

Total, Sitting Home (Bad Boy Remix)

(feat. Shyne, Puff Daddy)

[Puff Daddy]

The man ya'll been waitin' to hear
Check him out

[Shyne]

Let it be understood, Bad Boy run this
From Brooklyn to AT, they pump this
Got you in the head with this gun shell
Yeah, I know... I be on some dumb shit
From the cold killa niggas that air the block out
Them chinchilla broads that wear your cock out
Cost her ten mil, now it's me you see hop out
Stop playin', game over like the lock-out
Serious shit, I'm the baddest Bad Boy, imperial shit
Me and Q double L from the 4 period 6, knockin Total
? flava, no doubt

[Pam (Puffy)]

I'm gettin' tired of bein' tired of your ways (c'mon)
You haven't come home or even called me today (this is the remix)
And you don't know the pain when I'm feelin' alone
I'm callin' out your name when you're not even home
(yeah, yeah yeah yeah)

[Kima]

And I need you with me babe
Can't see you leavin' me babe
Cuz I don't know no other road I would go
And I hope your feelings change
Come bring your lovin' back to me
So I can give you all you need and much more
Oh, I'm sittin'

[1: Total]

Sittin' home waitin' for you
Starin' at these walls is all I do
I try my best to be good to you
But you're never around when I'm in the mood

[Keisha (Puffy)]

All my friends think that I am your fool (talk to me Keisha)
And since you have been gone, I been thinkin' so too
Just tell me what it is and what you feel I do wrong
(you ain't doin' nothin' wrong)
We should stay together cuz our love is so strong (I feel ya)

[Kima (Puffy)]

And I need you with me babe
Can't see you leavin' me babe
Cuz I don't know no other road I would go
And I hope your feelings change
Come bring your lovin' back to me
So I can give you what you want and much more
Oh, I'm sittin' (Shyne, talk to me one time)

[Shyne]

I think it's only right I live the beat
I was on some multi-platinum melody tone
Shoot, they 'bout to bury me homes
Carry it home, pencil bars and continental laws
Coincidental? Nah
I was meant to do this

My speaches as a fetus get you at your z-lift, you beatless
I made one, you lightweight, I made tons
You betta off countin' stars, then them hoes that I make cum
Hot to def, I ain't talkin' rhymes
I'm talkin' 'bout this vest, TEK and the coat to cover it all
From the veteran ?, VK the 2-5
Nigga, Shyne is too live
Say you betta? Nigga you lie
Wanna be me? You can't fit the shoe size
Them hoes? Bruised eyes
Young Don from, ummm, Brook-lon

[1: to fade]

crbt2('Total','Sitting Home')

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