

It's Mine

Mobb Deep

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo, you know it
Infamous ninety nine
Infamous two thousand
Ain't nuttin but thugs over here, baby
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 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
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, 'cuz we don't give a fuck
What y'all niggaz want, thug life is mine
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 sreet's raised me crazy, now I'm immune to it
So when they start shootin', we'll stop the music
Keep it movin' 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

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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
'Cuz 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 anythin' 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 casket
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, 'cuz we don't give a fuck
What y'all niggaz want, thug life is mine
The life is mine
The life is mine
The life is mine
The life is mine
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

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