

Various Artists "Victory 2004"

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Ten years

Yo, the sun don't shine forever but as long as it's here

Then we might as well 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 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

Yeah

One

As we proceed to give you what you need

One, two

It's all fucked up now

Yo

What the fuck y'all gonna do now?

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 with them pounds and barrette's

Yeah 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 yourself tryin' to stop me

I'm cocky, rap's Rocky, nigga, you sloppy

You know that I'm 8 levels above you nigga

I'll plug you nigga, I never heard of you nigga

Ugly nigga, I'm the wrong one to provoke

You rattin' on niggas is only gon' leave you smoked

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 start approaching these cowards

While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

[Incomprehensible] in The Commission, you ask for

permission to hit 'em
He don't like me, hit 'em while wifey was with '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 killings 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
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

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?

Aye yo, it can't stay dark for long
They say it's darkest before the dawn
Calms before the storm
I'm happy Mase N. Bethea's now preaching the Psalms
And I can see B.I. rocking the Sean John
Yeah, right, this is what Life After's like
B.I. Frank White, yo, Bad Boy for life
No matter what the public say we gon' prove
It ain't another emcee that could fill your shoes

'Cause Biggie Smalls is the illest, realest

My stones the chillest, got homes and villas
Overseas and what was me
I found out other MC's been tryin' to find your route
It's ill when emcees 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 get

We got the shit, mapped tight, brass knuckles and
flashlights
The heaters in the two-seaters with two mitas
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 he broke the neck of your coke connect
No respect, squeeze off till all y'all diminish
Shootouts for twenty minutes, until we finish

Then it's to the loot, escaped in the Coupe
Break bread with the Kiss, Peniro, Sheek Looch
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
To Brick City, nobody come off like P-Diddy
Business-wise, I play men
Hide money on the Island Cayman, y'all just portray
men
We spray men, opposition, competition
Another day in the life of the Comission

I got a [Incomprehensible] gangstress that argues and
steams the reefer
And flip when I call her bitch like she Queen Latifah
Now all the vehicles is long enough to stash the
streetsweeper
This shit can get uglier than the Master P sneaker
I'm slidin' through the ruckus, with Prada on the
Chuckers
Soon as spring break hoe'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 out of a hero
I'ma break before I lay in the floor burried besides
Every rapper ain't a star and every plaid ain't Burberry
You can't tame Lloyd, I'm smokin' by the big screen
And changin' the channel, looks like I'm playin' the

Game Boy

I know the watch botherin' your vision
You reachin' I'll put a dot on your head like it's part of
your religion

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We got the real live shit
Fuck y'all niggers wanna do

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