

It's All About the Benjamins

Puff Daddy & The Family

Uhh, uh-huh, yeah
Uhh, uh-huh, yeah
It's all about the Benjamins
baby
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Goodfellas, uhh

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Now... what y'all wanna do?

Wanna be ballers? Shot-callers?

Brawlers -- who be dippin in the Benz wit the spoilers

On the low from the Jake in the Taurus

Tryin to get my hands on some Grants like Horace

Yeah livin the raw deal, three course meals

Spaghetti, fettucini, and veal

But still, everything's real in the field

And what you can't have now, leave in your will

But don't knock me for tryin to bury

seven zeros, over in Rio Dijanery

Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard

on your Hot 9-7 everyday, that's my word

Swimmin in women wit they own condominiums

Five plus Fives, who drive Millineums

It's all about the Benjamins, what?

I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts

Five carats on my hands wit the cuts

And swim in European figures

Fuck bein a broke nigga

Verse Two: Jadakiss (overlaps last two lines of Puff Daddy)

I want a all chromed out wit the clutch, nigga

Drinkin malt liquor, drivin a Bro' Vega

I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers (uhh)

Rockin Bejor denims, wit gold zippers (c'mon)

Lost your touch we kept ours, poppin Cristals

Freakin the three-quarter reptiles (ahahah)

Enormous cream, forrest green -- Benz jeep

for my team so while you sleep I'ma scheme (that's right)

We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe you

You should do what we do, stack chips like *Hebrews*

Don't let the melody intrigue you (uh-uh)

Cause I leave you, I'm only here

for that green paper with the eagle

Verse Three: Sheek

I'm strictly tryin to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's

And have papi flip coke outside Delgado's (whooh!)

Mienda, with cash flowin like Sosa

And the latin chick tranportin in the chocha

Stampedin over, pop Mo's, never sober

Lex and Range Rovers dealin weight by Minnesota (uhh)

Avoidin NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas (uh-huh)

Stash in the buildin wit this chick named Alona (uh-huh)

from Daytona, when I was young I wants to bone her (uh-huh)

But now I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants (ahahaha)

Trickin, they takin me skiing, at the Aspens (c'mon)

Uhh, gangsta mental, stay poppin Cristal

Pack a black pist-al in the Ac' Coupe that's dark brown (whooh!)

Pinky-ringin, gondolas wit the man singin

Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin

to my bizzalls, player you mad false

Actin hard when you as pussy as RuPaul

Interlude: Puff Daddy

C'mon, c'mon, uh-huh

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Uh-huh, yeah

(repeat 4X)

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Now, what y'all wanna do?

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On the low from the Jake in the Taurus

Verse Four: Lil' Kim (overlaps last two lines of interlude)

Uhh, uhh, what the blood clot?

Wanna bumble wit the Bee hahh?

BZZZZT, throw a hex on a whole family (yeah... yeah yeah)

Dressed in all black like the Oman (say what?)

Have your friends singin 'This is for my homey' (that's right)

And you know me, from makin niggaz so sick

Floss in my 6 with the Lex on the wrist

If it's Murder, you know She Wrote it (uh-huh)

German luger for your ass bitch, deep throat it

Know you wanna fill the room cause it's platinum coated

Take your pick, got a firearm you shoulda toted, suck a dick

All that bullshit you kick, playa hatin from the sideline
Get your own shit, why you ridin mine? (uh-huh)
I'm, a Goodfella kinda lady
Stash 380's and Mercedes, Puffy hold me down baby!
Only female in my crew, and I kick shit
like a nigga do, pull tha trigga too, fuck you
(Big: Yeah, yeah, uhh, uhh, uhh!)
Verse Five: Notorious B.I.G.
I been had skills, Cristal spills
Hide bills in Brazil, about a mil to ice grill
Make it hard to figure me, liquor be, kickin me
in my asshole, uhhh, undercover, Donni Brascoe
Lent my East coast girl, the Bentley to twirl (uh-huh)
My West coast shorty, push the chrome 740
Rockin wit Redman and Naughty, all in my kitty-kat
Half a brick of yea, in the bra, where her titties at
And I'm livin that, whole life, we push weight (uh-huh)
Fuck the state pen, fuck hoes at Penn State (c'mon)
Listen close it's Francis, the Praying Mantis
Attack with the Mac, my left hand spit, right hand
grip on the whip, for the smooth getaway
Playa haters get away or my lead will spray
Squeeze off til I'm empty, don't tempt me
Only, to Hell I send thee, all about the Benji's
What?
Outro: Puff Daddy
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baby
Uh-huh, yeah
(repeat 8X)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>