

It's Over

Kurupt

Yeah, I saw you up in the club, uh huh
You think you was bad cause you had a Jag

It's over, it's over now,
Move over, it's my turn now,
It's over, the game's shut down,
Sorry.

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Move over, it's my turn now,
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Sorry.

I went from canopies to boards, fans to no repairs (I'm sorry)
You ain't got the Bentley with four doors
K-u-r-u-p-t, any, you just bring my bottle of Remy
Recognize a real hit when you hear one
Postin' up at the Playboy Mansion
I stomp like gortex, poetical vortex
Bouncin to Jigga in California

It's the N-a-t-i, n- a you know the rest
Silly how frequently they contest
I done toured across the seas and been across the world
I done it for all y'all, my cats and my dogs
It's over, 'cause I'm bad to the bone
Leave a real diva to her own, alone
I drive in Jaguars, so many different cars
Life as a pop star, shouldn't be this hard come on

Suckas
This is how life should be, my girl and my peeps
Don't make me remind you I stays VIP
Move over for all my dime piece
All of my G's hustlers and pimps
With shiny wrists, making money
cause my turn to shine and my turn to floss
Like you play the game I stomps the Billboard
One thing's for sure, G's hit the door
Tone and Poke know Natina does not play
when she get on the mic she say what she gotta say
Dr. Dre and Snoop know Kurupt is ill
From East coast to West the unforgettable skills
Bust from head to head, sippin' on Remy Red
Running from club to club, nickels and dimes and dubs
Ready to rock spots, fours and drop tops
Kurupt and gangster rap Natina be running pop