

P. Diddy F/ Black Rob, Mark Curry

"Bad Boy For Life"

Visit "[Bad Boy For Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[P. Diddy]

Aiyyo, you ready?

Let's do it {*music starts*}

Mmm, yeah, uhh..

Yeah, uhh.. c'mon

I'm the definition of, half man, half drugs

Ask the clubs, Bad Boy - that's whassup

After bucks, crush cruise after us

No gaze, we ain't laughin much

Nothin but big thangs, check the hitlist

How we twist shit, what change but the name?

We still here, you rockin wit the best

Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write checks (ahh!)

Who's the boss? Dudes is lost

Don't think cause I'm iced out, I'ma cool off

Who else but me? (who else?) And if you don't feel me
that mean you can't touch me, it's ugly, trust me

Get it right dawg, we ain't ever left

We just, moved in silence and rep to the death (yeah)

It's official, I survived what I been through

Y'all got drama, "The Saga Continues..."

[Chorus]

We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin nowhere

We can't be stopped now, cause it's Bad Boy for life

We ain't, go-in nowhere, we ain't, goin nowhere

We can't be stopped now, cause it's Bad Boy for life

[Black Rob]

Aiyyo strait from the Harlem streets

I don't play, I push it down wit the Harlem Heat (uh-huh)

All a sudden niggaz got a problem wit me (Black, what
happened?)

They run around actin like the black don't care eat

And you know what? (what?) For some strange reason
(uhh)

I want this medication full of deranged eatin

For y'all to put the word out (c'mon, c'mon) we ain't
leavin

We tryin to be rich before we do stop breathin

Then fall (what?) we kinda hustle lanes
Stay layin down on muscle games (c'mon)
Still turn niggaz dreams to flames (yeah)
You got the wire, if not I ain't sayin no more names
You soon expire; (heh) no pain (nuh-uh)
I feel remorse, the shit causes me and Diddy up first
Racin Porsches wit the beat swing vaul exhausters
{*screeching*} (yeah)
On the cover of ya five (hehe) XXL's or (yeah) Source's
(c'mon) bitch

[Chorus]

[Mark Curry]
Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah
It ain't shit changed, since the Notorious (We miss you
B.I.G.)
See everything still glorious (yeah)
We still got Oreos, still be the victorious (that's right)
See it's a lot of them, but it's more of us
Still got cash to blow, raps that flow
Still them cats that know, pack ya flow
That's fo' sho', bottles that pop
Joints that rock, play the background
Hand 'em a jock, hold 'em a glock (hahaha)
Money to get (yeah), cars to flip (uhh)
Bars to sit at and sip Cogniac wit Jews that drink
(c'mon)
Hoes to see (uhh), make sure they knowin it's me (they
know ya shit)
Drop that beat, can't believe that I MC (haha)
Bad Boy 'til the casket drop (Bad Boy)
Gotta love it, place nuttin above it (nuttin)
It's on like that (c'mon), don't believe, we ain't goin like
that
For always gonna be here (yeah), be there (uhh)
Every (what?) motherfuckers here!

[Chorus] - 2X

[P. Diddy over Chorus]
Bad Boy.. we ain't goin nowhere
Uh-huh.. uh-huh.. what?
We ain't goin nowhere.. we gon' stay right here
For ever, and ever, and ever, and ever.. c'mon
We ain't goin nowhere.. we gon' stay right here
We ain't goin nowhere.. we gon' stay right here
Yeah, uh-huh.. uh-huh, uh-huh
Cause it's Bad Boy for life!

