

# 112, It's Over Now (Remix)

What is this?  
Numbers in your pocket  
I remember when you  
Used to throw those things away  
Why do you wanna keep in touch now?  
Who gave you a reason?  
To act so shady

Baby you know  
You can call me anytime  
Anything you needed I would give it to you  
Ooh, that's how much I care for you  
You wanna act now  
Never call me back now  
Turning off your cell phone  
Girl you know that ain't cool  
Yes I don't understand baby

[G-Dep]

Ain't no scene my team can't slaughter  
Ain't no cuisine my queen can't order  
We can burn it up, do in on the camcorder  
Let me hit it from the front till the \*\* get short  
The Harlem hang glider, hot flow provider  
Home of the project whores and all nighters  
Niggas grab your lighters  
Bitches grab your privates  
We break night and take flight, I'm the pilot  
You look up into the sky, why am I so high  
It must be the Mo and \*\* mixed with Ty  
The new Tri State Gregg Ganor  
If u don't know, this will be a no-brainer  
Man I get fame like Dana  
Dame with frames, change up \*\* like I'm changing lanes  
In the high octane Range Rover  
Shorty got game - but game over

1 - [112]

Baby it's a shame we gotta go through this  
We can't even talk  
Girl we don't even kiss  
I never would've thought  
We'd be breaking up like this  
But it's over now  
It's over now

You think that I don't know what's going on  
Cause you're always home alone  
And I'm always out of town  
You need to stop trying to play me  
Cause you can't even fade me  
I know you're messing around baby

Baby you know  
You can call me anytime  
Anything you needed I would give it to you  
That's how much I care for you baby  
You wanna act now  
Never call me back now  
Turning off your cell phone  
Girl you know that ain't cool  
Oh I don't understand baby

Repeat 1 (2x)

Baby it's a shame  
A shame that we go through  
The things that we go through  
When you're in love with me  
And I'm in love with you  
I think that we should talk about our problems  
Instead of running away  
Oh baby it's a shame  
We couldn't work it out  
Forgot what love was all about  
And the feelings we had from the start  
My heart will always be with you, oh  
Girl it's over

[Shyne]

Comin' straight outta Brooklyn  
Trailor ass nigga with tha Neco  
No top on that car, yeah that's me po'  
She know when she shut the door  
We gon crush on the floor and crush some more  
Quit the talking ma, this ain't to interview  
I'm trying to get into you, not into YOU  
Crush your spine, corrupt your mind, \*\* your mind  
Brooklyn girls come whine, whine  
All day, every day  
When I say my rod, all they do is pray  
Please help me God  
I need a broad who can take that charge  
Whip that car, flip that hard  
Stuff it all in the bra  
Go raw, runnin' from the law  
Fake face, rushin' cuts, put it in the jaw  
Snake Nine's and Anne Klein's  
Pedal to the floor  
Hear the engine raw  
And I'm under the governor

Repeat 1 till end