

It's Brat (Tupac Back Remix)

Da Brat

[Jermaine Dupri - echoing]
This is a, So So Def, world premier
A world, premier
So So Def, world premier

[Da Brat]
It's too late now, shit I'm already a convict
I been convicted, but I done done my time
Y'knahmsayin? My whole life been turned upside down and inside out
I done lost a whole GANG of opportunities
It's hard for me to a muh'fuckin car, a crib
a condo without a co-signer, shit
But no matter what I do, where I go
I got a shadow nigga, and that bitch named felony
Y'knahmsayin? But I'm STILL a muh'fuckin survivor
And no matter what y'all think of me, I'm STILL smilin!
I'm still goin to court, still takin pictures
Still signin muh'fuckin autographs
But soon I'ma go crazy, cause I'm tired of tryin to defend myself
from muh'fuckers that keep tryin to steal my joint
This So So Def for life nigga, and I'm the motherfuckin Brat
Don't forget that shit!

[Chorus]
Nigga it's Brat (yeah) nigga it's Brat
That's what all these bitches screamin that, nigga is Brat
Take a look at me now, I'm 'bout to fire it up
Nigga oh I think they like me cause I'm fly as fuck
That's what I'm lookin fo', Brat don't go nowhere see they pay me
And I'm stackin my paper I need a brand new Mercedes
They screamin nigga it's Brat (yeah) nigga it's Brat
That's what all these bitches screamin that, nigga is Brat

[Da Brat]
Since the day of my birth, I've been throwin a tantrum
Bein a menace to society, I die for my family
I be grippin them hammers, point blank range on them hits
I was hired by J.D. to blow a hole in you bi-tches
My motto is pay me, or see my frame in the pen
When they stopped us from smoke I let one Newport go for ten
Don't worry I got it ye know
I'ma give it to you now worse than I gave it to you then
I'ma beast with the pen
And my lease in this shit don't never end
I was destined to win
Soon as they let a bitch out my life begin
Then I jumped on the remix
and realized how much I've been missed my fans
Feedback, I need that; let's all get high where the weed at?
It's ladies night and I'm "Funkdafied" ain't no one else like the Brat
I'm what you like; even with the lights turned out you still see me
Back on lobster and steak, no more mystery meat
I got that ghetto love, every nigga and they bitch wanna fuck
I can't give enough to none of you busters
'til I'm dead and my casket covered up

[Chorus]

[Mister]

Yeahhhhh, yeah, M.R., some of y'all like hey who's that?
Explain that later but for now B-R-A-T's back
I had that Range doin calisthetics just to evac'
Finally done with weekend visits, no more dealin with hacks
My homey call, I'll be there, in a lickety split
You don't want no tensions want no problems kept them tools in my kicks
So let's get high, mind blowin, now you back in the mix
Let's get it crackin like the Knicks you makin cake in this beeiiiiitch
Betty Crocker... Urlacher...
Keep them hits comin... Hurt Locker...
How we bomb shit... let's make it happen baby
Goin off the hook now, saw Da Brat lately?
But OF COURSE! These niggaz out they mind
Like where the hell they been? You runnin out of time
Don't make me [?] on my nuts, these niggaz tryin to ride
It's Rare Breed, TNT, yeah that's B-side

[Chorus]