

# Mobb Deep, Win Or Lose

"Here I go again, whether I, win or loooooose" -&gt; (Jean Plum)  
"... whether I, win or loooooose"  
(variations of this sample repeat throughout the song)

(Havoc)

Another day another dollar it's about gettin money  
Then you can give me 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 in my palm

(Prodigy)

It's like ahh 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  
And fuck lookin cute, save that for the broad

(Havoc)

It's the H-A-V-O, C-dump-and-reload  
Knock knock, answer that, I'm blastin through the peephole  
Body charges, pay lawyers so we beat those  
But get locked and I'm sluttin lady C.O.'s

(Prodigy)

And we the only niggaz you know, that fuck they P.O.'s  
They push our files to the top, you still on parole  
We got, money to roll, no time for penitentiaries  
Too much dollars to fold, it's bulgin out our jeans

(Chorus)

"Here I go again, whether I, win or loooooose"  
(H) But losin ain't a option girl  
My destination is top of the world, top of the world  
"Here I go again, here I come, win or loooooose"  
(H) But losin ain't a option girl  
My destination is top of the world, top of the world

(Havoc)

Y'all 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 him  
Never get cool with you niggaz, I end up clappin 'em

(Prodigy)

Aiyyo - federal note fetish, you fuck with my niggaz  
Franklin and Grant, get yo' ass blammed with the quickness  
Y'all niggaz is finished  
You overdosin the world with that cute shit  
It's time for this realness

(Havoc)

And here I go again, lettin the mac blow  
Slugs bubble up in your stomach like lactose  
I'ma date shorty, put it up in her backbone  
For real, put it on her like {?} wrapped dome, f'real

(Prodigy)

Know what? We outlive labels, and distributors  
We run laps around e'ry artist on your payroll  
Then hop up in a Range Rov', jet black  
with the black rims, killin yo' bitch in her a-hole; uh-oh!

(Chorus)

(samples continue to fade)

