

# 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 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 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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