

Mobb Deep, Win Or Lose (Remix)

(Havoc)

It's real, yeah, right, oh, uh, it's right, oh yeah, whoo
Feel it baby, yes

Another day another dolla, it's about gettin money
Then you can gimme a holla, my nose runny
I've been out in the cold, hustlin for so long, my hands numb
But bet I feel that paper hit my palm

(Nas)

My stripes show like regimines, military intelligence
Murder game, I leave no evidence, credentials
Go ask my preschool, even talk to my old principal
He tell you how I used to pack a number two pencil

(Prodigy)

It's like ah shit it's on, time to go shoppin
For cars not fashion, my whips be the bomb
My clothes, be the same shit that we had on
Fuck lookin cute save that for the broads

(Jay-Z)

Ya brought to the game, all the scores the adrenaline rush
Your blug-boys not knowin cops could rush
And you in a drop, you so easy to touch
No two days are alike, except the first and fifteenth pretty much

(Havoc)

It's the H-A-V-O, C dump and reload
Knock knock answer that I'm blastin through the peep hole
Body charge, pay lawyers so we get those
Get locked then I'm sluttin lady CO's

(Prodigy)

We be the only niggaz you know that fuck they PO's
They push our files to the top, you still on peroll
We got, money to roll, no time for pennetentiaries
Too much dollars to fold, it's bulgin out our jeans

(Chorus 2X)

Here I go again, whether I win or lose
But losin ain't a option girl
My destination is top of the world (top of the world)

(Havoc)

Ya'll like bitches, the chit chatterin
Stay not likin a nigga, but givin dap to him
Hav don't change for no chick, and they adapt to 'em
Never get cool with you niggaz I end up clappin 'em

(Jadakiss)

Ey yo my attitude is subject to change
I mess around and spit twelve with the drivers side doin ya range
Six hit you, the other six up in ya dame
Mafia style, leave you with your watch and your change

(Prodigy)

Federal note fetish, you fuck with my niggaz Franklin and Grant
Get yo ass blammed with the quickness
Ya niggaz is finished, you overdosin the world with that cute shit
It's time for this realness

(Jay-Z)

And trust, is a word you seldom hear from us

Hustlers, we don't sleep, we rest one eye up
And the droppin to find a man, when the well dries up
You learn to work the water, without work, you thirst 'fore you die yup!

(Jadakiss)

So take heat, that not only can I flow I can aim
Cause y'all misdemeanin niggaz can't stand the rain
Better believe that, whenever I see ya'll, I'mma test ya
Only cause I know the fact that you respect pressure

(Havoc)

And here I go again, lettin the mack blow
Slugs bubble up in ya stomach like lactose
I'mma date shorty put it up in her backbone
For real, put it on it like a check, though my rap don't

(Nas)

Tables turned now, got my own label I earned
Like that nigga said in Dead Presidents, "Money to burn"
Queensbridge paid homage respect
Nas is a vadic, knowledge to rap
Plotters with gats, niggaz is dissin that

(Jay-Z)

Now all the teachers couldn't reach me
And my mamma couldn't beat me hard enough
to match the pain of my pop not seein me, so
With that stain in my membrane
Got on my pimp game, fuck the world, my defense came
Then that 'halin introduced me to the game
Spanish Jose introduced me to Cam'
I'm a hustler now, my gear is in and I'm in the in-crowd
And all the way be light scream girls be lovin me now

(Prodigy)

We out-live labels, and distributors
we run laps around e'rybody artist on ya pay-roll
To hop up in the Range Rove
Jet black with the black rims killin yo bitch in the A hole, uh oh

(Chorus- til end)