

## Luciano

# "You'll See"

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You'll See by Notorious B.I.G. feat. L.O.X. & Puff Daddy

Intro: Puff Daddy

(Don't stop, I'm not finished yet [8x])  
Do you ever ask yourself, when are they ever gonna stop?  
Do you ever ask yourself, when are they gonna stop making those hits?  
Do you ever ask yourself, when are they gonna stop making us dance?  
Do you ever ask yourself,  
When those Bad Boy are GONNA STOP MAKING ALL THIS MONEY?!

Verse One: Styles Paniro

I lick shots at intruders  
Take the coke money and invest in computers  
Tryin' to reach the next level, Rolex with the ice bezel  
Coming through the ghetto, in a Porsche Carrero  
But for now I'll play the back of the cruiser  
Light another sack for the three time losers  
Pour out some beer, bust out the ruger  
Ladies and gentleman  
Bullets will leave you tremblin'  
Shooked up  
I got my cuban mommy cooking up  
We got it all from Heron to Fishscale  
New York to Ismail get locked, I'm gettin' bail  
My style is flashy like a fiver strobes  
Going around the globe, hunnies wearing silk robes  
Time to flip the script, bust the whip  
Legend with the chip, dark blue with my trunk dipped  
To the feds, catch me if you can  
I'm a still transport with my man on the Peter Pan  
Get there and bury the bricks in the sand  
They think I want a tan, I'm sittin' on a hundred grand  
So I can hit the boat and take a shower  
Head back to the airport, and hide the money in the tower

Stack blocks by the keys  
L to the O to the X you'll see

Chorus: Puff Daddy

Bad Boy, Bad Boy, what you gonna do  
What you gonna do when they come for you  
(Gun cocking) You'll see, (gun cocking) you'll see [2x]

Interlude: Puff Daddy

See, it's 1996 man,  
And we gonna do the same thing to you we did to you  
in '95.  
We gonna keep hittin' you in your head with all that  
FLAAAAAAAAAVVAAAAAAAAA

Verse Two: Jadakiss

Yeah aight then, you better act like you know  
L to the O, X amount the flows  
Ain't nothin' change but the range since I got the inf.  
Dot on your head, take all your strength  
Yeah, I'm in it for the green  
I'll get up in your seam while I'm sonning you like a  
nigga from Queens  
My tape in your duel cassette running me  
Tryin' to get in front of me playa, but you ain't gettin'  
none of me  
Better off gunnin' me, with hot slugs numbing me  
'Cause you and I both know, the flow is coming B  
When you want it? now or later?  
I get mine and slide like a fresh pair of 'gators  
With my mega click, involved in Montega bricks  
Niggaz is mega sick, and you know we roll mega thick  
Up north where they bust your man  
In the custom van, interrupt your plans  
Now it's back to grams, DAMN, ain't that somethin'  
All that for frontin', what you gonna do? nothin'  
So let's keep things rationalized  
Everything I write better nationalize  
I'm into gettin' money, twistin' hunnies  
Niggaz is buyin' coupes while you on the stoop lookin'  
funny  
I'm a scorer, shorty love the whole aura

Pussy wasn't all that, that's why I never called her  
It's all about quick whips and fast knicks  
Gats with mad clips, TV's in your whips  
My style tight like Gotti when I touch you  
Seasoned Picatti, or Versace joints with the buckle

Get the facts, I'm tryin' to get the Beamer with the hatch  
Cop one for my man, so ill shits match  
Runnin' around all crazy twistin' hunnies back  
And breakin' niggaz that come to gamble with small stacks  
Really though, screw y'all, I never knew y'all  
Your click be like yellow lights, I'm runnin' through y'all

Chorus

Verse Three: Sheek Luchion

Yo, hard as it is to make a buck I ain't tryin' to get stuck  
So I'm a keep handlin' beef like I don't give a fuck  
It's all about respect Tek-9's and papes  
Big house in Italy, in the yard with hunnies crushin' grapes  
So I go down to my steam room and give a long prayer  
Knowing that one day I'll be Sheek Luchion the mayor  
Fatigued out in my house or office  
Blunt spots and crooked cops can't grow shit so the town supports this  
(Uh-hun)  
My staff rollin' in Jags, Cruisers, and Coupes  
Givin' rallies, and holdin' parades for the lifers groups  
Now what you gon' do?  
When they come for you  
The same thing you been doing  
Eye screwing  
And bubble gum chewing (whooh)  
While me and my mans are pursuin'  
Who you think the ladies are enhancin'  
Rocking Vansons I'm dancing in the mansion  
So cheers to life of the ice in your chains and your watches  
And you'll see how wo lock this

Chorus

Verse Four: The Notorious B.I.G.

Click, click, uh, uh, uh  
Niggaz talkin' it but ain't livin' it  
Crystal pops I'm sippin' it, mob hats and lizard shit  
'Gator trunks bitch, rollin' blunts with the williest of the willy  
Hitchlin' cocked M-1's and nine millies  
Stories like a motherfucker (that's right)  
Model bitches wondering if I'm a fuck with her  
She know I treats my bitches like Ivana

Dolce and Gabana  
Dippin'  
Big poppa never slippin'  
H-class diamonds shinin'  
Dinner with the wifey winin', dinin'  
Smoking cigars in Bogota  
With Colombian niggaz named Panama  
And Englique and shit  
Games we play life endin'  
Bitches bending over with ease  
For a pair of Moschino jeans  
And Donna Karan tank tops I got your bank stopped  
Singles on top  
Benjamins  
Under the rest of 'em  
Advancin'  
From duplex to mansion  
Stashing keys hidin' G's overseas  
VCR's in my V's  
Game elevates, money I make  
Gets your stocks and real estates, bitch  
Jet skiing in the Caribbean, white sands  
Discussing plans with my mans  
Dark blue land, smoke tint chrome rims and system  
That leaves your rear views tremblin'  
What you gonna do when poppa catch an attitude  
Drop to your knees and show gratitude  
Kiss my rings it's a Frank White thing I stay potent  
Bitch is devoted, take my dick and deep throat it

Outro:

You'll see (Don't stop), you'll see

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