

It's Mine (feat. Nas)

Mobb Deep

Yeah. yeah. (hahahaha) uh-huh, yeah yeah
(HAH hahahaha) Huh yo, you know it
Infamous ninety-nine (infamous ninety-nine)
(hahahaha) Infamous two thousand
(Ain't nuttin but thugs over here baby)
(AHHH hahahaha). (hahaha). (HAH haha)(Havoc)
Yo... straight thugs on this side - it's do or die to the death
Like the terminal ill takin they last breath
Read your last rites - God, forgive me
for the sin I'm about to commit - takin a life
Kill or be killed, rather that than somebody else
readin my will - you feel what I feel, you know the deal
Keep the infrared next to my bed, one in the head
Hearin noises, dead tired, eyes bloodshot red
Sleep with half closed eyelids
Some say it's strange, sometimes that's how strange life get
Go easy on the bottle, niggaz love to see when
niggaz slippin off point, on the strength they bet
Scopin your ice, appraisin it like the Diamond District Jeweler
with they hand on the biscuit
Do ya, wanna get caught lifted; or sober, so you can react quick?
Blow you off the atlas as if I caught you fuckin my wife
on my thousand dollar mattress
It's the world that I live in, Q.B. made me
A moms that loved me and a pops that raised me

Chorus: Nas {singing to the chorus of Brandy's "The Boy is Mine"} Y'all need to give it up. we
don't give a fuck.

what y'all niggaz want. thug, life, is, mine
Y'all need to give it up. cause we don't give a fuck.
what y'all niggaz want. thug, life, is, mine(Prodigy)
I got the style of a still-born child, I'm ill
If it's beef, poke him with the fork, make sure he's done well
(Very very) The streets raised me crazy, now I'm immune to it
So when they start shootin, we'll stop the music
Keep it moving that's how we do it (c'mon, c'mon Dunn)
Been through more drama than the Baldwins, you still crawlin
(Still crawlin) Apply street rules to the office, high performance
Rap author, made millions off of - melodic, hypnotic productions
That'll fuck with your conscience and touch your emotions
(You feel me? You feel me?)
You feel me? I'll write a graphic page
Escort niggaz to they grave, relate to the projects

We the black Mobb, it gets deeper than rap music
(Don't get no realer than this!)
It's more real than any words I can muster
Pull the black Cadillac trucks up (What?)
Hop out them shits like what? Y'all niggaz can't touch us
Chorus(Nas Escobar)
Silk shirts on my chest show what a flirt
Halle Berry blew a kiss at the Barbara Streisand concert
Silk pants colored pink, gators match gangster musical thing
And I'll front like my doo doo don't stink
Instinct like Cuba Gooding steppin out the latest toy
Hazard lights blinkin, gators hit the floor
Everybody watch the red carpet entrance, cameras flashin
Just to think, that was yesterday's action
Cause today goes either way - we came a long way
from hallway steps and hand-me-down shit
Fuck my foes, I seen the other side, NexTel cell roam
Call the chopper phone, heliport in my home
Quincy Jones posters
Wake up, guns under my pillow, I can't talk around chauffeurs
Shit is better than a novel, autobiographic
Spit it on tracks, it becomes classic
Start some, make my heart pump, spark one, I'm God son
NASTradamus, last one to blast one when the NARC's come
Know how to leave anything in thirty seconds
When you feel the heat, comin and flee with the murder weapon
I'll release one, shot you deceased, learn your lesson
Your flesh turn to maggots, bastards, you past it
Cremate your flesh to ashes
You don't need a suit, no wake, no funeral, and no casketChorus(Nas)
The, life, is, mine (repeat 3X)
Ill Will.
You need to give it up. we don't give a fuck
what y'all niggaz want. we don't give a fuck
Thug, life, is, mine
Y'all need to give it up. we don't give a fuck.
what y'all niggaz want. thug, life, is, mine
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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