

# Cradle to the Grave

## Mobb Deep

Forever wild from the cradle to the grave  
Kid, watch your back, one time's comin' always (Yeah)  
They lock me up for 12 days, I can't comprehend  
Now I'm a free man on the streets again  
Chasin St.Ide's down with some Seagrams Gin  
Life is like a dice game and I'm in to win  
On the scene from the 41st side of Queens  
We get the CREAM, laid up, love-love for dame  
Cos I mean what I mean, I'm out to claim King  
Doin my thing, do wild stakes my name'll reign  
To all my peoples locked down comin back to life  
In the world once again though ya bid was trife  
While you was gone, we was goin to war and even more  
Saw my man layin dead on the floor, kid I swore  
That our crew will live forever, I guess I was wrong  
No, until we meet again, hold ya head and stay strong(Yeah! )  
Yo, got my mind on a place to hide from police(Where?)  
Sweatin dogs as I'm runnin cross 12th Street  
Just as I approach the block  
I spot a jake on the creep down by Vick's weed spot(So what! )  
Made a U-ey up the hill plus a change of plans  
I had to hurry back so I could warn my man  
Ya had me stressin little son, had my heart rapidly pumpin  
Niggas start a guttin behind the bushes duckin  
My ears rung, I punch a clip into the guns  
Got grazed in the arm, one slug hit my son  
He was bleedin from the head, I couldn't believe it  
We was defeated, if it was a case I couldn't beat it  
Felt like cryin(The temperature's risin)  
I saw my man helpless, damn near on the verge of dyin  
So to P I passed the iron  
Kid you ain't lyin!  
I went to stash the murder weapon, plus I'm relyin  
On a door to be open, goin in the building, it's a trap!  
Police buckin at me, they try to twist my dome back  
Jetted up the staircase to the third floor  
Reached behind the sink, throw the heater on the floor  
Locked the door, police grabbed me up and tryed to break my jaw  
"So where's the gun we saw?"(I don't know! )  
"We know you was there at the homicide scene"(I know nuttin! )  
"And if it wasn't you, was somebody from ya team"  
From the cradle to the grave  
(Straight from the motherfuckin cradle to the grave!)  
Yo, it's the real drama kills, nobody moves, stand still!  
Bottle you! Drop that ass off in a land-fill

Son bless me with the iron, I got beef  
With some niggas from the other side over some weak shit  
Load up the heaters, greet em with the hollow-tips  
Flip em like the Gotti clip, my crew shift the body shift  
The cradle to the grave is where I'll end up  
Fuck gettin sent up North, son I'm bett-er  
Doin my dirt on a low  
Fuckin wit them mobbers like a crowd  
No doubt you gonna blow, you never know  
He didn't even have to go there  
Unprepared, now he's six below  
Y'know I'm chillin, I gots no time for catchin feelings  
Get that money I wants, some brothers wanna act funny  
But it's all good I still die for the hood  
For my peoples, yeah knock on wood Triple L, rollin' dice while I put you on  
To the drama what I gotta say is short not long  
This nigga that I'm beginning to dislike he got me fed  
If he doesn't discontinue his bullshit he might be dead  
Know him well and probably go way back  
But I don't care if he's your man doin shit like that  
I hope the word gets back to him, cause I'll screw him  
He shitted on my man and we got plans to do him  
Lets get it over with quick, I'm tired of waitin  
Ain't no fair overhead there, we just debatin on when and how  
Later on right now, spoke to Killa yesterday  
He said to chill for a while  
But it's hard acting like everything is alright  
I get the chills when I see that nigga in my sight  
A dead man walking, not only that he's still talkin (About what?)  
About how and what he did very often  
You don't know how much I fiend to put his ass in a coffin  
One day my man and the next he's not  
Didn't know him long anyway, so fuck it  
It's funny how things change (Word up!) From the cradle to the grave  
(Straight from the motherfuckin cradle to the grave!)

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