Dirt

Mobb Deep

[Prodigy]
Call it how it is - according to the facts
If rap was prison our shit would be the Supermax
No sunshine, just dark skies
Nothing but dark thoughts going through my mind
I got bad blood, mad love only for the team though
Everyone one of us is the shooter, now where the beef go
I ain't seen none of these niggas and we out here
Wanna be celebrity thugs a lot of mouth, yeah
Oh my god we could not be fucked with
Real shit look at our life all in the public
We under the microscope they all watching us
We have no choice but to keep it trill they sizing us
And if they wasn't god, always pay attention don't he
I couldn't live with myself being phony
Look, if life was a game then I guess we winning
Cuz this life we made for ourselves is bitching[Havoc]
Didn't want to do it but the voices tug and pullin'
On my eardrums something that I knew I shouldn't
Got me wildin with the ratchet out like shit is legal
Looking for a victim put 'em in the fetal
Fuck is going on? when it's on I know it's on
But shit not really popping and I'm looking for a war
Looking out my window pointing shit at police
To make matters worse I'm sipping on some OE
Shit got me buzzing, I'm already bugging though
With mad [???] bottles that I drank about a month ago
Fuck is on my mind? I'm feeling bipolar
Plus paranoid looking over both shoulders
I woke up with blood on my hands
Fuck I do this time? now a nigga scared
Fuck, I'll probably get the fucking chair
Grab my fucking gun, a few clothes son I'm outta here

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