

## Shyne

### "The Commission"

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[Verse 1]

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.

[Chorus 2X]

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

[Verse 2]

(First 4 lines with Jamaican accent)  
I buy and sell bricks with my nigga P.D.  
down with the team called B.B.E.  
now if you want to join the team you know you must see  
me  
buy ya can't talk to FEDS or dick R.I.D.

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.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

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  
'till my Massacre, slain  
brains hang from the window of my Range  
fuck the FEDS, 2 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.

Chorus 2x

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