

Mobb Deep

"Cradle To The Grave"

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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 son

He 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 open

Goin' 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 floor

Locked 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
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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

Yo, 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 shit

Load 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

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Word up man
Y'knowwhatumsayin'?
We gonna die, it's for real, kid
No games bein' played

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