouch  
A dog couldn't catch me staying out  
Tell me who could stop when Dre makin' moves  
Attracting honies like a magnet  
Giving em eargasms with my mellow accent  
Still moving his flavor  
With the homies Blackstreet and Teddy  
The original rump shakers

Verse Two: Blackstreet

Shorty get down, good Lord  
Baby got em up open all over town  
Strictly biz, she don't play around  
Cover much grounds, got game by the pound  
Getting paid is her forte'  
Each and every day, true player way  
I can't get her out of my mind  
I think about the girl all the time

East side to the west side  
Pushin' phat rides, it's no surprise  
She got tricks in the stash  
Stacking up the cash  
Fast when it comes to the gas

By no means average  
She's on when she's got to have it  
Baby, you're a Perfect Ten, I wanna get in  
Can I get down so I can win

Chorus: repeat 4X

I like the way you work it  
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up

Verse Three: Blackstreet

She's got class and style  
Street knowledge, by the pound  
Baby never act wild  
Very low key on the profile  
Catching feelings is a no  
Let me tell you how it goes  
Herb's the word, spin's the verb  
Lovers it curves so freak what you heard

Rolling with the phatness  
You don't even know what the half is  
You gotta pay to play  
Just for shorty, bang-bang, to look your way  
I like the way you work it  
Trumped tight, all day, every day  
You're blowing my mind, maybe in time  
Baby, I can get you in my ride

Chorus

Interlude:

Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
Hey yo, that girl looks good  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
Play on, play on playette  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
You're my kind of girl, no diggity  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
Hey

Verse Four: Queen Pen

Cause that's my peeps and we rolls deep  
Flying first class from New York City to Blackstreet  
What you know about me, not a motherfucking thing  
Cartier wooded frames sported by my shorty  
As for me, icy gleaming pinky diamond ring  
We be's the baddest clique upon this scene

Ain't you getting bored with these fake ass broads  
I shows and proves, no doubt, I be diggin you, so  
Please excuse, if I come across rude  
That's just me and that's how the playettes got to be  
Stay kicking game with a capital G  
Ask the peoples on my block, I'm as real as can be  
Word is bond, faking moves never been my thing  
So Teddy, pass the word to your nigga Chauncey  
I'll be sending a car, let's say around 3:30  
Queen Pen and Blackstreet, it's no diggity

Chorus

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