

G-dep "It's All Over"

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"It's All Over"

(feat. Carl Thomas)

(God Bless My Soul) [x4]

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 artilery

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]

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When they come for you
And you know, Its all over!
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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]

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