

Puff Daddy, Son Of A Gun (Bad Boy Remix)

[Chant: Janet]

Ha ha, hoo hoo, thought you'd get the money too
Greedy motherfuckers try to have your cake and eat it too

[Intro: P. Diddy]

This... is...

The... remix

(Now, that's that shit right here)

Bad Boy, baby

Janet, J.J.

(This goes out to all the clubs, ya feel me?)

The one and only

And you fine, Miss

[Verse 1: Janet]

Sharp shooter into breakin hearts

A baby gigolo, a sex pistol

Hollerin' at everythin that walks

No substance just small talk

Know why you feelin on that girl's behind

You gotta sleezy - one track mind

Working your work until you think you find

Who's goin home with you tonight

[Missy {P. Diddy}]

(I) changed all the credit cards

(and) switched the lock to all my doors (hehehe)

You thought my heart would be destroyed (mmmm)

Look around cuz I'm chillin boy (hehehe)

Whatcha go and get your lawyers for

I, makes my dough in just one show, you know

Your lawyer shoulda let you know, you know

When you sue me, ya gonna be broke you know

Ain't know you way you could bring me down (easy)

Any chick that you stick is real sleazy

Before I need you, I betcha gon' need me

You ain't want me anyway way, you wanted to be me

What made you think I'd keep you around

While I, work my ass off and you just lounge (huh?)

You slump, bump, son of a gun

And a, how much your worth?

I think negative Don {This is the remix}

[Hook: Janet (Missy)]

Oh (oh), who you give it to

Who you gonna steal it from

Who's your next victim (the right, like)

Oh (oh), who you gonna lie to

Who you gonna cheat on

Who you gonna leave alone (that's what I'm talking about)

Oh (oh), what ya gonna tell her

After she discovers

You don't really love her

Oh (oh), gonna be a showdown

Knock down drag out

Gunslinger shoot 'em up (shoot em' up)

[Chorus: Janet & Carly {P. Diddy}]

I betcha think this song is about you {Who you talkin' 'bout?}

I betcha think this song is about you {Who you talkin' 'bout?}

I betcha think this song is about you (yeah, yeah) {Who you talkin' 'bout?}

I betcha think this song is about you

Don't you {Who you talkin' 'bout?}

Don't you

Don't you

Don't you

[P. Diddy (overlaps last 2 lines)]

They call me "Diddy"

(It wasn't me!) Whatchu talkin' 'bout lawyers for?

(It wasn't me!) Why you wanna change locks and doors?
(It wasn't me!) Well, maybe it was, sure
But you know tomorrow, you'll love me some more
I'm back, another Visa, another set of keys
We did this last week Ma, don't get amnesia (Remember?)
All this back and forth gotta quit
And by the way, THIS IS THE REMIX!
[Verse 2: Janet (Missy)]
Sweatin me but I'm not your type
You think you irk me and you're so right
I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out
Stupid bitch in my beach house
Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool
And be lead story on the nigga news
Not me sucher
I'll never be your lover
I'd rather make you suffer
You stupid mutherfucker (ok baby?)
[Missy]
You musta thought you had game like nigga what
Walk around like you down, you don't give a fuck
Cause you don't really want beef until you hit the streets
See, I ma lover, not a fighter but I'll crack ya teeth
Boy, plea plea nah...don't bother me
Cause when you had me, you ain't know how ta chill wit' me
But now you up on dem knees, still jockin me
But I ma say it real real, keep it real
What da deal, how ya feel, is ya ill, or is ya sick (Misdemeanor!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)
Cause I da deal, still here with appeal and it's real
Don't front cause boy I da shit
[Missy singing]
I'm doing better with out you, playa
And I'm happy without you, playa
[Missy rapping]
And this song is about you, playa
Muthafuckin' son of a gun (Janet)
[Bridge: Janet (Missy)]
Gotta chip upon your shoulder
I just knocked it off (oh)
Show me what you gonna do (uh)
I ain't bout to run (uh)
You have just run out of ammunition (nigga right here)
Shootin blanks now (uh)
You son of a gun
Repeat Hook & Chorus
Repeat Chant til fade