

Trife Life

Mobb Deep

It's just another day, drowning my troubles with a forty
That's when I got the call from this brown skin shorty
She asked me where's my crew at, said we could do whatever
She got a crew too and said that we should get together
I said, "Aight, just call me back in a hour
So I can take a shower and gather up the manpower"
Then I hung up the horn
And I thought to myself that it might be on
Cause this trick ain't pick up the phone to call me in years (Why?)
Ever since I left the ho lonely in tears
Ain't no telling what her friends putting up in her ears
Ideas of setting me up I'm not trying to hear
(Check it out, Son) So we take the gats for precautions
Plus this trick live in Brooklyn, home of the coffin
She might got a whole batallion of Bucktowners
Waiting for us to get up off the train and surround us
Or maybe I'm blowing this shit out of proportion
But this shit do happen to niggas very often
So fuck it, a nigga gotta do what he meant to
My crew got my back, fuck the world is my mental
We put together five soldiers
The bitch called, my blood curdled
Told me to meet her on Myrtle
Got to the plaza, we're waiting for the G train
We put a plan together, just in case the beef came
Now we Bed Stuy bound
Far from home and on unknown ground
But together we six deep, with five heats, nothing sweet
First nigga fronting getting lifted off his fucking feet
It took eternity, we reached our destination
My heartbeat is racing like a cardiac patient
We finally got to Myrtle outside the train station
I saw not a soul, told my peoples to be patient
But hold up, that's when a black caravan rolled up
My legs then froze up, I grabbed my pound
Told my man, "Eyes open cause it might go down"
Said he don't like the way the shit is starting to sound
Evey angle of the car was smoked out and tinted
So we couldn't tell if the enemy was in it

It might have been TNT, I wasn't trying to wait and see, we
Jettin' thru Marcy cause D's ain't bagging me
Word Son, they got us on the run, dun, see yo
Check it out, check it out, check it out, yo
Trife life got me thinking like an animal
No doubt, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt yo
What can kill you is what you don't know
OK check it, you're on your way to your girl's crib
But the bitch live in the Bridge
You ain't really sweating it, cause little do you know
The niggas in the Bridge be setting it
You thought you was safe and tried to walk the back streets without heat
On the 41st Side of 12th Street
The side where niggas don't give a fuck
The side where if you come through fronting, kid you getting bucked
On your way, to apartment 3A
With a phat herringbone, let him slide, no days
Son get the heat, cause I'm about to stick him
(Fuck that shit, yo if that nigga front, yo hit him!)
Aight bet, so just hold it down
While I cock back the long three pound
You're upstairs boning, not knowing that I'm scheming
Just the right time kid, it's twelve in the evening
You're leaving out the building as you kiss your girl goodbye
Thought you was safe and got caught by surprised
"What's goin on?", as I reply
"Shut the fuck up and don't make this to another homicide"
He tried to play tough so I put one in his brain
Even though I took his life, all I wanted was his chain
Come through truck without heat, how you figure?
When you in the projects keep your fingers on the trigger
But fuck that we're juxing, if you got what we like you gets taken
Put you on your back, send you on your way, yo good looking
Now we catching a cab to Halsey & Lewis in Brooklyn
Getting tore up from the floor up, hit the dress store up
Got the 80-0 in case a nigga wanna roll up
Get your motherfucking shit swoll up
Now it's back to Queens to serve fiends
Making G's by any means, my eyes on my enemies
Sipping Hennessey, with my mind on some crime shit
One-time searching me but never ever find shit
It's the everyday, get the loot then breeze
Though my goal is to leave outta state, push ki's
But all this bullshit holding me down, I can't leave
Fuck a 9-to-5, I get the loot with ease
Don't even need a degree to earn a six-digit figure
I get mines slinging on the corner with my niggas

Pulling the trigger when the drama appears
Cause a nigga worse enemy is fear
So yoCheck it out, check it out, check it out, yo
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