

# Victory

Puff Daddy

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 (uhh) you rakin up plats

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 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  
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  
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  
Park did quick to spark kids who start shit

See me, only me  
The Underboss 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? (2x)  
Where the fuck my bitches at?  
Where my bitches is at?  
(2x)

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 Comission

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 I'ma do now?  
What I'ma do now?  
Can y'all hear me out there?  
Can y'all hear me out there?  
(2x)

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