

## **Puffy Daddy**

### **"Fake Thugs Dedication"**

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[Jay-Z]

Picture me ballin' in the drop top, open skies  
In something foreign, soarin', 145  
The God is calling for my body, let my spirit fly  
I want it all, no lie  
Picture me pourin' poppin' something imported  
Pedal flooring, clutch poppin', boppin' to Lauryn  
Now picture me falling

[Puffy]

Never seen, never heard, never happened, never  
occurred  
Now picture me flying 10,000 feet above the sea  
Popping bubbly, you'd love to be me  
Now picture the servants in the cabin with the sweetest  
massage  
Picture having ice and only wanna speak to God  
Picture your dreams being shattered and your cream  
being lavished  
At the same time, tell me what you think matters  
Picture all the money that I've gotten off tours  
Now picture me plotting for more, picture this nigga

1 - [Both]

Do you like it (yeah)  
Wanna do the things that I do  
Tell me do you want it (yeah)  
Wanna know what it's like in my shoes  
Do you need it (yeah)  
Wanna see the things that I see  
Tell me do you want it (yeah)  
Wanna know what it's like to be me

[Puffy]

Picture me wildin', fiendin', reaching for tools  
Straight flipping, losing my cool  
Now picture me gritty, P. Diddy 'bout to run in your  
house  
The gun's with me, put one in your mouth  
Now picture me dressed in white linen while your life is  
ending

Slightly grinning, picture that priceless image  
Picture me broke as fuck on your block about to open  
up  
Like Okay nigga, what's up

[Jay-Z]  
Picture me driving a course through your home, bustin'  
a "U"  
Screaming at the top of my lungs "YOU FUCKING WITH  
WHO?"  
Picture me not being that hustler dude  
Picture the Benz, a 5, and the drop not new  
Picture the watch ain't platinum, and the rock's not blue  
Picture y'all niggaz not knowing how I do  
Picture me, better yet picture you  
Painting a better picture than the one that I drew

Repeat 1

[Puffy]  
Where do you go from here when you felt you've done  
it all  
When what used to get you high don't get you high no  
more  
When you got a lot of cars, don't even drive no more  
When you're expected to win, they ain't surprised no  
more

[Jay-Z]  
Hold up, stop, wait, reverse the tape  
How much money can one nigga make in one place  
How much dough could you hold in one safe  
How many hoes can a nigga really chase

[Puffy]  
Where do you go after the applause  
After all the Soul Train and Grammy awards, after the  
tours  
After asking these whores what they after me for  
Is it the money? The fame? The house, take it all

[Jay-Z]  
The sky's the limit, but I ain't done jumping  
Money is fast, but I ain't done running  
Picture me driving some wack shit  
Picture me folding under pressure, picture that shit

Repeat 1 until fade

