

Clint Black & Steve Wariner

"It's All Over"

Visit "[It's All Over](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(God Bless My Soul) - repeat 4X
Fuck it, Get what you got to get and lets get going
Today is the day man

Nigga this is it
Your life and your word aint shit, spit
this real as it get
plus, theres no one you can trust
love what, do it for the lust
trust, its never to much
got to get the money in my clutch
case close shut
split a nigga gut
right through the middle like a dutch
never did like them much, my man
gather up the artillery
you feelin' me?
what gives, tryin to live its killin me
its all about the whips
chicks with the hips
runnin the number hole, take the chips, ya slips?
do the dip
see time is movin quick, runnin' out
no time for dumbin out
I got one live to live
a wife, a kid
and I still didnt get the ring or the crib
look what I did!

(chorus, Carl Thomas)

Whatcha' gonna do?
When the G's in the Ree's then the peeps come knockin
at your door
When they come for you
And you know, Its all over!
I'm to swift for you
cause I keep my game trunk tight and a free nigga ride
heres my gift to you
now you know, its all over!

(gun click)

you know what this is (gun blast)
hughs showed you to get bizz
and what I gotta do to get big
Dick believe, its all about your speed
cars cash weed
its all a nigga need, indeed
seems I was the seed in greed
born in bullshit
guns was four-cliped
finding my self wheres nuns and poor pits
bring it
step on streets and get to slingin
im about to make it hot like piss
been hungry before but not like this
if lifes a bitch
she needs to get cookin
and cause that fools to get jewels and shit tookin
baby need milk
when I do it up I need silk
scales on tilt
thats how a nigga built
I need my money torn like wealth on stilts
niggas fuck around and get a nigga kilt

(chorus, Carl Thomas)

Whatcha' gonna do?
When the G's in the Ree's then the peeps come knockin
at your door
When they come for you
And you know, Its all over!
I'm to swift for you
cause I keep my game trunk tight and a free nigga ride
heres my gift to you
now you know, its all over!

know why, im the antonim of rich consimamon of poor
how could you think of winnin on the floor
your not sure, take the game and went shopin
your not pure, took the shot for
a penny for your thought, a nickle for a kiss
well I aint got a nickle for ya miss
im all up in a twist
fuck all the glamer and the gliss
Ima' hop and skip
put a slammer in the mix
till ya is or ya here, the hammer gonna click...Clack(gun
click)
causing you to yelp "GET BACK"!

I want the cake
the early american china plate
the meetin out of drapes
and bottles of Alizae
so I can put my hoes on Surgio Valitain
hey, smile and say
"money made my day"
man Im tellin you the plan
everythings a scam
sex cars, put the money in my hand

(chorus, Carl Thomas)

Whatcha' gonna do?
When the G's in the Ree's then the peeps come knockin
at your door
When they come for you
And you know, Its all over!
I'm to swift for you
cause I keep my game trunk tight and a free nigga ride
heres my gift to you
now you know, its all over!

Visit [Clint Black & Steve Wariner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.