

# Up North Trip (Featuring Crystal Johnson)

## Mobb Deep

It all began on the street, to the back of a blue police vehicle  
Next come the bookings, the way things is lookin'  
It's Friday, you in for a long stay  
Gettin shackled on the bus first thing come Monday  
Hopin in your mind you'll be released one day  
But knowin, home is a place you're not goin for a long while  
Now you're up on the isle  
In a position that you ain't got to refusin to smile  
But keep in mind there's a brighter day, after your time spent  
Used to be wild, but locked up, you can't get bent  
Thought you could hack it, now you're requestin P  
See you're fragile, it ain't hard to see  
Niggas like that don't associate with me  
I'd rather, get busy to the third degree  
Cause the wrong population's on infinitely  
If this was the street, my razor would be a mac demon  
Hit you up, leave your whole face screamin'  
What you in for kid - bustin nuts?  
Cats heard of me in street stories told inside this trap  
Who are you to look at me with your eyes like that  
Wisen up young blood, before you make things escalate  
And I would hate yo set your crooked ass straightLivin' the high life, make your moves at night  
Pack your heat in this war zone, niggas is trife  
Runnin from one time, ain't no time to slip  
Make one false move and it's a up north trip  
Livin the high life, make your moves at night  
Pack your heat in this war zone, niggas is trife  
Runnin from one time, ain't no time to slip  
Make one false move and it's a up north tripYou tried to dip, duck, but still got bucked  
You talk too much shit, you shoulda kept your mouth shut  
All that gossip, motherfucker don't you know my Glock kicks  
Hollow tips, to your body, mad toxic  
I fade you, blow you with a rusty-ass razor  
Did you a favor, tried to wet you but I graze you  
Pop goes the Glock when there's beef on the block  
Chill for a while make them think the beef stop  
Then I creep like a thief in the night, it's only right  
Ain't no turnin back, it's on tonight  
And if I get caught then my ass is up north

Straight on the course for upstate New York  
Stress, smokin back to back cigarettes  
It popped off, one point in the mess hall  
But to avoid that, from head to toe, dipped in all black  
Hit them niggas where they pump they cracks at  
Havoc, with the murder master plan  
Keep my nine up to par, so my shit won't jam  
God forbid if my shit do, run behind a tree  
Fix my shit then hit you, slugs in your body  
Mainly in your brain tissue  
Witness from the scene, get ghost, stash the pistol  
So simple then, watch my back, lay up and relax  
Roll a sack, K-A black, find a shorty to tag Livin' the high life, make your moves at night  
Pack your heat in this war zone, niggas is trife  
Runnin from one time, ain't no time to slip  
Make one false move and it's a up north trip  
Livin the high life, make your moves at night  
Pack your heat in this war zone, niggas is trife  
Runnin from one time, ain't no time to slip  
Make one false move and it's a up north trip I got the powder, combine wit the powder, and water  
It oughta, drop in a half and hour  
In the, form of oil, watch the cocaine boil  
Keep my eye on it so the shit won't spoil  
Then I pause... and ask God why  
Did he put me on this Earth, just so I could die  
I sit back and build on, all the things I did wrong  
Why I'm still breathin, and all my friends gone  
I try not to dwell on the subject for a while  
Cause I might get stuck in this corrupt lifestyle  
But my, heart pumps foul blood through my arteries  
And I can't turn it back it's a part of me  
Too late for cryin, I'm a grown man strugglin  
To reach the next level of life, without fumblin  
Down to foldin I got no shoulder to lean on but my own  
All alone in this danger zone  
Time waits for no man, the streets grow worse  
Fuck the whole world kid my money comes first  
Cause I'm out for the gusto, and trust nobody  
If you're not family, then you die by me  
Cause niggas will have you locked up the snitch'll be your man  
Givin police the run down on your plans  
We're never goin down like that  
So I, shut my mouth and hold my words back  
Illegal business, forever mine, fuck payin taxes  
The last kid that shitted and gave police access

To my blueprints, used names as evidence  
Skipped town and I haven't seen the snitch nigga ever since  
The moral of the story is easy to figure out  
A lesson that you can't live without Make your moves at night  
Pack your heat in this war zone, niggas is trife  
Runnin from one time, ain't no time to slip  
Make one false move and it's a up north trip  
Livin the high life

Songwriters

ALBERT JOHNSON, KEJUAN WALIEK MUCHITA Published by

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