

In The Long Run

Mobb Deep

'Cause in the long run
We could be on, son
It's on, son
Extra cash just for more guns
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Let's start the warfare
Yo, Ty Nitty, Air Force Ones call up my duns
Got more niggas seeds on sesame buns
Caught a body on the run
You don't want none, lump some
Exort niggas for they lump sum no doubt
Proceed where that weed indeed
Havoc laced the track razor sharp, you bleed
My whole mission, like a platoon take position
Ain't goin' in if my clique can't get in
That's word to mines have you stressed like jail time
Get that loot up, no doubt I bail mines
Easy access
Shorty straight up hit the mattress
Have you role playin' just like a actress
My tactics leavin' niggas stuck doin' back flips
I black out take it to the gats
Fuck this rap shit, let my niggas shine
Rate my rhymes like a dime
Swollen bullet wounds, head ass niggas
Yo, who's the one to be made into example
Nigga, you pop shit wit the wrong guys this time
What?
My Mobb'll get on top ya, topple ya
Like a fall guy you fell down clown
Heard some four pound sound my '86 style now
Ten years later still hold a firm ground
Nigga P thugly
Enter the ring wit something
For anyone who wanna play gun, what up G?
I'll clap you stop in your tracks, how about that?

Now analyze these cats wit live nigga rap
You seen strapped, came outside all hype wit gats
Got juiced up, now Bishop think he thuggin' it black pimp
Let's rap a taste, you get your little head pinched off
Brooklyn touched you, then left you for Queens to finish off
Fuck a [unverified] Keith Murray and his whole clique
Yeah, you snuffed me in front of the cops, that bullshit
Told you come around the corner
No police and no witnesses, little to your knowledge
You almost got shot but that's aright though
I'ma catch ya ass again
You fuckin' immigrant [unverified] for two cent
My Mobb runnin' shit you fuckin' Carlton Ave coward
The forecast call for gray skies and gun showers
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