Victory

Puff Daddy

Intro: Notorious B.I.G.
One one two
Check me out right here yo
Verse One: Puff Daddy
Yo the sun don't shine forever
(BIG: You can turn the track up a little bit for me)
Turn me up yo
Can you here me?
But as long as it's here then we might as well shine together
(BIG: All up in my ears)
Better now than never business before pleasure
(BIG: 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
(BIG: YEAH!)
So when you hear somethin, make sure you hear it right
Don't make a ass outta yourself, by assumin
(BIG: YEAH! Now the mic is lower, turn the mics up)
Our music keeps you movin, what are you provin?
(BIG: Turn that shit all the way up, yeah)
You know that I'm two levels above you baby
(BIG: Music's gettin louder)
Hug me baby, I'ma make you love me baby
(BIG: This shit is hot!)
Talkin crazy ain't gonna get you nuthin but choked
(BIG: 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'm a win cause I'm too smart for these cats
While they makin up facts (uhh) you rakin up plats
Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.
In a 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 murderous, most shady
Been on the low lately, the feds hate me
The son of satan
They say my killin'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
Rob 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
Ooops 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
Parked in quick to spark kids who start shit
See me, only me
The Underboss of this holocaust
Truly yours, Frank White
Chorus: Busta Rhymes
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? (2X)
Where the fuck my bitches at?
Where my bitches is at?
(repeat all 2X)
Verse Three: Puff Daddy
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 Billboard 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
Verse Four: Notorious B.I.G.
We got the shit, Mac tight, brass knuckles and flashlights
The heaers 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 loops
Black Rob joined the mob, it ain't no replacin him
Niggaz step up, we just macin them
placin them in funerals, criminals turned aroused
The Brick City, nobody come off like P-Diddy
Business rise, 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 Comission
Chorus 2X w/ Puff talking
Aiyyo, can you hear me out there?
Aiyyo turn me up, nobody can hear me out there
That's good, it's all fucked up now
Y'all know it's all fucked up now right?
What the fuck y'all gonna do now?
What I'ma do now?
Can y'all hear me out there?
Can y'all hear me out there?
(?) 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

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