

# Puff Daddy

## "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  
Oops 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 stoness 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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