

## 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,  
It's over, the game's shut down,  
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