

Diddy

"Victory 2004 (Feat. 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Notoriou"

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[P.Diddy]

Yo the sun don't shine forever
But as long as it's here then we might aswell 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 something, 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 running this motherfucker!)
(As we proceed to give you what you need!)
(It's all fucked up now what you gonna do now?)

[50 Cent]

We can't stay alive forever
So if shit hit the fan then we might aswell die together
Im high as ever, more hoes and more cheddar
G-unit move around with them pounds and berettas
Yeah fagget, if i want it, im gon' have it
Regardless if it's handed to me or i'll let 'em have it
Don't make an ass out of yourself trying to stop me
Im cocky, raps "Rocky", nigga you sloppy
You know that im eight levels above you nigga
I'll plug you nigga
I never heard of you nigga
It's ugly nigga
Im the wrong one to provoke
And rattin' on niggas is only gon' leave you smoke
So the only thing left now is toast for these cowards
I got no friends, fuck most of these cowards
They pop shit 'till we started 'pproaching these cowards
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[Notorious B.I.G.]

In The Commision, 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 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
When 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, wrong 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-matos, 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

[Busta Rhymes]

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the fuck you at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where the fuck my bitches at?
Where my bitches is at?

[P.Diddy]

(Yo i got something new i wanna say check this out)
Ya heard it can't stay dark for long
They say dark it is before the dawn
Calms before the storm
Im happy Mason bethas now preachin songs
I can see B.I. ropin' in Sean John
Yeah, get it right, this is what life afters like
B.I., Frank White, ya Bad Boy for life
No Matter what the public say, we gon' prove
There ain't another Mc that can fill ya shoes, Cus
Biggie Smalls is the illest, realest
My stones the chillest
Got arms in Dealers

Overseas, it wasn't me, I found out
Other Mc's been trying to find ya ralph
But it's ill when Mc's used to be on other shit
Took home "Life After Death" and they studied it
Listen to the double disc, now they all spit like they all
legit
Frank tell 'em how we get, uhh

[Notorious B.I.G.]

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 the crook from the brook
Matty broke the neck of your coke connect
No respect squeeze off 'till 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 Luc'
Black Rob joined the Mob, it ain't no replacin' him
Niggas step up, with just Mase and 'em
placin' them in funerals, criminals turned aroused
To Brick City, nobody come off like P. Diddy
Business wise, I play men
Hide money on the Island Cayman, y'all just betray
men
We spray men, I position, competition
Another day in the life, of the Comission

[P.Diddy]

(Yo it ain't over, Banks talk to 'em)

[Lloyd Banks]

I got a an answer, it's gangsterous
it argues and steams the reefa
And flip when i call her bitch like she "Queen Latifah"
And all the vehicles is long enough to stash the
streetsweeper
This shit can get uglier than the master piece nigga
Thats why i threw the ruckus, but prowl on the tuckus
So the spring break hoes home from collage wanna
fuck us
I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckers
I'll sic' rockwilders on you fuckers
Cops follow on to cuff us, top dollars to discuss this
whole lotta zero's when it comes to paper
I'll blow the soul outta hero
Ima break 'fore i lay in the floor
Bury the sides, every rapper ain't a star, every plaid
ain't borbury

You can't tame Lloyd, who smoke up out the big screen
to change over channel
Looks like im Playing a "Game Boy"
I know the white bars are in your vision
I'll put a red dot on ya head like it's part of your religion

[Busta Rhymes][x4]

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my niggas in the world, where the fuck you at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where my niggas is at?
Where the fuck my bitches at?
Where my bitches is at?

[Busta Rhymes]

Fuck y'all niggas wanna do now?

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