

## Puffy Daddy

### "I'll Be Missing You"

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Verse One: Black Rob

I met her uptown on Dikeland, to heighten  
Talkin that, how she only dealt with businessmen  
Niggaz baggin joints, money off and on the books  
The ones who stand firm like ain't, nuttin shook  
about them, I doubt them cats waitin for me  
You know them niggaz, them big dudes across the  
street  
She say, "Yeah, they from over on Mayfair"  
Bullets from out of nowhere, told her to stay there and  
duck down  
I hit the ground but managed to pull a piece out  
This bitch over them with them pointin the chief out  
They want beef out here, they gon' get it  
in the worst way, I'ma show em how Black play  
Roll the dice, fuckin with me is like snake eyes  
I break guys, sit back and watch my cake rise  
It's all about the Benjamins, true that be the motto  
Ran out of ammo and started, throwin bottles  
Runnin, and I ain't lookin back for shit  
Crooked ass bitch, today I get you back for this  
(I'll get you back)

Chorus: repeat 2X

I love you baby No you don't  
You drive me crazy That's right  
I'll never betray thee Uhh  
I love you baby C'mon

Verse Two: Black Rob (starts rapping during the  
chorus)

Yo since the last altercation I been goin to street  
Seein honey at the club ery week and I speak  
I'ma rock that ass to sleep before I strike  
I ain't know the real deal until last night  
How, one of them brothers was locked with bankroll  
Used to call my crib to see seventy-four  
Kick rhymes over the phone for hours he had the dac

babe bro told him, 'You wanna get money, see Black  
when you get home', we never had chance to get up  
And wouldn't have, if his gun had left me hit up  
He'd explain how his whole crew was slappin honey  
Besides all that, she owed them cats a lot of money  
Funny how it's a small world, baby girl  
Youse about to get, fucked with no jail  
I'ma sit back and watch this cake finish bakin  
And plan your extermination, word

Chorus

Verse Three: Puff Daddy

It took a while to peep your style, Miss I-be-in-workin  
Low profile single, house in Staten Island  
and Manhattan while, them same cats  
you sent to get me boo, is on they to get you  
Fuckin witchu, that small time crack dealin nigga  
He a bitch too, they gon' bust his shit too  
Shit's real, you think you gonna set me up  
And get away scot free without some type of injury  
Nah kill it, I'ma flip the script on you  
Same thing you did to me, I'ma do it to you  
Who knew she was the female Rambo  
Fill one of they chest with four soon as he came in the  
door  
Life is out, snuffed all they mans in  
In the end, she had to be the Last Bitch Standin  
Not for long the buck the forty-four strong  
Just like that she was gone, now it's over  
Assumin I'll go back to my everyday life  
Of a rich millionaire just rockin the mic  
Gotta pause, and think about honey no doubt  
and admire how the chick went out

Chorus: repeat to fade

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