

# Puff Daddy, I Want The Love (ft. Meek Mill)

I hate funerals, I love life

I hate when I see a whole bunch of people just crying in a funeral on some fake shit

They ain't really love a nigger while he was there

See, I'm a different type of nigger, I wanna be honest with y'all

I need the love now, if you all motherfuckers gonna be crying and be playing thirty minute specials

Fuck that, love me while I'm here

Love me while I'm here, I had to tell a bitch

I Want The Love

'Cause all I see is haters and this money

Got these niggers catching verbals and I tell you

I Want The Love

'Cause all I know is getting money

Knocking at the door, I'm like a wizard, bitch, I tell you

I Want The Love

I'm a rich nigger, I don't get mad, I just get paid

I don't catch feelings, I catch flights, that's brick paper

For one rider at Bad boy, that's one side

These killers with me, don't fuck around, they jump fast like all sides

I'm about to keep up on the billy, bumping these bottles and willy

I know they gonna hate when I'm high, but when it's all over they feel me

If you want your love when I'm dead, you better off just trying to kill me

'Cause I'm gonna ball on you, and I ain't talking about you, I hate all y'all niggers

Ten Birkin from your man, hoe, I could buy that

Last week I made a hundred mil', you should try that

I'm a real nigger, they all see it, can't hide that

I'll touch down in your city, fuck shit up, nigger, then fly back

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I Want The Love

Wanted the money and wanted the love

Wanted them bitches that wanted the drugs

That wanted the molly, that wanted the weed

I walk in the building, give love in the club

Love in the streets, bitch, it's Meek Milly

Them niggers was haters, I love what they was

'Cause all of that hating was my motivation

Now I got the paper and what what'y what

It is what it is, look at me now

Living the life in the fucking EO

Niggers that hate me still come to my shows

Shorty ain't ready to fuck up my wrist, give a fuck about gold

Straight to the money and back to the hood where they taking that money

We package the good and we ring up the money

You act like you good better sell you some money, hater

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