

Eye for an Eye

Mobb Deep

As time goes by, an eye for an eye
We in this together son your beef is mine
So long as the sun shines to light up the sky
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Let me start from the beginning, at the top of the list
Know what I mean, have a situation like this
Another war story from a thirsty young hustler, won't trust ya
I'd rather bust ya, and leave your corpse for the cops to discover
While I be dippin' in the range rover
All jeweled like Liberace
You watch me while Jakes tryin' to knock me and lock me
But I'll be on the low sippin' Asti Spumante
Niggaz try to creep on the side of my jeep
Stuck the heat through the window rocked their ass to sleep
Over a 3-pack, it was a small thing really, yeah
But keep lettin' them small things slide and be a failure
If I'm out of town one of my crew'll take care of ya
The world is ours and your team's inferior
You wanna bust caps I get, all up in your area
Kidnap your children make the situation scarier
Life is a gamble, we scramble for money
I might crack a smile but ain't a damn thing funny
I'm caught up in the dirt where your hands get muddy
Plus the outcome turns out to be lovely
Got G's in my pocket hit off my main squeeze
Push back, the sunroof, let the cold air breeze
Through the butter soft leather upholstery
But mostly, keep the gat closely, 'cause niggaz wanna toast me
Yo I gotta get mines, no matter what the consequences
Count up my blessings, add up my weapons
Cock back the gat and let my nine serve purpose
Sling do my thing organize fiend servants
Tryin' to make a mil is stress you know the deal
So we sling drills get your cap peeled, 'cause everything is real
'Cause I wanna chill, laid up in a jacuzzi
Sippin' bubbly, with my fingers on the uzi
Try to infiltrate my fort get caught
Dead up in new york, my brain is packed with criminal thoughts
Get your life lost never found again my friend
Mission completed, watch you drop in less than ten
On my road to the riches, hittin' snitches off with mad stitches
Your last restin' place'll be a ditch kid
No one can stop me try your style's sloppy
You want to be me, you're just an imitation copy
My theme is all about making the green

Livin' up in luxury, pushin' phat whips and livin' comfortably
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A drug dealer's dream
Stash cream keys on a triple beam
Five hundred SL green, ninety-five nickle gleam
Condominium, thug dressed like a gentleman
Tailor made ostrich, chanel for my women friend
Murderin', numbers on your head while I'm burglarin'
Shank is servin' 'em, whassup to all my niggaz swervin'
New York metropolis, the bridge brings apocalypse
Shoot at the clouds feels like, the holy beast is watchin' us
Mad man my sanity is goin' like an hourglass
Gun inside my bad hand I sliced tryin' to bag grams
I got hoes that used to milk you
Niggaz who could've killed you
Is down with my ill crew of psychoes
Nas Escobar movin' on your weak production
Pumpin' corruption in the third world we just bustin'
Hold up and analyze the wildcats slang cracks
They swing an axe, the new routines, be my eyes black's
Playin' corners glancin' all up in your cornea
Corner ya, seen cats snatch monies up on ya
But late night, candlelight fiend with a crack pipe
It's only right, feelin' higher than an airplane right
Word yo, I want to get this money then blow
Take my time, blast a nine, if you front you go
Sip beers, the German ones, hand my guns to sons
Shaolin, and Queensbridge we robbin' niggaz for fun
But still, write my will out to my seeds then build
Mahalia sing a tale but the real we still kill
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Uh, lay back, word up, just bless 'em with the bulletproof
Mobb Deep, Nas, Chef creation
For your nation, yeah

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