

Party Over

Mobb Deep

Every day of my life since 11-2-74
On the street makin non-stop CREAM galore
Packin heat, stickin up weed stores and more
Collectin interest off of extortions to settle my score
It gets deeper when things get real
I'm down to stickin out West Bank for my mill
And I'm from Hempstead, it's close to the shacks of Park South
While I'll be outside slingin, you're always high
And don't come around to the crossroads of life
We're to the death, you and me, this beef for eternity
I'm goin out to the fullest extent
So far into my troubles it's hard for me to get back
To my everyday self and composure
Catch you when you open then I bring you to a closure
Put ice on a razor and freeze ya in ya shoulder
I went for ya grill but you dent from my boulder
I know this kid who says he knows ya because of that
Now I know where ya lay ya hat at and that's that
Say no more, I put it on you while you was yawning
Murder without warning the very next morningOnce we step thru the door, party over, that's the endin
You and your crew'll leave out, a bunch of dead men
Bump me and I'll bump you back
You ain't tough black, niggas like you just get their life jacked
But I'mma cool nigga til you push me to the limit
But try ta play me and ya ass I get up all in it
Don't try to cop pleas now son, it's dead and done
(I gave you fair warning) So run and get your guns
It's on, time to show em how I perform
My attitude will transform, leave you dead plus wrong
Gettin the flow within, representin for Queens
Shit is real, why you hopin that it's all a dream
But you can't wake up, wettin a chest you bless
Chokin off your own blood, don't blame me you brought your own deathAyo Noyd, it's on you, what you
wanna do?
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?
Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
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Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?

Whatever? Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
My beeper kept beepin, the other numbers started leakin

'Who is this on my mind?' I was thinkin

Then I realised it was my dun playin 911

Once I seen the numbers I ran for the fuckin guns

My dun in trouble, I be there on the double

I jumped up in the bubble, yo kid where are you?

(1-14 between Manhattan and Morningside Avenue)

This happened just right out the blue

Aiyo dun, fuck that bitch, tell her get off your dick

(But she's cryin and she says she has feelins and shit)

Yo it's a set-up, them niggas got me fed up

Ty stay in the buildin, if they move fuckin buck em

Get up off the scene, you know what I mean?

And hide yourself down with them other fuckin sixteen

Glock and get off they block

Then I hung up the cellular, ready to rock

And it's on Yo, you get deaded in the streets, kid set it

You gots no credit, fool you get wetted

Up with the semi-auto Mac double, love it

'Did he shoot eleven or twelve?' is what he wondered

Nigga I got one more shot, you must be drinkin

Put the heater to his head, watch him start blinkin

'Am I goin to heaven or hell?' is what he's thinkin

Switch to a bitch as his life start sinkin

Down to a level of no return

Pull out the heat cos when the slugs hit it definitely burns

Now chill and think about your life for real

Every member of my crew is livin life for real

Got your self fucked into somethin that you couldn't finish

Up against the fulliest squad and get diminished

I'm from Q-U-E another E-N-S

So why you small tough talk? I'm not impressed

If I seen you in the Bridge, I'd make you undress

Give up the money, the polo especially the GuessBig Noyd! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Havoc! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Black Ice! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Queensbridge! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

The Big Twins! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Ty! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Yo Black! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

My man Killer! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Germ! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Karate Joe! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Ron Gotti! It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Karl Capone! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Rasheim! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Stobo! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Tena! Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Skins! It's over, tell the rest of the crew
And the whole fuckin projects! It's over, tell the rest of the crew
It's over, tell the rest of the crew
It's over, tell the rest of the crew
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
The motherfuckin party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Songwriters

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