

## **Bugatti Boyz "Fontaine Bleu"**

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The Boss)

Hey yo Diddy, it's Ross.

I'm still at the Fontainebleau my nigga.

I overslept, called downstairs, they said you extended this shit.

Spanish bitches still here.

Send some more Ciroc over my nigga.

I need some trees too.

Bugatti Boyz (uh)

The view in this motherfucka is amazing

The one I flew in, this motherfuckas an Asian.

Got a few more just being patient

Puff double up we Cam'ron and Mase'em

We used to be ashy on porches

Now we lease Aston's and on Porsches

Italian glass the whole fortress.

Cracks in the marble, slabs that we cop shit.

My marijuana accounts your whole mortgage.

My watch, your house, ice flawless.

BVS look pink when I light head with the right bitch,  
white mink be the icy.

Louis Vuitton button up my companion. An LG show the  
bag for the cannon (come on), 22-32 or straight 8, fuck  
her real hard just for the strange face.

(Diddy)

Take your time with it

Turn up your motherfuckin radio

And hear what we hear

See what we see (Bugatti Boys!)

Feel what we feel

Hey yo turn me up,

I speak softly when I talk to these hoes.

Check it out...

I'm interested in women that's independent.

But the shoppin' sprees can be extended.

New Benz's, your license is suspended.

Your man pretending my bank account tremendous.

We going places no other niggas ever though about.

Bora Bora, i'll show you what the yacht about.  
It's simple math, all I wanna do is spoil her.  
Look at her hand, the great rock of Gibraltar.  
Buyin land the half a size of Florida.  
Baby I'm a baller, New York's my ball court.  
Straight out of Harlem, home of the cut steez.  
Women lust me, 100 G's for the cufflinks.  
A queen is always a man's best accessory (that's right).  
Look at mine, she half black and Cherokee.  
I hit the lotto with all my mulattos, you recognize the  
model with the top off the Gelato. (Yeah, come on).

You see, a lot of niggas be talkin that shit. But they  
don't be talkin that fly shit. Cuz they never experienced  
that fly shit. You see, we the Bugatti Boyz baby, we talk  
because we live it.

Take a deep breathe and smell that effervescence.  
Yeah that's real motherfuckin pimpin.  
Yeah, if I said it, I did it.  
You know my name bitch, and if you forget, I'm Puff  
Daddy.  
And that's my nigga RosÃ©.

As you close your eyes you can fly, you can see the  
visions that I see from the view up high.  
I've been here before you, imma be here after you, and  
imma be here when you decide to come back  
mothafucka.  
But bring your bitch with you, come on.  
Damn! Damn, feels so good. Niggas dont even make  
music like this no more. You feel me RosÃ©? It's the  
Bugatti Boyz! That soul music!  
That fried chicken and champagne, with some  
diamonds. Yeah, five million in cash on the bed for no  
reason. (Phone rings) With three mothafuckin bitches  
just money wrestling and shit. Not mud wrestling,  
money wrestling. You see, this is the way life is for  
some niggas. They the chosen ones. Hate is for suckas  
nigga, get some love in your life, you'll be blessed for  
it. (Come on).

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