

Lloyd Banks

"Victory 2004"

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P. DIDDY, NOTORIOUS B.I.G., BUSTA RHYMES, 50 CENT,
LLOYD BANKS LYRICS

Victory 2004

[P. Diddy]
10 years...

Yo the sun don't shine forever but as long as its here
then we might as well shine togeher
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
So 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]
Yeah!

[B.I.G.]
One

[P. Diddy]
As we procede to give you what you need!

[B.I.G.]
One...Two!

[P. Diddy]
It's all fucked up now!

[50 Cent]
Yo!

[P. Diddy]
What the fuck yaw gonna do now?

[50 Cent]

Yo, we can't stay alive forever
So if shit hit the fan then we might as well die together
I'm high as ever, more hoes and more cheddar
G-Unit move around wit them pounds and berreta's
Yea 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 yaself tryin to stop me
I'm cocky, raps rocky, nigga you sloppy
You know that I'm, 8 levels above you nigga
I'll club you nigga, I never heard of you nigga, ugly
nigga
I'm 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 cowrads
I got no friends, fuck most of these cowards
They pop shit 'till we start approaching these cowards
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[B.I.G.]

In The Commision, you ask for permission to hit em
He don't like me, him and wild wifey was wit em
You heard of us, the murderers, 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
And 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, brawl 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-matoes, 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

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the hell you at?
Where my soldiers is at? [2X]
Where my real live my soldiers?
Where my soldiers is at?

[P. Diddy]

You know it can't stay dark for long
They say its darkest before the dawn
Cars before the storm
I'm happy makes a bethus now preaching the song
I can see B.I. rocking the Sean John yeah right
This is for life afters like B.I. Frank White
Yo Bad Boy for life
No matter what the public say we gon prove
There aint another MC who could feel ya shoes
Cuz Biggie Smalls is the illest
Realest my stones and killas got homes and villas
Overseas and what was me I find out
Who found out other MCs been tryin to find ya route
This illman MC used to be on other shit
Took home "Life after Death" and they studied it
Listened to the double disk
Now they all spit like they all legit
Frank tell how we did!

[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's the crook from the Brook'
Matty broke the neck of your coke connect
No respect squeeze off til 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 loops
Black Rob joined the mob, it ain't no replacin him
Niggaz step up, we just macin them
Placin them in funerals, criminals turned aroused
The Brick City, nobody come off like P-Diddy
Businesswise, I play men
Hide money on the Island Cayman, y'all just betray
men
You screamin, I position, competition
Nother day in the life of the Comission

[Lloyd Banks]

I got a intergangstress who argue and steams wit
reefer

And who flip when I call a bitch like she Queen Latifah
Not all the vehicle's is long enough to stash the
streetsweeper

This shit can get uglier than the Master P sneaker
We slidin through the ruckus, wit prada on the chuckus
Soon as spring break ho's home from college wanna
fuck us

I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckas
I'll sick rottweiler's on you fuckas, cops followin to cuff
us

Top dollars to discuss this, whole lotta zeros
When it comes to paper I blow a soul outta aero
I'ma break before I lay floor burried
Besides, every rapper ain't a star, nigga plad ain't
burberry

You can't tame Lloyd, smokin by the big screen
You changin the channel looks like I'm playin the game
boy

I know to watch botherin ya vision
You reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like its part of yo
religion

Why party wit a pigeon?

I'm blowin a 10 cuz Bush handin flyers for a party in a
prison

I'm in the gucci vest wit the green and red straps
I'm the last rapper to scare niggas since Craig Mack
Now every morning's a fast start
And there aint problem gettin dressed cuz my closet
got more aisles than pathmark

Run, when we startin a wave
And leave wit 12 shells in ya mouth like a carton of
eggs

I'm the young pimp pardon my age
I don't got long hair but if I did she be partin my braids
Niggas find what club they at

Take 'em wit us, and run a train on 'em like a subway
mac

Get advances from grey Acura
See these record labels got most artists gettin fucked
like the gay rappa'

I go the college on the tour
I'm goin down in history nigga, next to Wallace and
Shakur

I keep ya ammo clean, text polished in the drawer
Camera's by the hamper that mine into the floor
By now, you probably heard of me
Fresh outta surgery, flashy as a fuck, you gon' have to

murder me
Burglary, I'm leavin wit cha nikes bergendy, White T,
bergendy
You match now, back down
Niggas love to hate you, but love you when you
disappear
Catch me on the boat wit weed smoke and fishing gear
Heavy when I toke, C notes from different years
Besly in the robe, re-motes for liftin chairs
You ain't rich, but we glad to snatch ya
I send cars to crib like I'm a cab dispatcha
You better off wit ya stupid guys, lookin for a coupe to
drive
You ain't gettin nuttin but ya french fries supersized
It's a damn shame y'all still local
I'm in a million dollar studio layin my vocals
Nigga

[Chorus (x3): Busta Rhymes]

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the hell you at?
Where my soldiers is at? [2X]
Where my real live my soldiers?
Where my soldiers is at?

[Busta Rhymes]
We got the real live shit!

What yaw niggas wanna do?

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