

# Total "Trippin Remix (Instrumental)"

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Featuring DMX

Puffy:

Huh you know what time it is  
This is the remix (this is the remix)  
'99 to infinite  
Bad Girls  
Kima Kiesha Pam  
Talk to me

Pam:

Baby yeah (I like this right here)  
Your show is bumpin' (c'mon)  
You show me somethin' (heh heh something baby)  
See I won't (c'mon) trade you  
In for nothin' mmmm (I like the way it's goin' down)  
See erylthing you do to me  
You got me trippin' (you got me trippin' baby, but I like  
it)  
And I'm satisfied (c'mon)  
And I'm guaranteed (let's go)

I hope you (yeah)

That you've been checkin' me (it's the remix)  
I know what you're talkin' bout  
You got me trippin' on my own feet, yeah, yeah  
You got me buggin' boy (c'mon) ohhh  
You bring me so much joy, (yeah)  
You got me open, boy  
And I'ma save my - self for you, baby (that's right)

Puff:

Keisha talk to me

Keisha:

Baby, yeah (huh)  
There's something (there's somethin'), I'll mention  
(c'mon)  
Me and her (I like the way that sound) la la la la la la la  
(c'mon)  
See, she's no (she's no), competition (heh, heh)  
So tell her, yeah (tell her now) (you look good, can I

taste you?)  
That you're through with her (yeah)  
And you're lovin' me (that's right)  
And that's To-totally (that's Totally, Kima, Kiesha, and  
Pam) Totally  
And you're dedicated (you're dedicated), to me

DMX:  
Uh, huh, ah  
Like to sprout when the lights is out (DMX)  
Keeping niggas on point, that's what life's about (that's  
right)  
You like to shout? I'ma put that shit to a-cease (huh  
huh) (yeah)  
>From here to the paper, from the bed to the grease  
(a'ight)  
Like police, I get away with mad credit shit  
Only the niggas that don't catch it, doin' some mad  
hungry shit (huh)  
(uh huh)  
All that buddy shit was left alone, back in school (ugh)  
(c'mon)  
Even then, the nigga was cuttin' up (yeah), actin' fools  
(what!)  
Broke a lot of rules (why?) just because I could (uh,  
huh) (that's  
right)  
Got away with most of it, just because I'm good (uh  
huh)  
Stabbin' niggas with wood, I was one of the first  
Doin' dirt, but I'm still outrunnin' the Hertz  
And it's always worst than it looks (uh, huh) (c'mon)  
But then you never understandin' the thirst of a crook  
(you arrested)  
First comes the hook, the assault, then come the  
robbery (damn)  
My world is always (ugh!) dark and ain't no stoppin' me  
Come on!

Keisha:  
(C'mon, sing to me Keisha) (Mmmmmmmmm) Baby  
(Take me to the bridge) (Mmm-mmmmm) There's  
one thing  
(Can you feel it?) (Mmmmm-mmm) I'll mention  
(I like the way it feels) (Mmmmmmm-mmm) Nah, nah,  
nah  
(This one's for me) (Mmmmmmm-mmm) See she's no  
(Mmm-mmmmm) Competition (c'mon, let's go)  
(Bad Boy) (Mmmmmmmmmmm) Baby  
(Ruff Ryder) (Mmm-mmmmmmm) There's one thing  
(Def Jam) (Mmmmm-mmm) I'll mention

(DMX and we won't stop) (Mmmmmm-mmm) Nah, nah,  
nah  
(Cuz she won't stop) (Mmmmmm-mmm) See she's no  
(Back it up, back it up) (Mmmm-mmmm) Competition

I hope you  
That you've been checkin' me (just dance for me)  
I know what you're talkin' bout (just dance for me)  
You got me trippin' on my own feet (just dance for me)  
You got me buggin' boy (this is the remix)  
You bring me so much joy (this is the remix)  
And I'ma save myself for you (yo hooker, yellow man,  
PD)

I hope you  
That you've been checkin' me (hit me baby, HA!)  
I know what you're talkin' bout  
You got me trippin' on my own feet  
You got me buggin' boy  
You bring me so much joy  
And I'ma save my - self for you

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