

Shyne "Commission"

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From cuttin' solid Purico to stack Fritos
Went from grams to kilos
Mac in one hand, in the other hand grands and c-notes
Game got my eyes wider than a 430 Buggy

No tellin' what the fuck I'll do for this money
Stay posted up close with killers and cut throats
The thoroughest bitches who in they pussy stuff coke
As I cook and cut coke with the bakin' soda arm and
hammer

Palmin' hammers
Think you crazy? Nigga, my clique's bananas
Takin' over with the mafia
Hittin' niggas for they bricks like gracias

The cockiest, it's obvious, it's me, he, who?
Confront frontin' niggas like, "You want it? Well nigga,
me too"
What the fuck, I'm callin' your bluff, niggas act like they
stopped
Makin' guns after they made yours

I'm sponsored by the NRA, DOA rules
Grin and stand over your coffin like, "Hey you"
Tell the devil I'm comin', keep it hot
For now I got my eyes on a billboard spot, don't stop

Die for it, take the stand, lie for it
Blow trial, get up in the chair and fry for it
Never tellin' or snitchin', rather swim with the fish'n
Mothafucka respect it, the commission

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I buy and sell bricks with my nigga PD
Down with the team called BBE
Now if you want to join the team you know you must see
me

Buy ya can't talk to FEDS or dick RID

It's a cold world baby boy, fuck it, I'm colder
Animals on my back keep my warm, my armor
Frank Lucas persona, warmin' coke up in the sauna
Let me warn ya, trip against my team you's a goner

Infact it's drastic
A couple million in the mattress
With a safe dick I say fuck taxes
Rather indulge in duct tape pig tie tactics

Crime pays, nigga, nine-hundred and ninety-nine ways
My destiny's vague, will I survive or blow trial?
Lay shot up, Puff cryin' in denial
While my enemies smile, buried in style, Gucci suits
and cufflings
Sneakin' drugs through Heavens customs

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Pop, pop, pop, warning shot, who's to blame
Shyne mothafucka, don't forget the name
Stretch the Caine, to cop the house and the plane
'Til my massacre, slain

Brains hang from the window of my Range
Fuck the FEDS, two green and one red
Firm tight, hold the dice in this game of life
Aces suffice

Paper's a must
Fallen Angels and Angel dust
My team do dirt to avoid layin' in the dust
Million dollar portraits in my fortress of course it's Po

Bloodstainin', aeroplanin', four hundred horses slow
Platinum cable, round table, so all the bosses know
I'm takin' over
'Cause they coke got too much bakin' soda

They say, money ain't everything
You fuckin' right nigga, it's the only thing
In God we trust, the Holy thing
I look into my enemy's eye
Let 'em know you play fly you go out Kennedy style

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