

Victory

Diddy

One, one, two
Check me out, right here, yo

Yo, the sun don't shine forever
(You can turn the track up a little bit for me)
But as long as it's here then we might as well shine together
(All up in my ears)
Better now than never, business before pleasure
(The mic is loud, but the beats isn't loud)
P-Diddy and the Fam, who you know do it better?

Yeah right, no matter what, we air tight
(Yeah)
So, when you hear somethin', make sure you hear it right
Don't make a ass outta yourself, by assumin'
(Yeah, now the mic is lower, turn the mics up)
Our music keeps you movin', what are you provin'?'
(Turn that shit all the way up, yeah)

You know that I'm two levels above you, baby
(Music's gettin louder)
Hug me baby, I'ma make you love me baby
(This shit is hot!)
Talkin crazy ain't gonna get you nuthin' but choked
(Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)
And that jealousy is only gonna leave you broke

So, the only thing left now is God for these cats
And BIG you know you too hard for these cats
I'ma win 'cause I'm too smart for these cats
While they makin' up facts, you rakin' up plats
(Uhh)

In The Commision, you ask for permission to hit 'em
He don't like me, him and wild wifey was wit 'em
You heard of us, the murderers, most shady
Been on the low lately, the feds hate me, the son of Satan

They say my killing's too blatant
You hesitatin', I'm in your mama crib waitin'
Duct tapin', your fam destiny, lays in my hands
Gat lays in my waist,

Francis, M to the iz-H phenominal
Gun rest under your vest by the abdominal
Rhyme a few bars so I can buy a few cars
And I kick a few flows so I can pimp a few hoes

Excellence is my presence, never tense
Never hesitant, leave a nigga bent real quick
Real sick, brawl nights, I perform like Mike
Anyone Tyson, Jordan, Jackson, action, pack guns

Ridiculous and I'm, quick to bust, if my ends you touch
Kids or girl you touch, in this world I clutch
Two auto-matoes, used to call me fatso
Now you call me Castro, my rap flows

Militant, y'all faggots ain't killin' shit
Oops, Cristal keep spillin' shit, you overdid it homes
You in the danger zone, you shouldn't be alone
Hold hands and say it like me, the most shady

Frankie baby, fantastic, graphic, tryin' to make dough
Like Jurassic Park did quick to spark kids who start shit
See me, only me, the under boss of this holocaust
Truly yours, Frank White

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the fuck you at?
Where my niggaz is at? Where my niggaz is at?
Where the fuck my bitches at? Where my bitches is at?

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Put your money on the table and get your math on
Break it down, split it up, get your laugh on
See you later Dog, I'ma get my stash on
There's a bed full of money that I get my ass on

I never lose the passion to go platinum
Said, I'd live it up 'til all the cash gone
Ain't that funny, only use plastic, craft it
To make classics, hotter than acid

P-D, rollin' on your tape or CD
The girl-boy killa, no team illa
The Fam-o, ammo, is every channel
We been hot for a long time burnin' like a candle

What you can do is check your distribution
My songs bump in Houston like Scarface produced 'em
You ain't gotta like me, you just mad
'Cause I tell it how it is, and you tell it how it might be

We got the shit, Mac tight, brass knuckles and flashlights
The heaters in the two-seaters, with two Midas
Senoritas, kiss rings when you meet us
P-Diddy run the city, show no pity

I'm the witty one, Frank's the crook from the Brook'
Matty broke the neck of your coke connect
No respect squeeze off 'til all y'all diminish
Shootouts for twenty minutes, until we finish

Venice took the loot, escaped, in the Coupe
Break bread, with the Kiss, Peniro, Sheek Louch
Black Rob joined the mob, it ain't no replacin' him
Niggaz step up, with just Mase and 'em

Placin' them in funerals, criminals turned aroused
The Brick City, nobody come off like P-Diddy
Business wise, I play men, hide money on the Island Cayman
Y'all just betray men, you screamin', I position, competition
'Nother day in the life of the Commission

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We got the real live shit

Fuck y'all niggaz wanna do
It's all fucked up now
What I'ma do now, huh?
What I'ma do now?
It's all fucked up now