I Want the Love (feat. Meek Mill)

Puff Daddy

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 nigga while they was there.
See I'm a different type of nigga, I wanna be honest with y'all.
I need the love now, if y'all motherfuckers gonna be crying and playing thirty minute specials when I'm gone (an hour special that I'm gone) 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 niggas catchin' verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)'Cause all I know is getting money, knockin' at the door, I'm like who is it?
Bitch I tell ya(I want the love)
I'm a rich nigga I don't get mad, I just get paper (I don't)
I don't catch feelings I catch flights, that's brick paper (for what)
For one rider at Badboy, that's one side
These killers with me, don't fuck around they jump fast like off sides
I'm 'bout to keep up on the billy, poppin' these bottles and really
I know they gon' 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 tryna kill me'Cause I'm gonna ball on you, and I ain't talkin' about you, I hate all y'll niggas
Ten [?] for your man, ho I could buy that
Last week I made a hundred mill, you should try that
I'm a real nigga, they all see it, can't hide that
I'll touch down in your city, fuck shit up, nigga then fly back(I want the love)'Cause all I see is haters and this money got these niggas catchin' verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)'Cause all I know is getting money, knockin' at the door, I'm like who is it?
Bitch I tell ya(I want the love)
Wanted the money, and wanted the love
Wanted them bitches that wanted the drugs
That wanted the molly and that wanted the weed
I walk in the building get love in the club
Love in the streets, bitch it's Meek Milly
Them niggas was haters I love what they was'Cause all of that hating was my motivation
Now I got the paper and what whaty what?
It is what it is, look at me now
Living the life in the fucking EONiggas that hate me still come to my shows
Shawty ain't ready to fuck up my wrist, give a fuck about gold
Straight to the money and back to the hood where they takin' that money
We package the good and we break up that money
You act like you good better sell you some money, hater(I want the love)'Cause all I see is haters and this money got these niggas catchin' verbals and I tell ya (I want the love)'Cause all I know is getting money, knockin' at the door, I'm like who is it?
Bitch I tell ya(I want the love)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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