

# 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 beeiititch  
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]