

# I Love You Baby (feat. Black Rob)

## Puff Daddy

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Miscellaneous

I Love You Baby

Verse One: Black Rob I met her uptown on Dikeland, to heighten

Talkin that, how she only dealt with businessmen

Niggaz baggin joints, money off and on the books

The ones who stand firm like gate, nuttin shook

about them, I doubt them cats waitin for me

You know them niggaz, them big dudes across the street

She say, "Yeah, they from over on Mayfair"

Bullets from out of nowhere, told her to stay there and duck down

I hit the ground but managed to pull a piece out

This bitch over them with them pointin the chief out

They want beef out here, they gon' get it

in the worst way, I'ma show em how Black play

Roll the dice, fuckin with me is like snake eyes

I break guys, sit back and watch my cake rise

It's all about the Benjamins, true that be the motto

Ran out of ammo and started, throwin bottles

Runnin, and I ain't lookin back for shit

Crooked ass bitch, today I get you back for this

(I'll get you back)

Chorus: repeat 2XI love you baby

No you don't

You drive me crazy

That's right

I'll never betray thee

Uhh

I love you baby

C'mon Verse Two: Black Rob (starts rapping during the chorus)

Yo since the last altercation I been goin to street

Seein honey at the club ery week and I speak

I'ma rock that ass to sleep before I strike

I ain't know the real deal until last night

How, one of them brothers was locked with bankroll

Used to call my crib to see seventy-four

Kick rhymes over the phone for hours he had the dac

babe bro told him, 'You wanna get money, see Black

when you get home', we never had chance to get up

And wouldn't have, if his gun had left me hit up

He'd explain how his whole crew was slappin honey

Besides all that, she owed them cats a lot of money

Funny how it's a small world, baby girl  
Youse about to get, fucked with no jail  
I'ma sit back and watch this cake finish bakin  
And plan your extermination, word  
Chorus Verse Three: Puff Daddy  
It took a while to peep your  
style, Miss I-be-in-workin  
Low profile single, house in Staten Island  
and Manhattan while, them same cats  
you sent to get me boo, is on they to get you  
Fuckin witchu, that small time crack dealin nigga  
He a bitch too, they gon' bust his shit too  
Shit's real, you think you gonna set me up  
And get away scot free without some type of injury  
Nah kill it, I'ma flip the script on you  
Same thing you did to me, I'ma do it to you  
Who knew she was the female Rambo  
Fill one of they chest with four soon as he came in the door  
Life is out, snuffed all they mans in  
In the end, she had to be the Last Bitch Standin  
Not for long the buck the forty-four strong  
Just like that she was gone, now it's over  
Assumin I'll go back to my everyday life  
Of a rich millionaire just rockin the mic  
Gotta pause, and think about honey no doubt  
and admire how the chick went out  
Chorus: repeat to fade  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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