The Grave Prelude

Mobb Deep

Forever wild from the cradle to the grave
Kid watch your back one time it's comin' always
They lock me up for 12 days I can't comprehend
Now I'm a free man on the streets again
Chasin' St. Ides down with some Seagrams Gin
Life is like a dice game and I'm into win
On the scene from the 41st side of Queens
We get the cream laid up love love for dame
'Cause I mean what I mean, I'm out to claim king
Doin my thing, do wild stakes my namell reign
To all my peoples locked down comin back to life
In the world once again though ya fear 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 Vicks weed spot(so what)
Made a you-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 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 couldnt beat it
Felt like cryin' (the temperatures risin)
I saw my man helpless, damn near on the verge of dyin'
So to P I passed the ironKid 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 tongue 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 tried to break my jaw
So where's the gun we saw? (I dont know)
We know you was there at the homicide scene (I know nuttin')

And if it wasn't you, was somebody from ya teamFrom the cradle to the grave
(From the cradle to the grave)Straight from the motherfuckin' cradle to the graveYo, 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 better
Doin' my dirt on a low
Fuckin' wit them mobbers like a crowd
No doubt you gonna blow you never know
He didnt even have to go there
Unprepared now he's six below
Why know I'm chillin', I gots no time for catchin' feelings
Get that money I wants, some brothers want to act funny
But it's all good I still die for the hoodFor 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 doesnt discontinue his bullshit he might be dead
Know him well and probably go way back
But I don't care if hes your man doin' shit like that
I hope the word gets back to him, 'cause I 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 yesterdayHe 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 hes still talkin'(about what)
About how what he did buried off and you dont know
How much I fiend to put his ass in a coffin
One day my man and the next hes not
Didn't know him long anyway so fuck it
It's funny how things change(word up)Word up man
Why know what I'm sayin' we gonna die
It's for real, kid no games bein' played
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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