

Victory (ft. Busta Rhymes, The Notorious B.I.G.)

P. Diddy

One, one two

Check me out right here yoYo, the sun don't shine forever

But as long as it's here then we might as well shine together

Better now than never, business before pleasure

P. Diddy and the Fam, who you know do it better?Yeah right, no matter what, we air tight

So when you hear somethin' make sure you hear it right

Don't make a ass outta yourself, by assumin'

Our music keeps you movin' what are you provin'?

You know that I'm two levels above you baby

Hug me baby, I'm a make you love me baby

Talkin' crazy, ain't gon' get you nothin' but choked

And that jealousy is only gonna leave you broke

So the only thing left now is God for these cats

And B.I.G. you know you too hard for these cats

I'm a win cause I'm too smart for these cats

While they makin' up facts (uh) you rakin' up plaquesIn The Commission, you ask for permission to hit 'em

He don't like me, hit him while wifey was with him

You heard of us, the murderous, 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 phenomenal

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-matos, used to call me fatso

Now you call me Castro, my rap flows

militant, y'all faggots ain't killin' shit

Oops Crystal 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 WhiteWe 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?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?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 beWe 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 Luc'
Black Rob joined the Mob, it ain't no replacin' him
Niggas 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
Another day in the life, of the Commission We got the real live shit from front to back
To my niggas in the world, where the fuck you at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where the fuck my bitches at?
Where my bitches is at? We got the real live shit from front to back
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To my niggas in the world, where the fuck you at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where the fuck my bitches at?
Where my bitches is at? We got the real live shit!
Fuck y'all niggas wanna do? It's all fucked up now
What I'm a do now, huh?
What I'm a do now?
It's all fucked up now

Songwriters

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