

# 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)