

## **Funkmaster Flex**

# **"Give Up the Goods - Mobb Deep"**

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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 last

Now 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 soul

I'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 rope

Yo, 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 me

Trust 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' it

An' 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 stilo

Even pack my gat when I go to see my PO  
Jump out my hooptie, pass my gat and my lucci 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 medallions

But 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 ya

Yo 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 kill

Do 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 to

If 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 right

Po 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 town

Hit 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 diamond

Jetted 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  
sprayed

I 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 watch

Word 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  
nameless

First 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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