

## **Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z**

### **"Multikillionaire"**

Visit "[Multikillionaire](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Mastermind)

Get ya mail boy

Natas... Forever

You see, everything around me

Rules, by the money

Man, I just think about the capers

How we do for the papers

Then later repent my sins with prayers

All wickedness

It's forgiveness It's

Kill or be killed

Best be skilled with ya business

Who moves the product wit the quickness

Who fit us

Who about to get the riches

Who real who fictious

I need to know right now

Wit all the cheap chumps

And petty punks

Step to the front of the crowd

And all the broke niggaz be quiet

Bitch this a carjack get out ya shit

And let me ride it

I'll show you where all the money at

And all that and then some

Show you how to creep up

On the come up wit ya income

You need to know the players to fuck with

You need to learn the bitches that suck dick, nigga

You need to know the game

Or learn it quick

Cuz out here, yo luck ain't shit, nigga

So many lives were lost for this

So I'm goin put it down

At all costs cuz if

A nigga get lost in the mist

He'll be another victim of these streets

And can't reap war benefits

Soliders in this war

We battle for nights

You can't make a mil amore  
If you never had it in sights  
Let's make a deal wit your life  
I'm feeling ill I might  
Do some dirt with my steel  
And peel you off if the price is right  
Just to let you know where my mind at  
I'm gone  
Never talk about the lik I hit on the phone  
Snitches get the chrome to their face  
Watch them shit and piss  
You need to roll alone thru this wickedness, nigga  
Set ya self up for drama  
Ya fool living  
I kick the game too tight  
I see the future too vivid  
I'ma just ride  
My course to die  
If we all live short lives  
Natas immortalized, nigga

Forever  
Never die  
Forever  
Getcha mail boy

You can take this to the bank and cash this  
You'll never take the multikillionaire status  
You want bitches to you  
How feed you  
The devil told me "Mastermind my son them niggaz  
can't see you"  
Put the heat to em  
Or let my killers do them  
Another piece of history  
Another unsolved mystery  
You miss me  
Get at me in the next life after death  
Am I, going to hell  
Ask yourself  
The game done got hot  
Im like fuck the fame fuck the props  
Just cash me up on my service n I'm back on the block  
All sacrifices are made  
All bills paid  
I'd rather be a multikillionaire  
With the ill pay

Forever  
Never die nigga  
You see

Everything around me  
Rules by the money

Visit [Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.