

# I'm Going Out (feat. Lil Cease)

## Mobb Deep

Going out nigga  
Big guns and sharp knives  
Revolvers 'cause automatics jam at the wrong time (I'm going out)  
Like fights with the brass knuckles  
Swinging belts catching niggas with the buckle now fuck it (I'm going out)  
Like I ain't got nothing to live  
Like as if you had guns to my kids fuck it (going all out)Yo you know the type that style and shit that rise my  
dick  
Pop me a nigga quicker than police  
Leave more wounds than a whole room full of chicks  
You running while I'm gunning 'cause you a bitch  
I heard niggas talking like they goinng to dead mines  
I got enough guns we can make the headlines  
I'm from a place where the realeast niggas get murderedAnd the illest niggas try to avoid it, but can't call it  
It's a cold world bundle up  
Keep your heat on at all times and never freeze up  
And your eyes blink you could catch a hole in your tank  
Have you leaking all over the place  
Watch how you speak  
And watch how you move through the streetsI got a mob with niggas with heat  
We live but ah squeeze 'fore we think  
Breath before is too late  
Uph you fucked up and got laid to sleep  
I'm going out with big guns and sharp knives  
Revolvers 'cause automatics jam at the wrong time(I'm going out)  
Like fights with the brass knucklesSwinging belts catching niggas with the buckle now fuck it (I'm going out)  
Like I ain't got nothing to live  
Like as if you had guns at my kids fuck it (going all out)  
For the big checks and large faces mantions  
And my duns would do the same for me  
I'm going out like a nigga that he never have nothing  
Fuck it I ain't frontive  
If I want to know I got to go out like a navy sealLabel me I'll you sling thrills  
Meet you on top of the hills screaming dollar bill  
Going out like a nigga you just smacked  
His moms in the cut plotting patient and calm  
Putting on everything that I love and stand for  
Getting ben up in the pub till five in the morn  
Going out like a nigga with six days to live

And like a single parents raising a kid now that's a bigGoing out like a nigga with shit touching his rib

You got more than necessary dun a nigga went dead

Going out for my niggas see this gat in my hand

You better back the fuck up what part didn't you understand

Head nah aim straight at your thighro glands

Must've not been really your men those niggas that ran (I'm going out)

With big guns and sharp knives

Revolvers 'cause automatic jam at the wrong time(I'm going out)Like fights with the brass knuckles

Swinging belts catching niggas with the buckle now fuck it (I'm going out)

Like I ain't got nothing to live

Like as if you had guns to my kids fuck it (going all out)

For the big checks and large faces mantions

And my duns would do the same for me

We do it well click niggas like nails

Catch cases skip bellsI lie 'fore I chitel die in the sitel

Pop gun with the shitel

Fuck a bitch just to getsel

Rap style smoother than C-L in the K on the D-L

Line for line you can detail

Choked more niggas than Sprewell

Rap style pelo, watch me blow like tornados

Clear the block out with just an echo

Trust me niggas don't want me see let go

Niggas don't want to see the tech blow

Watch me blow the crowd like techno music niggaWhen it come to murder you know we do it for the chorus

Fuck lying on the lord ain't worth dying for

I rather die fucking raw or walking on a mine in the cold war

My dogs got my shoulders with t up machine guns

All my niggas soldiers with big grenades throw them in your rober

Send prodigy to check the scence when it's over

Niggas animals coming back for leftovers (all out nigga)

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Like I ain't got nothing to live

Like as if you had guns to my kids fuck it (going all out)

For the big checks and large faces mantions

And my duns would do the same for meI'm going out

I'm going out

I'm going out

#### Songwriters

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