

Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z "Multikillionaire"

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(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

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