

## **P. Diddy (puff Daddy) "The Future"**

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[Diddy]

I can't hear you!  
I like it when you say my name  
("The Fu-The Fu-The-Future-ture-ture-ture-ture...")  
Y'all gon' love me  
Feelin it's about to get ugly

Inject this dose of the future  
Tap them veins, grab hold, let me shoot ya  
Mainline this new Diddy heroin  
The Afro-American dream is too evident  
The potential to be the first black President  
iTunes, download me in every resident  
Early, I skip break-fast  
Nigga be on his grind like he need new brake pads  
We in the hood like black soap and dollar vans  
My CD's in 3-D, holograms  
The future, y'all need to holla man  
The live show's a hard act to follow man  
Bronze my likeness, y'all need to follow him  
From now to 3000, I'll be a problem man  
The future

Always before you  
("The Fu-The Fu-The-Future-ture-ture-ture-ture...")  
Always ill

With my demeanor, flip, assemble my own team to  
Say fuck FEMA in case there's another Katrina  
And you, laughed at the past, said I was a dreamer  
But it's, back to the future, sold out arenas  
We, take 'em to the cleaners, calm ya nerves  
This is the man who provided more jobs for blacks than  
armed services  
(Let's go) Cut them corners, stay ahead of them sharp  
curvages  
Yeah, ya heard of us, hits stay superflous  
Man, I extend credit to a vagabond  
Run yo' city, and we not talkin marathons  
Bang like chitty chitty here to disturb you  
New CD, watch it spread like bird flu  
America, fall back, you can't stop me

Got a thing for pigeon-toed chicks who walk knock-  
kneed  
Skin-tight jeans we call that botoxied  
I'm desensitized baby, you can't shock me  
I'm the future

Always before you  
("The Fu-The Fu-The-Future-ture-ture-ture-ture...")  
Always ill

I went from, blocks to greater to fortunes rock related  
Now my entire crib is voice activated  
Television on, Mr. Combs is home  
Solar panel rooftop my, kitchen is chrome  
Dim the lights to a purple haze then answer the phone  
(Hello?) Peep the moon through my retractable dome  
What they thought they assassinated was only a clone  
We about to venture off into the unknown (let's go)  
Where sunrays hook off layers of ozone  
Chips inserted in the brain, the new cell phone  
The future, fuck with me now  
I'm Grammy certified the committee can pick me now  
And they all green with envy like Bill Bixby  
Bow down, kiss the tip of my cane, I paid sixty thou'  
You know the suit stay crispy now  
Hands to the sky and get ready if you wit me now  
The future

Never seen before, never will  
Always before you, always ill  
I AM!!!

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