

P. Diddy F/ Loon

"On Top"

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Yeah [3x]

[Loon]

Yo I'm a gangsta, outlaw; indoor, outdoor
Nigga tell me, right, Loon goin south paw (that's right)
It's Bad Boy we don't give a fuck about y'all (that's right)
Step in the room see the bitch come up out y'all (that's right)
I fuck with niggas but it's something about y'all (uh huh)
Actin like Loon can't do shit without y'all (c'mon)
I caught my menses in Benzes that out y'alls (yeah)
See how it feel when your friends be without y'all (that's right)
I been doin it, coke I been movin it
Before you niggas thought of the block I been through with it
Keep confusin this music shit, die for some foolishness
Frontin like you a hardware usin bitch
You hit the block, prolly lose your whip
Niggas (yeah) snatch your watch and the rocks out your crucifix
Watch (yeah) how we do this shit, (c'mon) Bad Boy 2Kin it (uh huh)
So playboy, what type of paper is you playin wit

[Chorus Â Marsha Â 2x]

See that Bad Boy on the countdown (on the countdown)
Too slow can't keep up, no, better run (better run)
Don't stop, what we gone too far (yeah)
Don't flop, what we just too large (oh)

[P. Diddy]

Let's get, one thing clear (that's right)
Still the same cat who put the flavor in ya ear (c'mon)
Still the same cat who let the BIG rock with Tony (yeah)
Most wanted successful rap mogul (uh)
Still got niggas wilin out on the floor (let's go)
Still got the sky-blue drop-toppers on (yeah)
Still eat at Justin's in Sean John velour (that's right)

Still humble (c'mon) and still want more (uh)
Still hate war, still want peace
And I still can't stand to see blacks beefin
y'all still sleepin and we still eatin
Still bring that heat, wilin out on the weekends
Still happy in black and don't need a reason (that's
right)
Still platinum back in London and Sweden (c'mon)
Still pack the garden like Adam did Eve 'n (yeah)
I still got rhymes to (yeah) leave your girlfriend freakin
Haha Haha Haha Ha (I like that)
(C'mon)
(Let's go)

[Chorus Â 2x]

[Loon]
Aiyo, besides all the money and riches
Videos and pictures, slippin, these silly hos will get ya
(c'mon)
But not me, I'm too cocky
I love when the women scream "Hey Papi" (that's right)
I love when a chick leave my crib knock-kneed (c'mon)
And I love when a playa-hata try to knock me (yeah)
Or cock-block me (yeah) but you can't stop me
You come for all you want (yeah) but you (yeah) can't
top me

[P. Diddy]
Yeah I'm just a B-A-D (c'mon) B-O-Y (that's right)
Son we multiply, nigga we don't die
Niggas frontin like we ain't fly (say what)
But nigga can't name nothing that we ain't buy (c'mon)
Or we ain't try, (that's right) or we ain't drive (yeah)
The judge said "not guilty" and he ain't lie (he ain't lie)
Niggas need a hit it's to me they cry (c'mon)
So why front like nigga (yeah) P-D ain't live (yeah)

C'mon, man (let's go)

[Chorus Â 4x]

[Marsha]
We got some, real niggas, real blingas, real money
makers
No- (Bad Boy baby) Bad Boys on top (we ain't goin, we
ain't goin)
They won't stop (we ain't gonna stop)
No, we got some, real niggas, real blingas, real money
makers
No play, Bad Boys on top

They won't stop

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