

# Diddy (feat. The Neptunes)

## P. Diddy

Yeah. it's Bad Boy baby  
(Yeah, c'mon) Neptunes (mm, mm, mm, mm, c'mon)  
And we won't stop (I like this right here)  
Cause we can't stop (yeah)  
Yeah, let me tell you somethin  
Yeah, check this out[Verse One]  
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick  
I was on 1-2-5 and Saint Nick  
Chillin with this chick named Tondalea  
Was a hot girl and everybody wanted to slay her  
But she wasn't fond of players, only wanted ballers to spoil her  
with six figures and camcorders  
So what you tryin to tell me dear?  
I got Bently, Benson and Mr. Belverdere  
And I just want to blow your mind  
I'm talkin literally blow your mind  
My repetoire is menage-a-trois and exotic cars  
Chillin with the hottest stars  
And it ain't no stoppin this  
I can't help it I'm a optomist  
And I'ma make ya head bop to this  
And at the end you gon' rock to this  
Now say my name, c'mon  
[Chorus: Neptunes]  
D the I the D the D the Y, the D the I the D  
It's Diddy (Hold up!) It's Diddy (That shit's crazy!)  
The D the I the D the D the Y, the D the I the D  
It's Diddy (Hold up!) It's Diddy (Say whaaat?!)[Verse Two]  
Aiyyo, I came in the door, I said it before  
I never the ladies hypnotize me no more  
But. but back to the manuscript  
Cause I don't think you can handle this  
From New York to Los Angeles  
I think the whole world scandalous  
I'm just tryin to keep the candles lit  
Let the party people dance to this  
Get out your seats and clap your hands to this  
Because I came too far for me to be bourgeoise  
It's a Bentley to you, to me it's a blue car  
So Branson pass me a jar  
Cause these cats done went too far  
Yeah one phone call send two cars

And I still get searched by security guards (that's right)  
I guess that's what I have to do  
Take the game international, now what you call me?  
[Chorus](La La La La La La La La La La La La)  
C'mon work it out girl  
I'm tryin to see you work it out girl  
(La La La La La La La La La La La La)  
C'mon work it out girl  
I wanna see you work it out girl[Verse Three]  
Now hold up, stop (stop) now wait a minute  
We don't stop we rock cause ain't a limit  
My aim is winnin, got Asian women that'll change my linen  
after I done blazed and hit 'em, but  
I just wanna rock wit you (that's right)  
And take it straight to the top with you  
And do what I gots to do, if it's possible  
Cause I ain't trying to stop you boo  
I, got an agenda, got on a Ninja  
One wheelin and killin it not to offend ya  
That's when I met this chick named Brenda  
Tender, her whole body bend like fender  
So let me see you shake it girl (c'mon)  
I just wanna see you shake it girl (c'mon)  
For the return of the Don, the world in my palm  
My moms calls me Sean but y'all call me[Chorus](La La La La La La La La La La La La)  
C'mon work it out girl  
I'm tryin to see you work it out girl  
(La La La La La La La La La La La La)  
C'mon work it out girl  
I wanna see you work it out girl  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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