

Daddy/112/Faith Puff

"Been Around the World Remix"

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Intro: Mase

Yo yo, this Mase, youknowhatI'msayin?

You got niggaz that don't like me for whatever reason

You got niggaz that don't wanna see me rich

You got niggaz that's mad, cause I'm always with they
bitch

Then you got niggaz that just don't like me

You know, the, those P.H.D. niggaz

But you know I pop a lot of shit but I back it up though

see it's a difference, a lot of niggaz pop shit

But a lot of niggaz don't make hits

But it's like this whole Bad Boy shit

we come to bring it to y'all niggaz, me, B.I., Puff, Lox,
whoever

Black Rob

If you wanna dance, we dance

Verse One: Mase

Now trick what? Lace who? That ain't what Mase do

Got a lot of girls that'd love to replace you

Tell you to your face Boo, not behind your back

Niggaz talk shit, we never mind that

Funny, never find that, Puff a dime stack

Write hot shit, and make a nigga say, 'Rewind that'

Niggaz know, we go against the Harlem Jigalo

Getcha hoe, lick her low, make the bitch, hit the do'

I represent honies with money fly guys with gems

Drive with the tints that be thirty-five percent

Hoes hope I lay so I look both ways

Cop says, 'OK, my tint smoke gray'

No way, nigga leave without handin me my shit

Got plans to get my Land and my 6

Niggaz outta pen'll understand this shit

Pop champagne like I won a championship (uhh, uhh)

Chorus: sung by Notorious B.I.G.

spoken words by Puff

Been around the world and I I I

And we been playa hated [say what?]

I don't know and I don't know why

Why they want us faded [ahehe]

I don't know why they hate us [yeah]

Is it our ladies? [uh-huh]

Or I drive Mercedes [uhh, uhh]

Bay-bee bay-BEE!

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

I was in one bedroom, dreamin of a million (yeah)

Now I'm in beach houses, cream to the ceiling (that's right)

I was a gentleman, livin in tenements

Now I'm swimmin in, all the women that be tens (hoo)

Went from Bad Boys to the Crushed Linen Men

Now my divi-dends be the new Benjamins (uh-huh)

Hoes of all complexions, I like cinnamon

Mase you got some hoes well nigga, send em in
(c'mon)

What you waitin for, let the freak show begin

How they came in a truck? (Mase: Nah Puff, that's a
Benz)

Mercedes, c'mere baby, you don't like the way

it's hot and hazy, never shady, you must be crazy

It's ridiculous, how you put your lips on this

Don't kiss right there girlfriend I'm ticklish (heheh)

And I be switchin fees with a wrist full of G's

Nigga please, I'm the macaroni with the cheese

Chorus

Verse Three: Puff Daddy, Mase

Now Puff rule the world, even though I'm young

I make it my biz to see that all ladies come (yeah)

Get em all strung from the tip of my tongue

Lick em places niggaz wouldn't dare put they faces
(c'mon)

Before I die, hope I, remake a flow by

In the brand new treasure on a old try

Now when my third dry, even when the smoke lie

Eat the mami chochi and drive a low-ride

We never ride far, packed five in a car

Save money for the drinks, I'm about to buy the bar
(yeah)

And everywhere I drive I'm a star, little kids

all on the corner scream, 'That's my car!'

It was days couldn't be fly, now I'm in a T.I.

Come in clubs with B.I., now a nigga V.I. (uh-huh)

Rock tons of gold, nuff money I fold

Roll the way you wanna roll, break a hundred out the
toe

Chorus w/ slight modifications

line 1, Puff: C'mon, yeah

yeah, uh-huh

line 2, Puff: We been playa

hated!

line 3, Puff: Why?

line 4, Puff: Why they want

us hated!

line 5, Puff: Why they hate

us?

line 6, Puff: Is it our

ladies?

line 7, Puff: Say what?

line 8, Puff: Yeah, bay-bee

bay-BEE!

Chorus w/ Puff talking while B.I.G. sings

You know, sometimes I gotta

ask myself

Why's there so much jealousy

in the world?

Don't look at mine, get

yours

(music fades)

Radio Show from B.I.G.'s album continued:

OK after these messages we'll be back with

the Mad Rapper and his brother the Mad Producer,
after this

applause

OK just sit back, relax, and enjoy yourself

We'll get you through this

Take a sip of water, deep breath, that'll do it

And welcome back as you can see (You got the check
though?)

I'm Trevor Jones and I'm sitting in

I've been conversing with the Mad Rapper (Did you get
the check though?)

and he's still pretty mad

But, this time he brought someone else with him

and quite frankly (yeah yeah) he's even madder (You
god damn right!)

Mr. Producer (yo, youknowwhatI'msayin) why are you so
mad?

Yo, llllll, I'ma I'ma keep it real simple for you

Yeah t-t-t-t-tell them

niggaz why you mad son!

Tell them niggaz why you

mad son!

(OK, gentlemen please, one at a time)

Tell em why you mad son,

word up, tell em why you mad son!

Youknowhatl'msayin? liiiiii, liiiiii be I be I been

I been, I been here for the culture,
youknowhatl'msayin?

I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't

I don't be recognizin all that new jack shit

Yo we don't play, we don't

play that shit youknowhatl'msayin?

(Please Mr. Producer, explain yourself, Mr. Rapper,
please calm down)

That nigga be on some bullshit, youknowhatl'msayin?

We ain't, we don't do that

shit, word, yeah

He ain't no real producer neither

And then come to find out youknowhatl'msayin

My brother hippped me to it, the nigga tryin to rap now!

Oh yeah, that's the shit

that got me mad!

(Please, Mr. Rapper, once again)

That's the shit that got

me mad!

That's the shit, youknowhatl'msayin?

(It's a family oriented show)

Youknowhatl'msayin?

That's the shit that feds me up

(Gentlemen, please)

Word up, youknowhatl'msayin?

(Disregard the foul language)

I'm watchin this nigga video

youknowhatl'msayin?

They got mermaids swimmin

in they living rooms and shit

like that youknowhatl'msayin?

This nigga dancin in the

rain with kids climbin up mountains and shit

Youknowhatl'msayin?

I'm I'm I'm watchin this

nigga video

(I'm gonna have to ask you to refrain from the
language)

the car goin two hundred

miles an hour

WHERE THE FUCK IS HE GOIN?!

(Please Mr. Rapper, please refrain from the foul
language)

The nigga climbin out the

fuckin car!

(One more time)

Let me see you try that

shit on a train!

Youknowhatl'msayin?

Try that shit on a fuckin train

What kind of shit, youknowhatl'msayin?

Got a thousand niggaz write

for him, let ME write for you

Son my shit is jumpin, I

got John Blaze shit

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