

# Cradle to the Grave

## 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 twelve 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 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 name'll reign  
To all my people's locked down  
Comin' back to life  
In the world once again  
Though ya bear with strife  
While you was gone  
He was goin' to war  
And even more  
Saw my man layin' dead on the floor  
Kid, I swore  
That our crew would live forever  
I guess I was wrong  
No, until we meet again  
Hold ya head and stay strong  
Yo, got my mind  
On a place to hide from police  
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  
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' [Incomprehensible]  
Had my heart rapidly pumpin'  
Niggas start a guttin'  
Behind the bushes duckin'  
My ears rung

I punch a clip into the guns  
Got Rayde's in the arm  
One slug hit my sonHe 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 openGoin' in the buildin'  
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 floorLocked the door  
Police grabbed me up  
And tried to break my jaw  
"So where's the gun we saw?  
We know you was there  
At the homicide scene  
And if it wasn't you  
Was somebody from ya team"From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the graveFrom the cradle to the grave  
From 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 nigga  
From the other side  
Over some weak shitLoad up the heaters  
Greet 'em with the hollow tips

Flip 'em like the Gotti clip  
My crew strictly 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 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 beginnin' to dislike  
He got me fed  
If he doesn't discontinue his bullshit  
He might be dead You 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 Let's get it over with quick  
I'm tired of waitin'  
Ain't no fair overhead there  
We just debatin'  
On when and how  
Later or right now  
Spoke to Killa yesterday  
He said to chill for a while But it's hard acting  
Like everythin' is alright  
I get the chills  
When I see that nigga in my sight  
A dead man walkin'

Not only that, he's still talkin'  
About what?  
About how an' what he did very often And 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 From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave  
Straight from the motherfuckin' cradle to the grave Word up man  
Y'know whatumsayin'?  
We gonna die, it's for real, kid  
No games bein' played

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