

Survival Of The Fittest (Instrumental)

Mobb Deep

Yeah
Sendin' this one out, to my man Killa be
No doubt indeed, without weed, know what I'm sayin'?
That old real shi'There's a war goin' on outside no man is safe from
You could run but you can't hide forever
From these streets that we done took
You walkin' witcha head down scared to look
You shook cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
They never around when the beef cooks in my part of town
It's similar to Vietnam
Now we all grown up and old, and beyond the cop's control
They better have the riot gear ready
Tryin' to bag me and get rocked steady
By the mac one-double, I touch you
And leave you with not much to go home wit'
My skin is thick, cause I be up in the mix of action
If I'm not at home, puffin lye relaxin'
New York got a nigga depressed
So I wear a slug-proof underneath my Guess
God bless my soul, before I put my foot down and begin to stroll
And to the drama I built, and all unfinished beef
You will soon be killed, put us together
It's like mixin' vodka and milk
I'm goin' out blastin', takin' my enemies with me
And if not, they scarred, so they will never forget me
Lord forgive me the Hennesey got me not knowin' how to act
I'm fallin' and I can't turn back
Or maybe it's the words from my man Killa Black
That I can't say so it's left a untold fact, until my death
My goal's to stay alive
Survival of the fit only the strong survive Yo, yo
We livin' this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
(We still livin' it)
We livin' this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
(Thug life, we still livin' it)
We livin' this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive

(We still livin' it)
We livin' this til the day that we die
(we livin' this til the day that we die)
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
(survival of the fit only the strong)I'm trapped, in between two worlds, tryin' to get dough ya know
When the dough get low the jewels go, but never that
As long as fiends smoke crack
I'll be on the block hustlin countin' my stacks
No doubt, watchin' my back and proceed with caution
Five-oh lurkin', no time to get lost in the system
Niggas usin' fake names to get out quick
My brother did it and got bagged with two ounces
I-legal world where squads hit the block hard
Ask my man Twin when he got bagged, that fucked me up God
But shit happens for a reason
You find out who's your true peoples when you're upstate bleedin'
You can't find a shorty to troop your bid wit'chu
Hit wit a 2 to 4 it's difficult
Wild on the streets I try to maintain
Tight with my loot, cause hoes like to run game
Some niggas like to trick but I ain't wit that trickin' shit
I'm like a Jew, savin' dough so I can big whip
Pushin' a Lex, now I'm set, ready to jet
No matter how much loot I get I'm stayin' in the projects, forever
Jakes on the blocks we out-clever
If beef, we never separate and pull together
When worse comes to worse and my peoples come first
Try to react and get them motherfuckin' feelings hurt
My crew's all about loot
Fuck lookin' cute, I'm strictly Timb boots and army certified suits
Puffin L's, laid back, enjoyin' the smell
In the Bridge gettin' down it ain't hard to tell
You better realize

Songwriters

KEJUAN WALIEK MUCHITA, ALBERT JOHNSONPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>