Right Back At You

Mobb Deep

Yeah, yeah, check it out now
Run for your life or you wanna get your heat, whatever
We can die together
As long as I send your maggot ass to the essence
I don't give a fuck about my presence
I'm lost in the blocks of hate and can't wait
For the next crab nigga to step and meet fate
I'm lethal when I see you, there is no sequel
Twenty-four seven, Mac 11 is my people
So, why you wanna end your little life like this?
'Cuz now you bump heads wit kids that's lifeless
I live by the day only if I survive the last night
Damn right, I ain't trying to fight
We can settle this like some grown men on the concrete floor
My slugs will put a stop to your hardcore
Ways of action, I grab the gat and
Ain't no turning back when I start blasting
Pick up the handle and insert the potion
Cock the shit back in a calm like motion
No signs of anger or fear 'cuz you the one in danger
Never share your plans with a stranger, word is born
I put the glock on you kid, now I got you
You got the heart to get busy without your crew
Let's get it on nigga, do what we gotta do
You bucking me, I'm bucking right back at you
I put the glock on you kid, now I got you
You got the heart to get busy without your crew
Let's get it on nigga, do what we gotta do
You bucking me, I'm bucking right back at you
Fuck where you're at kid, it's where you're from
'Cuz where I'm from, niggaz pack nuthin' but the big guns
Around my way, niggaz don't got remorse for out of towners
Come through fronting and get stuffed wit the 3 pounder
The loud sounder, ear ringer
And I'ma point the finger on all you wannabe gun slingers
You got a real ice grill but are you really real?
Step to the hill, then I'ma test your gun skills
'Cuz real niggaz don't try to profile
You just a chump who needs to get drunk to buckwhyle

But swing that bullshit this way
And I'ma make your visit to the bridge a muthafukin' short stay
Queensbridge, that's where I'm from
The place where stars are born and phony rappers get done
Six blocks and you might not make it through
What you gonna do when my whole crew is blazing at you?
Wit macs and tecs to lend to get your dome crush
You thought that you could come around my way, you big stupid fuck
What the hell you smoking? What the fuck possessed you
To come out your face? Now I have to wet you
Throw on my tims, black mask and black serpent
Twist a nigga cap, then jump in the J-30
'Cuz I put the glock on you kid, now I got you
You got the heart to get busy without your crew
Let's get it on nigga, do what we gotta do
You bucking me, I'm bucking right back at you
Who's the richest nigga in the project, who got it live
Rocking convertibles, drop tops and mad high?
Peace to that whiz kid and playas on his team
Who's organize, all eyeballs is on cream
And your whole clique got nothin' but raw shit
Whip after whip, stay flashing your dick on tricks
Your whole crew's ravishing, team's untouchable
In the jungle, banging Nas, Mobb Deep and Wu
There's money out there, guns catch crumbs, those are your sons
Jums is in the mailboxes, bitches holding your guns
You know what's out there, thousands of gram, wrapped in saran
Sealed tight, keep the freshness, that's how we expand
Masked avenger, drop your gun, son, now surrender
Get ninjaed on the island, plus the bridge, boy remember
My little thug's selling drugs and he's struggling
The game got him bugging, I tried to tell him, slow down cousin
But he vexed and niggaz getting wet up in the projects
But wit no doubt, shorty's out for his respect
But is his brain insane from the lye
From smoking that 118, [Incomprehensible]
Why, a nigga just died last week
As he swore he was growing, he's a thug in the street
But it's like that, my crew pump cracks and we pack mac
His eyes is wild wit the rezzy monkey on his back
But I'm stressed and he need to be blessed
Wit a firepack, don't even go there, 'cuz it ain't like that
Slow down baby, he said, "What, you trying to play me?"
You must be crazy, pulled out the heat and almost blazed me
Then he was Swayze, the shot must of dazed me

Thug's selling drug, busting slugs, but he ain't crazy

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