

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 big
 Going 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)
 I'm going out with big guns and sharp knivesRevolvers 'cause automatics jam at the wrong time(I'm going out)
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 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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