

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

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