

Verse One: Mase

Now, who's hot who not
Tell me who rock who sell out in the stores
You tell me who flopped who copped the blue drop
Who jewels got robbed who's mostly Goldie down
to the tube sock, the same ol pimp
Mase, you know ain't nuttin change but my limp
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
Guarantee a million sales pullin all the love
You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up
We don't play around it's a bet lay it down
nigga didn't know me ninety-one bet they know me now
I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound
Can't no Ph.D. niggaz hold me down, Cooter
schooled me to the game, now I know my duty
Stay humble stay low blow like Hootie
True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty
And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie
singers come in over this last line

I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Yeah yeah, ahaha, from the D-to-the-A-to-the-D-D-Y
know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
I call all the shots
Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks
Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin now's
when all the ballin stops, nigga never
home gotta call me on the yacht
Ten years from now we'll still be on top
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop
Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool
bag a money much longer than yours
and a team much stronger than yours, violate me
this'll be your day, we don't play
Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way
Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here
for you to shine here, deal with many women
but treat dimes fair, and I'm
bigger than the city lights down in Times Square
Yeah, yeah yeah

I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
(repeat 2X)

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

Uhh, uhhh
B.I.G., P-O, P-P-A
No info, for the, DEA
Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant
Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement
My team supreme, stay clean
Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that
cat you see at all events bent
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders
Playboy, I told ya, bein mice to me
Bruise too much, I lose, too much
Step on stage the girls boo too much
I guess it's cause you run with lame dudes too much
Me lose my touch, never that
If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
Where the true players at?
Throw your Rollies in the sky
Wave em side to side and keep your hands high
While I give your girl the eye, player please
Lyrically, niggaz see, B.I.G.
be flossin jig on the cover of Fortune
Five double oh, here's my phone number
Your man ain't got to know, I got to go
Got the flow down pizat, platinum plus
Like thizat, dangerous
on trizack, leave your ass blizzack

I don't know what, they want from me

It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
(repeat 3X)
What's goin on?
What's goin on?
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
(repeat 3X to fade)