

Shyne, Commission

[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