

## 50 Cent

# "Victory 2004 (Album Version)"

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[P. Diddy - talking]

Ten years

Yo the sun don't shine forever

But as long as it's here then we might as well shine together

Better now than never, business before pleasure

P. Diddy and the Fam, who you know do it better?

Yeah right, no matter what, we air tight

And when you hear somethin, make sure you hear it right

Don't make a ass outta yourself by assumin

My music keeps you movin, what are you provin?

You know that I'm two levels above you baby

Hug me baby, I'ma make you love me baby

It's ten years and we still runnin this motherfucker

[P. Diddy] + (Notorious B.I.G.)

Yeah! (one)

As we proceed to give you what you need

(One, two...)

It's all fucked up now

What the fuck y'all gonna do now?

[50 Cent] + (P. Diddy)

Yo, yo, we can't stay alive forever (yeah)

So if shit hit the fan then we might as well die together

I'm high as ever, more hoes and more cheddar (yeah)

G-Unit move around with them pounds and berretas

(uh)

Yeah faggot, if I want it I'm gon' have it

Regardless if it's handed to me or I gotta grab it

Don't make a ass outta yourself tryna stop me

I'm cocky, rap's "Rocky", nigga you sloppy

You know that I'm eight levels above you nigga

I'll plug you nigga, I never heard of you nigga, ugly

nigga

(what y'all gonna do now?)

I'm the wrong one to provoke

And rattin on niggaz is only gon' leave you smoke

So the only thing left now is toast for these cowards

(that's right)

I got no friends, fuck most of these cowards (that's

right)

They pop shit 'til we start approachin these cowards  
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[Notorious B.I.G.] + (P. Diddy)

In the Comission, you ask for permission to hit 'em  
He don't like me, hit him while wifey was with him  
You heard of us, the murderous, most shady  
Been on the low lately, the feds hate me  
The son of Satan, they 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 (yeah)  
Francis, M to the iz-H phenominal (uh huh)  
Gun rest under your vest by the abdominal (yeah)  
Rhyme a few bars so I can buy a few cars (uh huh)  
And I kick a few flows so I can pimp a few hoes (let's  
go)

Excellence is my presence, never tense  
Never hesitant, leave a nigga bent real quick  
Real sick, brawl nights, I perform like Mike (c'mon)  
Anyone - Tyson, Jordan, Jackson (uh huh, yeah)  
action, pack guns, ridiculous (ridiculous)  
And I'm quick to bust, if my ends you touch (uh huh)  
Kids or girl you touch (say what?), in this world I clutch  
(c'mon)

Two auto-matoes, used to call me fatso (used to call  
me fatso)

Now you call me Castro, my rap flows (yeah)  
Militant, y'all faggots ain't killin shit  
Oops Cristal keep spillin shit, you overdid it homes  
(yeah)

You in the danger zone, you shouldn't be alone  
Hold hands and say it like me  
The most shady (most shady), Frankie baby (Frankie  
baby), fantastic  
Graphic, tryin to make dough, like "Jurassic"  
"Park" did, quick to spark kids who start shit (c'mon,  
say what?)

See me, only me (yeah, I see you)  
The Underboss of this holocaust (let's go)  
Truly yours, Frank White

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes] - w/ ad libs from P. Diddy

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?

[P. Diddy]

Aiyyo, it can't stay dark for long (can't stay dark for long)

They say its darkest before the dawn

Calms before the storm (c'mon)

I'm happy Mason Betha's now preachin the Psalms (I see you Mase)

And I can see B.I. rockin the Sean John (let's go Big)

Yeah right, this is what "Life's After's" like

B.I. Frank White, your "Bad Boy For Life"

No matter what the public say we gon' prove

It ain't another MC that could fill ya shoes

Cause Biggie Smalls is the illest

Realest my stones the chillest, got homes and villas

Overseas and what was me, I found out

other MC's been tryin to find ya route (haha)

It's ill when MC's used to be on other shit (yeah, c'mon)

Took home "Life after Death" and they studied it (that's right)

Listened to the double disc (yeah)

Now they all spit, like they all legit (c'mon)

Frank tell how we did it, go

[Notorious B.I.G.] + (P. Diddy)

We got the shit, Mac tight, brass knuckles and flashlights (yeah, c'mon)

The heaters in the two-seaters, with two midas (uh huh, yeah)

Senoritas, kiss rings when you meet us

P. Diddy run the city, show no pity (that's my name)

I'm the witty one (yeah), Frank's the crook from the Brook' (c'mon)

Matty broke the neck of your coke connect (say what?)

No respect squeeze off 'til all y'all diminish (uh huh)

Shootouts for twenty minutes, until we finish (take that)

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 (Black Rob, I see you)

Niggaz step up, with just Mase and 'em (yeah)

Placin them in funerals, criminals turned aroused (yeah)

The Brick City, nobody come off like P. Diddy (woo)

Business wise, I play men

Hide money on the Island Cayman (c'mon), y'all just betray men (yeah)

You screamin, I position, competition

Another day in the life of the Comission

[P. Diddy]

Oh it ain't over, aiyyo Banks talk to 'em

[Lloyd Banks] + (P. Diddy)  
I got a industry gangstress that argues and steams the  
reefer (uh huh)  
And flip when I call her bitch like she Queen Latifah  
(haha)  
Now all the vehicles is long enough to stash the  
streetsweeper (yeah)  
This shit gon' get uglier than the Master P sneaker  
I'm slidin through the Ruckers, with Prada on the  
Chuckers (uh)  
So the spring break hoes, home from college wanna  
fuck us (ha)  
I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckers (say  
what?)  
I'll sick rottweiler's on you fuckers (yeah), cops followin  
to cuff us  
Top dollars to discuss this, whole lotta zeros  
When it comes to paper I blow the soul outta hero (uh  
huh)  
I'ma break 'fore I lay on the floor buried  
besides, every rapper ain't a star, and every plaid ain't  
Burberry (uh huh)  
You can't tame Lloyd, I'm smokin by the big screen  
(yeah)  
And changin the channel looks like I'm playin the game  
boy (woo)  
I know the watch botherin ya vision  
But reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like it's part of ya  
religion (yeah)

[Chorus] - 4X

[P. Diddy - talking over Chorus]

Yeah  
Where you at?  
Where you at?  
Where you at?  
Where you at?  
I told y'all, ten years from now we'll still be on top  
We've just begun  
Thank you ... thank you  
B.I.G. forever  
Bad Boy baby  
You know the rest

[Busta Rhymes]

Fuck y'all niggaz wanna do?

