

Gimme The Goods

Mobb Deep

Ayo, Queens get the Money long time no cash
I'm caught up in the hustle when the guns go blast
The fool retaliated so I had to think fast
Pull out my heat first, he pull out his heat last
Now who the fuck you think is living to this day?
I'm tryna tell these young niggas crime don't pay
They looked at me and said "Queen's niggas don't play
Do your thing, I'll do mine kid stay outta my way"
It's type hard tryna survive in New York state
Can't stop 'til I'm eating off a platinum plate
Po po comes around and tries to dislocate me
Lock me up forever but they can't deflate me
Cause having cash is highly addictive
Especially when you're used to having money to live with
I thought step back look at my life as a whole
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I'm out for delfia, selfia, P's not helping ya
I'm tryna get this Lexus up, and plus a cellular
Yo, Big Noyd! (What up cousin?) I can't cope
With all these crab niggas tryna shorten my rope
Yo I was caught up in the crime
That wasn't even mine
They wanted me to do two years of time
Two cops pulled up, pointed the gun said "frisk it"
One cop said "that's the kid with the biscuit"
I started to run, fuck kicking [?]
The cop looked me in the eye
And said "don't even risk it"
They found the nine, and jury had claimed
They were saying Big Noyd, they was calling name
If the tool was mine, then I feel no shame
Never seen it in my life, so I knew I was framed
Then I called my boys, "What's up?"
Yo get with it, find outa the punk pussy motherfucker who did it"
Then make them pay, no time to delay
Check out the dreadhead from around the way
My boys got back saying "yeah he's the one
The reason why you're there for the goddam gun"
He said "I get the bill, you just chill
Before you get out the motherfucker will be killed"
I said "Yeah P, that's the way you do it"

Don't let the punk motherfucker sly right through it"
You listen to the rhymes, I know that you heard it
Fuck around with me and my crew you getting murdered
Now I'm outta' jail and the motherfuckers dead
You know who I'm talking 'bout the fucking dread
Put ya [?] for the reck, with the motherfucking tec
They caught the dread pumping dope on the corner
Cling cling, boom boom boom, he's a goner
So one, two, what you gonna' do P?
I got mad beef niggas wanna' clap me
But trust me, niggas must be truly for trynna' do me
Cos when it's on I go loony with the fucking tooly
I got love to the thugs and the crack sellers
Stick together going hard like the good fellas
We go deep, Mobb Deep
It ain't nothing sweet
Stick 'em up then hit 'em up for the fucking Jeep
We're on the flickerly flow, yeah you know
Fuck the Po Po, back 'em down let the heat blow
They tryna stop me, these niggas wanna pop me
Fur to the [???] make believe that he shot me
The beef is still on, word is bond
But I'mma chill for a while and save a bullet for his mama
I got my mind on this figure
Now it's time to get paid
Thinking of ways to take loot already made
There's crime in the air, there ain't time to be afraid
Gimme yours or get laid
Give up the goods or get sprayed
Hey Yo, ain't no time for faking jacks cause niggas who fake jacks
Get laid on their backs, the streets is real
Can't roll without steel, I feel how I feel
Cause I was born to kill, do what I gotta
To eat a decent meal, niggas is starving
Don't try to find a job son, it's all about robbing
So don't be alarmed when we come through
We supposed to, if you opposed to, get your face blown dude
Off the map, cause I react, attack
A nigga wasn't blessed with wealth, so I act like that
Drug dealing, only fuckin' with bitches thats appealin'
I'm fronting on the world once I start 4-wheeling
Cause back on the 41st Side, we do a ride
Sipping E&J, getting bent all night
Yo, who that? I never seen him in my fucking life, step to his business
Cause it's only right, po-po ain't around so I grab my pound
Money retaliated so I hit the ground, my life is on the line
Gotta hold my projects down, can't see myself getting bodied

By a clown... ass nigga that ain't even from my town
Hit him up in the chest and now he's laying me down dead
And up from under the benches I started hearing sirens
I stop firing, to cut ass like a diamond, jetted to the cribpiece
What a relief, stashed the heat then proceeded to peep
Out the window, call my son, "yo son we got beef
But no question, money had a problem so I solved him"
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