

# Give Up the Goods (Just Step)

## Mobb Deep

Hey yo, Queen's get the money long time no cash  
I'm caught up in the hustle when the guns go blast  
The fool retaliated so I had to think fast  
Pull out my heat first, he pull out his heat lastNow who the fuck you think is livin' to this day?  
I'm tryin' to tell these young niggas crime don't pay  
They looked at me and said, "Queen's niggas don't play  
Do your thing, I'll do mine, kid stay outta my way"It's type hard tryna survive in New York state  
Can't stop till I'm eatin' off a platinum plate  
Po po comes around and tries to relocate me  
Lock me up forever but they can't deflate me'Cause havin' cash is highly addictive  
Especially when you're used to havin' money to live with  
I thought step back look at my life as a whole  
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soulI'm out for delfia, selfia, P's not helpin' ya  
I'm tryna get this Lexus up, and plus a cellular  
Yo Big Noyd! I can't cope  
(What up cuzin'?)  
With all these crab niggas tryna shorten my ropeYo, it's the R, a double P, E, R, N, O, Y, D  
Niggas can't fuck with me, comin' straight outta QB  
Pushin' an Infiniti, you ask, can I rip it constantly? Mentally?  
Definitely, to the death of me, come and test meTrust me, nigga couldn't touch me if he snuff me  
So bust me, you're gonna have to, 'cause I'ma blast you  
My lyrical like a miracle, ill spiritual  
I'm born wit' it, I'm gettin' on wit' itAn' I'ma have it 'til I'm fuckin' dead and gone wit' it  
'Cause I'm a what? Composer of hardcore, a lyrical destructor  
Don't make me buck ya, 'cause I'm a wild muthafucka  
You know my flow, you know my stiloEven pack my gat when I go to see my PO  
Jump out my hooptie, pass my gat and my lucchi to my shorty  
In case my PO try to troop me to the island  
And if I start wildin', flippin' on niggas walkin' around  
Wit' da nice gold medallionsBut she didn't violate me, so I escaped, see  
Back to Queen's pumpin' the fiends makin' more cream  
Know what I mean? I'm a natural born hustler  
Won't try to cut ya, pull out my 44 and bust yaYo babe, no time for fakin' jacks  
'Cause niggas who fake jacks get laid on their backs  
The streets is real can't roll without steel  
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to killDo what I gotta, to eat a decent meal  
Brothers is starvin', don't try to find a job son  
It's all about robbin', so don't be alarmed  
When we come through 'cause we supposed toIf you opposed to get your face blown dude off the map

'Cause I react, attack a brother wasn't blessed with wealth

So I act like that drug dealin'

I'm frontin' on the world once I start 4-wheelin"Cause back on the 41st side we do a ride

Sippin' E&J, gettin' bent all night

Yo, who dat? I never seen him in my whole life

Step to his business 'cause it's only rightPo po ain't around so I grab my pound

Money retaliated so I hit the ground

My life is on the line gotta hold my projects down

Can't see myself gettin' bodied by a clown-ass nigga

That ain't even from my townHit him up in the chest

And now he's layin' me down dead

And up from under the benches, I started hearin' sirens

I stop firin', he cut ass like a diamondJetted to the cribpiece, what a relief

Stashed the heat then proceeded to peep out the window

Call my son, "Yo son, we got beef but no question

Money had a problem so I solved him"I got my mind on the stick-up, now it's time to get paid

Thinkin' of ways to take loot already made

There's crime in the air, ain't no time to be afraid

Gimme yours and get laid, give up the goods and get sprayedI got lots of love for my crew, that is

No love for them other crews and rival kids

All them out-a-town niggas know what time it is

And if they don't they need to buy a watchWord up, caught up in the crossfire get theyself hurt

While I be sippin' gin straight in a plastic cup

On a park bench on 12th St., my whole crew's famous

You tried to bust your gat and keep it real but you namelessFirst of all, slow down, you on the wrong route

Let me put you on your feet and show you what's it all about

The street life ain't nuttin' to play with, no jokes, no games kid

For years I been doin' the same shit

Just drinkin' liquor, doin' bids, extortin' crack heads

And stickin' up the stick-up kids

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