

# Commission

Shyne

From cuttin' solid Purico to stack Fritos  
Went from grams to kilos  
Mac in one hand, in the other hand grands and c-notes  
Game got my eyes wider than a 430 Buggy

No tellin' what the fuck I'll do for this money  
Stay posted up close with killers and cut throats  
The thoroughest bitches who in they pussy stuff coke  
As I cook and cut coke with the bakin' soda arm and hammer

Palmin' hammers  
Think you crazy? Nigga, my clique's bananas  
Takin' over with the mafia  
Hittin' niggas for they bricks like gracias

The cockiest, it's obvious, it's me, he, who?  
Confront frontin' niggas like, "You want it? Well nigga, me too"  
What the fuck, I'm callin' your bluff, niggas act like they stopped  
Makin' guns after they made yours

I'm sponsored by the NRA, DOA rules  
Grin and stand over your coffin like, "Hey you"  
Tell the devil I'm comin', keep it hot  
For now I got my eyes on a billboard spot, don't stop

Die for it, take the stand, lie for it  
Blow trial, get up in the chair and fry for it  
Never tellin' or snitchin', rather swim with the fish'n  
Mothafucka respect it, the commission

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I buy and sell bricks with my nigga PD  
Down with the team called BBE  
Now if you want to join the team you know you must see me  
Buy ya can't talk to FEDS or dick RID

It's a cold world baby boy, fuck it, I'm colder  
Animals on my back keep my warm, my armor  
Frank Lucas persona, warmin' coke up in the sauna  
Let me warn ya, trip against my team you's a goner

Infact it's drastic  
A couple million in the mattress  
With a safe dick I say fuck taxes  
Rather indulge in duct tape pig tie tactics

Crime pays, nigga, nine-hundred and ninety-nine ways  
My destiny's vague, will I survive or blow trial?  
Lay shot up, Puff cryin' in denial  
While my enemies smile, buried in style, Gucci suits and cufflings  
Sneakin' drugs through Heavens customs

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Pop, pop, pop, warning shot, who's to blame  
Shyne mothafucka, don't forget the name  
Stretch the Caine, to cop the house and the plane  
'Til my massacre, slain

Brains hang from the window of my Range  
Fuck the FEDS, two green and one red  
Firm tight, hold the dice in this game of life  
Aces suffice

Paper's a must  
Fallen Angels and Angel dust  
My team do dirt to avoid layin' in the dust  
Million dollar portraits in my fortress of course it's Po

Bloodstainin', aeroplanin', four hundred horses slow  
Platinum cable, round table, so all the bosses know  
I'm takin' over  
'Cause they coke got too much bakin' soda

They say, money ain't everything  
You fuckin' right nigga, it's the only thing  
In God we trust, the Holy thing  
I look into my enemy's eye  
Let 'em know you play fly you go out Kennedy style

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