

P. Diddy F/ Neptunes

"Interlude"

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Intro:

On the southside. Ha gon get down with that get down
let me spit rounds
this is how that shit sounds check it out ch'all. Ha.

It's the, metaphysicals some say the score the
revolution therefore
I have come, a calm before the storm
Words are born formed drawn in the brain
Sorn scorn by the pourin' rain
But I can stand it seldom do I feel stranded
Granded I stand with the style that is free
I'm the Mandela ask Nelson brothers love me
I lay it lovely I'm ugly bogus on the mic
I strike like a teacher rappers are line
Stand in line with they signs tryin' to picket
They pick it the way I kick it
Cause with it I'm not wicked cause that's malignant
I use my figments which is vivid
And give it to ya baby like love without no limit
I have no limits no gimmicks no image don't mimick
I'm finished no minutes to be timid
Which shit stick should I spit with?
I'm the nitwit that shit sick I stick with and kick with
The crew I clique with that's who I sit witha and trip with
And sip with the buds are lifted and gold digified
And hit without equipment I've often been depicted
On the solid when it likwit
Yo this is shit is for my man Honda

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