

## **Puff Daddy F/ Kelly Price, Mase**

### **"To the Left"**

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Chorus x2: Shoulda broke it to the left man

[KILO]

I was born to be a PIMP!

Ain't lovin' no hoes, never no half-steppin,

Never caught on my square, So there ,when I ride I pass  
my wea-pon,

Who-Ever want to go to war, better come fully equipped  
When I grip my clip thats it, I'm on some gangbangin  
shit,

In my hood gotta slang, gotta bang

was the knowledge I (???) to the left side,

Went under(??? walkin???)well, hangin on the curb  
puffing herb

Straight hustlin NIGHT and DAY,gotta get my nine

Strappin up my glock and hoody, i'm lookin for goodys  
on your block

This is a stick up,don't make it no limit let's pick up  
(nigga)

You can get up, get lit up, pussy motherfucka

You best to give it up to the right, thats them niggas  
conception

But thats cool, get your money, but i'm gone break it to  
the left

Chorus x3

[Wildstyle]

They said this nigga wasn't gone come up, just run up  
wit his bad ass

I'ma tell ya momma,daddy did it with the flu and I  
thought you knew it

**BITCH**

Comin from the CHI, bang my shit to the left side

Homicide a double in the drive-by, come out run by  
nigga gone die why?

I was only 15 years old, never handlin a vice lord  
steady growing

I learn my shit from the niggas comin up in that county  
whoa

Blastin at the niggas on the other side

picking up the trigger when you come up right?  
Aint no love what love got to do with it  
when you be slappin them ugly BITCHES!  
Bitches gone get you caught up, fighting over them  
hoes  
She be giving up the pussy left and right  
I could've fucked that hoe last night  
Rolling down the block, I be the mack and playa of the  
set,  
45 automatic if you want to get off your chest  
Shoulda broke it to the left man

Chorus x3

[ColdHard]

Listen up, I heard some mothafucker said that they  
want some static  
Lets grab them automatics, I'ma let you bitches have it  
For fuckin wit, the wrong motherfucker  
that you thought you had you a trickhead  
Run up on a goddamn Lunatic, one slick so you want  
the dub shit  
And your whole click aint shit to me  
Try to play these games with the C-O-L-D  
Bustin caps in ya ASS going 50 miles fast  
Know you hoes can come and see me  
Cuz it don't mean shit, I'm ready to turn it on any time  
Specially when I come to shoot  
I'm a loon and I'ma have that damn nine  
Only you some nigga dying  
to hell wit his momma and them and all that crying  
Nigga shouldn't did what he did now hes a DEAD ASS  
CLOWN,  
Another nigga that wont make it in this world man,  
played hisself to the right  
And that shit wasn't right, now its a damn shame  
Should've broke it to the left man

Chorus x3

[Never]

Could it be that a nigga want to play game,  
And the game done already been played,  
Trying to get with this gangbangalistic shit  
for your homies in they grave,  
Had to think about murder but you couldn't go deep,  
So get ready for tha street sweeper, going to be a cold  
creeper  
When you told the playa pimp ill beat ya  
and a nigga like me was always in the game  
Cuz I kept my shit tight, niggas talkin bout we used to

fight

Nigga used to get they ass (???), and its still the same  
up in the CHI

Thats where my nigga rose dwell, bustin butts up in  
they face,

On the murder case, bring they bullet proofs wit mace,

And you we was all good, comin up, getting paid

Smokin on a fat sack, gat to the left

lay back in the cut drinking Tanqueray

Pimpin I think I'll never do, to the right thats tight but

I'ma stay

In the cradle, if ya able

Break it to the left man

Chorus

(till song fades out)

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