

Animal Instinct (feat. Ty Nitty & Gambino)

Mobb Deep

No doubt!

Yo, yo, y'know how we did on The Infamous album, right?

Aight, we gonna do it again son Yo, laid up in the cut, watch these rap niggas fuck you up

Dig in shorty guts, get the bitch to set you up

It's the most trifle, 41st Side disciples

Take kindness for a weakness so I won't be so kind to

Niggas comin' through, "I gave you birth kid, I'm sonnin you"

The Infamous got PC for days

We runnin thru townships, fuckin shit

Kid, we down shit

Hustle mad bricks, Queensbridge no doubt, rub the clique

9-6 droppin wild on some Benz's

Some next shit, crash bar, ash the GOD

I remember when loadin up the gats, beef settlin

Ghetto peddlin the *?shaunder?*, shorty dead again

Songs about 'We all around the NC'

Cop the E series, jealous ones envy

Hate to see me but got the nerve to wanna be me

I bleach blonde em, you can't see like Ste-vie

I'm on TV, Vidbox and all that

Still in the Bridge, now what's fuckin with that? To all my Mobb crimey, money-hungry and grimy

Mobb sheisty, Godfather III and Gotti

Rapper Noyd, tiemax and Ty Knitty

Scarface and Gambino, New York City

It's P live and direct, stab ya neck

Ice-pick bloodied up ya whole entire shit

Live shit 1-9-9-6, ask your bitch

My crew run wild, snatch chains and bracelets

Your time's wasted for figurin P

Was two sides of me, snake niggas obviously

You get lumped sometin horribly and then we calmly

Guzzle Sparmarlti and Don Perrignon-ly

Move the crowds over, cruise the fuck out

After GOD drinks had to shoot our fuckin way out

Spark flyin niggas dyin, bitches cryin and shout

Mobb niggas to the exit, we out(Ty) 9-6 load up the clips, the Infamous apocalypse

QBC on the L-I-E an sippin Hennessey

And Remy, V-S-O-P, Ty Nitty jiggy

Eyes forever chinky, up in the Mariott

Tonnes o' hydro, black tuxedo, lay low
The 5-0-migos, the gigolo, what nigga?(G) A technique, official white meat
Internal bleedin he felt, heat then cold feet
QBC committee, Ty Nitty hit the safe
The Phillipino's have mad ice and gold plates
We escape, ain't no turnin back to Stat
Pushin back-to-back acts, gettin cheddar
Drug smugglin tri state, catchin faith
We don't hesitate, we regulate and evaluate, cut the cake!My crew worthy, blood sweat and tears
And thirty years for years, extort niggas and drink beers
Tired of livin life this way, crime pay
But for how long till you reach a downfall
Thug niggas surround y'all, 4 pound y'all
Animal instinct, these niggas gettin clapped on instinct
I'm tired of livin life this way, crime pay
But for how long till you reach a downfallMy crew worthy, blood sweat and tears
And thirty years for years, extort niggas and drink beers
Tired of livin life this way, crime pay
But for how long till you reach a downfall
Thug niggas surround y'all, 4 pound y'all
Animal instinct, these niggas gettin clapped on instinct
I'm tired of livin life this way, crime pay
But for how long till you reach a downfall(Nigga) Motherfucker!
Word up!

Songwriters

JOHNSON, ALBERT / MUCHITA, KEJUAN WALIEK / CHANDLER, JAMES TYRONE / ABDUL,
RAHEEM JAMAL TWINPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>