

## **P. Diddy & The Bad Boy Family "Where's Sean?"**

Visit "[Where's Sean?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Eh yo what's up playboy? Yeah, now I'm out here in  
Milan

I need you to come get wit' me aight?  
Yeah, I got somethin', I need you to do  
Call up the rest of the crew, I'll see you there

Yo, I got the call from Sean, he out in Milan  
Went to get the package, got there it was gone  
Hold on say word, you got to be jokin'  
Don't worry about it dun, I'm on the next thing smokin'

Hit Bristol up on the speed dial  
Yo these funny talkin' cats, tryin' to do a nigga foul  
It's goin' down nigga round up the team  
I'm'll head over here just to map out the scene

Ship them things in route to climb walls  
Infrared vision, ear plugs and all  
Digital surveillance linked with laptops  
Express mail it to me can't [Incomprehensible]

I'm splurtin' for certain bris-pro workin'  
Searchin' dippin', curvin' breakin' clean outta virgin  
From servin' here Rob certain, I'm burnin'  
On my way from Mt. Vernon

Swervin' a stretch Bourbon  
Identity of this man I look Persian  
Hey yo, we gotta get him  
I wanna know where they came from or who sent them

First nigga to find them better bend 'em  
'Cuz I just spoke to Polly Fontaine  
Shit ain't a game and Sean feel the same  
So, y'all niggas betta get on point

Well it seems like our bad boys have theirselves in a bit  
of a jam  
Seems like Bristol got his back up against the wall  
Well, let's see how Rob B.O. handles this one  
Bad boys watch ya backs, watch ya backs bad boys

Yo, who the fuck is this pagin' me at eight forty six?  
I'm hoppin' outta shorty whip  
I'm by the tell, across Exxon by the shell  
Sense of urgency on the cell

We gon' pick you up when ya flight land, we in a tight  
jam  
Me and Diddy fam sorta like his right hand  
I touch down like two-thirty  
If I was on you, your hoe's and them cowards, I'm'll do  
dirty

Still a commission and we all equal, all lethal  
Caught 'em doin' dirt to the wrong people  
It's the family affair, I'm here  
With all of me, I'm'll deal with this one accordingly

Got the locations, sittin' in the console pacin'  
Get bagged murder be the case and, and I'm tired in  
jail  
Even though through the riots I prevailed  
Enjoyin' my freedom, got two kids as long as I feed 'em  
I'm here for the fam that's there when I need 'em

Yo, uh uh uh, hello, it gotta be the same cats  
I can tell by they strange acts  
When they mumble to each other  
Like Milan they run for cover

New 'cuz this bitch that I fucked with  
One thought I loved her  
Seas debate the storm pull him the the surface  
That's a purpose

One of these faces, make 'em nervous  
Catch 'em when they out for hamburgers  
Turn they whole lunch into a murder  
In a way all the rounds gon' be heard of

This shits big, the first thing to catch to where P.D. is  
I'm on it, act like they want it, I'm'll bring the heat  
Just let me know the place we plan to meet  
And I'm in it sure as your heart beat

Yo I ain't really tryin' to duck no strays  
So watch what the fuck you say  
It's ya mouth that started the shit  
Now you actin' all retarded and shit

Dog I came to play my part and that's it  
We had a full proof plan, all we need was the fam

Ammunition a van, two chicks and one extra man  
Two Lincoln L.S. Sedans

Fifteen hundred yards of Saran  
And after the scam, we be out in Amsterdam  
Yo, call Sean in Milan  
Call Sean tell Sean, we gone

We'll meet him in Hong Kong  
With two chicks both they thongs on  
Maybe Ling and Kim long, both of them dead wrong  
Two rich bitches the feds on

Yeah, well it seems like brother Loon is out in Hong  
Kong  
He's found his self in a sticky icky icky situation  
But you know somethin', I have faith in the Bad Boys  
Bad Boys bring it on home, bring it on home Bad Boys

Heh, I'm 'bout to do Santa Dimengo on a horse named  
Bingo  
A fugitive lookin' for puff switchin' my lingo  
Stayin' at a hotel called the Pink Flamingo  
Callin' up MC from a Cuatro Cinco

The set up, tryin' on my way to uniform  
Room service bumpin' Kain on the newest song  
Holdin' gats knowin' everything I do is wrong  
'Til I hi-jack the sky flyin' on a Unicorn

Downstairs with a bag of money and two clips  
Talkin' to Loons chicks wit' sombreros and toothpicks  
Sayin' they commit homicides for two bits  
And fuck for dough, like I give two shits

Wildfire call from Hong Kong  
Hello, "Yo Kain, I just spotted Sean Jean"  
Hold up, some information was missin'  
I just got the same page from Bris

He told me he saw Sean and two chicks  
Followed by four whips  
Somewhere in the  
Florida sticks

It's a set up  
Tell the crew to keep their heads high  
I'm gonna flip if any one of my men's die  
We've been fucked somebody told us a Bent lie  
(What?)

Let's get back to the spot in N.Y.  
Seven glocks P S P O pops  
Hit both the hot locks  
Let 'em read it that Diddy is on them hot blocks

So we sent two teams to rush both spots  
Ha, yeah, suited up ready to dumbs out  
Thumbs out watch the motherfuckin' door  
With our guns out

Hey yo yo hold up, stop the music man heh heh  
Y'all niggas is crazy, I was only jokin' man  
I just wanted to see if my family was on point

Visit [P. Diddy & The Bad Boy Family](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.