

# Victory

## P. Diddy

One, one, two  
Check me out, right here, yoYo, 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 brokeSo, 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 SatanThey 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 hoesExcellence 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 gunsRidiculous 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 flowsMilitant, 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 shadyFrankie 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 onI 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 acidP-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 candleWhat 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 pityI'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 finishVenice 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 'emPlacin' 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 CommissionWe got the real live shit from front to back  
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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 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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