

Shaun Boothe

"Unauthorized Biography of Sean Combs"

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[Shaun Boothe] [*"Going the Distance" by Bill Conti plays*] The unauthorized copy...Hustlers Edition I'm Shaun Boothe.. [Chapter 6] 1969, November 4th Harlem, New York There was a newborn, first name Sean, last name Combs Two years old, his father was shot in the dome Mama all alone She loved her husband but she wouldn't raise a clone So she worked hard, three jobs on her own Bought herself a home, away from the street life Gave her little boy Sean's future a re-write Something he'd appreciate when he was grown Yeah, see he was one of the lucky ones But as a kid he'd always puff out his chest when he's angry That's where he got the name Puffy from Young, black, with a drive that was unmatched Got into Howard but his mind wasn't one-tracked He threw himself in every grind that was untapped Throwing dances, limousine company Young entrepreneur, an enterprising one at that Got a chance to intern at Uptown So he'd take the train to NY, come back Go to class but that didn't last [*"Real Love" by Mary J. Blige plays*] He dropped out, back to NY - home at last Got with Andre Harell to pursue his dream You see his, +Real Love+ was the music scene He couldn't wait for no degree, he was too extreme See he came up quick at that internship That his friend Heavy D hooked him up wit '89 at 19, he would fade 'em all And got promoted to the VP of A&R Became the youngest exec. in the industry And would oversee a group named Jodeci See back then, R&B had a sweet look But Puff wanted something shocking to the masses Hoodies, Tims, Puff gave 'em a street look No cheap blazers and champagne glasses Uh, and to the top they'd, rise Remixing songs with a Hip hop feeling Then he'd do the same thing with Mary J., Blige And took the "Real Love" drums from "Top Billin'" Y'know, that {Milk is chillin} and then the {Giz is chillin} And what more can I say?? {Top billin'} [*"Real Love (Remix)" by Mary J. Blige plays*] Fusing R&B with more rap And redefining the remix format Clear signs of his marketing mind Targeting both demographics at the same time, uh And wit Jocedi and Mary as the co-sponsors He would spark the whole hip-hop soul genre

[*"I Love You Baby" by Black Rob plays] ...Back to the wind To think the year before he was trapped in a gym
Nine dead bodies - everyone pointing at him Cause his little event was packed to the brim ...Massively oversold
They stampeded the gates Bodies got crushed like grapes And he was the promoter so when the blame came, he had to hold his own The media would run amuck Called him heartless, strung him up It took a year but still he made it thru the darkness And back at Uptown he was comin up But these thoughts kept comin up {Baaaaaad Booooooy} pf him runnin his own company And whether it was Puff's ego or Harrell's jealousy, he fired him in '93 Down but not for the count Met Clive, struck a deal, got his label off the ground Bad Boy Records, it was time to get busy And the first artists up was Craig Mack then {BIGGIE} [*"One More Chance (Stay With Me Remix)" by Notorious B.I.G. plays*] Uh, and the young Brooklynite wouldn't let us down Right out the Unsigned Hype demo pile Is where he found him, called him, before all the stardom "Excuse me, can I speak to..." {BIGGIE} A terror since the public school era But soon as they would pair up, they flared up Now shout out to Craig Mack, he had a hot track But everyone knew the franchise was {BIGGIE} Uh, a diamond in the rough, Puff polished it Plus brought him hits You see he always had a formu-la for moo-la And how to make more sooner, uh-huh yeah.. {B-BIGGIE} {c'mon...} [*sped-up samples of B.I.G.'s "Big Poppa" then Isley Brothers' "Between the Sheets" along with mixed loops of "It's All About the Benjamins" plays*] ...Pushin him to record smoother Tracks like "One More Chance," "Big Poppa" Dammit, they sure blew up Then the East Coast/West Coast war rumors, brewed up Uh, still he was breaking singer after singer ...Rap star after rap star ...And all thru the 90s' Sean 'Puffy' Combs had the game in a half-guard ...Then came the sad part Shots rang out, four of 'em hit Pac No one thought that it would go that far Then hip hop suffers another +B.I.G.+ loss Devastated but still dedicated Commemorating his friend that never made it He got behind the mic, "I'll Be Missing You" And '97 he was in everyone's living room Showing the world how to stack dough up Crossover, infiltrate pop culture {uh-huh} Haters didn't wanna give him his credit Like 200 million's something to gloss over {uh-uh} Listen, this isn't about lyricism I told y'all this is The Hustlers' Edition {that's right} And the boy went from rookie to a paper fortune - no Chinese cookie, damn {eh eh, eh eh} [*second part of "It's All About the Benjamins," which samples Jackson 5's "It's Great to Be Here" plays*] And he was diversifying the brand Sean John

clothing, Making the Band {C'mon} Justin's, plus his own fragrance Hustlin, even his valet got famous, for nothin Came a long way from a young teen Back up dancing in videos, {that's right} rockin a Gumby Vote or Die, mobilizing youth thru his stardom But you know what it is, +Mo' Money, Mo' Problems+... ["Smoke Rings" by Sam Cooke plays] {Puff...puff...puff...} Um-hm, I mean he definitely had some bumps on the road along the way {OHHH, you can puff your cares awaaaaaaay..} Legal troubles, highly publicized court dates {Hmmmmm...} I mean...whatever. [*back to "It's Great to Be Here" sample*] Making hits, high profile relationships Raking in the kinda cash you beat cases wit Media mogul, American dream Whatever the roadblock, can't stop, won't stop [Outro] The Unauthorized Biography of Sean Combs Next chapter: Oprah Winfrey PEACE

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