

P Diddy, Victory

Intro: Notorious B.I.G.

One, one two

Check me out right here yo

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Yo, the sun don't shine forever

(BIG: You can turn the track up a little bit for me)

But as long as it's here then we might as well shine together

(BIG: All up in my ears)

Better now than never, business before pleasure

(BIG: The mic is loud, but the beats isn't loud)

P-Diddy and the Fam, who you know do it better?

Yeah right, no matter what, we air tight

(BIG: YEAH!)

So when you hear somethin, make sure you hear it right

Don't make a ass outta yourself, by assumin

(BIG: YEAH! Now the mic is lower, turn the mics up)

Our music keeps you movin, what are you provin?

(BIG: Turn that shit all the way up, yeah)

You know that I'm two levels above you baby

(BIG: Music's gettin louder)

Hug me baby, I'ma make you love me baby

(BIG: This shit is hot!)

Talkin crazy ain't gonna get you nuthin but choked

(BIG: Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)

And that jealousy is only gonna leave you broke

So the only thing left now is God for these cats

And BIG you know you too hard for these cats

I'ma win cause I'm too smart for these cats

While they makin up facts (uhh) you rakin up plats

Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.

In The Commision, you ask for permission to hit em

He don't like me, him and wild wifey was wit 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 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

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

Ooops 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

Chorus: 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 niggaz is at? (2X)
Where the fuck my bitches at?
Where my bitches is at?
(repeat all 2X)

Verse Three: Puff Daddy

Put your money on the table and get your math on
Break it down, split it up, get your laugh on
See you later Dog, I'ma get my stash on
There's a bed full of money that I get my ass on
I never lose the passion to go platinum
Said I'd live it up til all the cash gone
Ain't that funny, only use plastic, craft it
to make classics, hotter than acid
P-D, rollin on your tape or CD
The girl-boy killa, no team illa
The Fam-o, ammo, is every channel
We been hot for a long time burnin like a candle
What you can do is check your distribution
My songs bump in Houston like Scarface produced em
You ain't gotta like me, you just mad
Cause I tell it how it is, and you tell it how it might be

Verse Four: 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's the crook from the Brook'
Matty broke the neck of your coke connect
No respect squeeze off til 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 Louch
Black Rob joined the mob, it ain't no replacin him
Niggaz step up, with just Mase and 'em
placin them in funerals, criminals turned aroused
The Brick City, nobody come off like P-Diddy
Business wise, I play men
Hide money on the Island Cayman, y'all just betray men
You screamin, I position, competition
Nother day in the life of the Comission
Chorus 2X w/ Puff talking