

## **P. Diddy & The Bad Boy Family "The Saga Continues"**

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Yeah can you hear me? Yeah  
There's certain things in life that you can stop  
And there's certain things in life that can't be stopped  
Let's go

And now for your bad Bad Boys  
Starting at guard

Y'all niggaz still talkin'?  
Oh, you got a little name little fame little fortune  
What you have is a portion  
'Bout the size of the hats in the back of my Porsche and

So you better use caution, knowin' I'm the boss and  
I'm sittin' on pyramids, flossin'  
I don't really gotta talk, son  
I can get lost and sit back livin' off endorsements

I'm a pro, kid  
Why you actin' like you don't really know, kid?  
Any records I broke it  
Through the fame and the stardom  
Makin' my mark on Harlem like Poe did

I said, here's your eviction notice  
But you probably already know this  
I don't mean to be greedy  
But turn on your TV, I picked up your CD, P D

This is gruesome  
Niggaz always grab that mic  
And salt like they really gon' do some'  
What's wrong with you, son?  
Oh, you got a new gun  
Do you know how to use one?

Then you livin' an illusion, livin' in a used one  
While I'm in The Limited, cruisin'  
You ain't really got a crew, son  
You givin' them amusement  
Fuck what your Comic Views meant

Youse a smoke head  
I've been doin' this since this Pro-Ked  
Broke breads with the coke heads  
Been down, still I get around  
Like a nigga with broke legs on a moped

I said, "I'm a Top Gun like Gossett  
Run and get your CD and cassette"  
Gossip, lotta niggaz got lip  
But they ain't got hot yet 'til they got Dep

Why niggaz lie like that?  
Know they ain't fly like that  
Niggaz get fried like that  
And you don't wanna die like that  
Have your momma cryin' like that

Besides all that, I'm in to get it fryin' like that  
Still on the block and move pies like that  
Never my life dealt with guys that rap  
In fact, I leave a nigga with his eyes all sad

Swoll up, y'all niggaz better hold up  
Any nigga that roll up, could get fold up  
Body get ripped up and then sewed up  
Every nigga I fucked with, niggaz is growed up

We don't play games, get on the stand and say names  
All we do is cock back and spray planes  
Give a fuck if nigga hustle or gang bang  
Nigga try to use they muscle and fang fang

Keep frontin', I'ma put a crease in your jaw  
Might catch me squeezin' the four  
My nigga, I go to war and if a nigga want the raw  
You still gotta come in the store

Y'all never had a run in before  
With the likes of an outlaw  
Predicate assassin', smashin'  
Open shit, rig scope, focus it  
Give niggaz what they 'posed to get

Oppose the clique, I send five close to six  
Hood fellaz, that'll come close your shit  
Niggaz stay with the frozen wrists  
Now the smoke colored big Benz with the top broke off

Fix your face, we back on the paper chase  
Never left, so I ain't gotta take your place  
Fuck the fake bogus niggaz that ain't notice

The breadwinner, three-six-five, I stay focused, nigga

We'll never stop, we'll never stop  
One of the greatest teams that ever lived  
It's like in our blood  
We gotta be born this way  
Bad Boy, baby

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