

It's Mine

Mobb Deep

Yeah, yeah (ha ha ha ha) uh-huh, yeah yeah
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha] Huh yo, you know it
Infamous ninety-nine (infamous ninety-nine)
(Ha ha ha ha) Infamous two thousand
(Ain't nuttin but thugs over here baby)
(Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)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 eyelidsSome 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, want to 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 meY'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 mineI 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 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 performanceRap 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
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 casket
The, life, is, mine I'll 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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