

Mobb Deep

"Live Foul"

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Yeah, yeah
Yo son
No fucking doubt, baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah
It's real, it's real
It's real, it's real
Yeah, let them niggas know
Yeah
Say QB

Everywhere that I go now
I keep that thing right with me
It is because I live foul
Shorty like blue piece coming

I got bitches all only back
I got niggas all in my face
It get serious, it ain't no game
So I got to keep that thing at my waist

Which part of no games niggas don't understand
Your dealing with one dead serious black man
Whose first resort is to squeeze, second thought to
breath
Love this freedom, so you know how I be
And why these niggas want to pull me in
I ask myself that same question over and over again
It's a small world, my girl, I'm smashing a friend
Ain't no love lost might as well join the fuck in

I've been telling niggas how my gangster get
You can trace it all the way back to the infamous
When niggas out now was on infamil
Fuck a hotel nigga was fogging a windshield
Wrecking my first wheel they was barely bulking
Now this dun language is the motivation of their talking
A hate in my blood, you won't find one drop
But let a nigga stunt and he will get dropped
So

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Yo, dun what up scream at your dog
These niggas been wilding since niggas been gone
Fake niggas stunt like their really that strong
You really that bitch nigga pussy, thongs
P that nigga that will break your jaw
You get jumped by a mobb of niggas for sure
Who get cut bucked and left for dead
We get fucked, sucked and extra bead

Partying with the ladies is crazy dic
Make you want to have babies and eat the fish
You won't feel safe in the same place as us
We make niggas want to stay far away from us
We make bitches panties wet, they pray for us
Want to see a nigga live and be safe as such
We back with more of that murda muzik bitch
I'm going to bang on a nigga that confuse the shit

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That thing is closer than blood and thicker than water
You niggas is like fleas and guns pluck 'em off dun
Scratch that itch then get rid of that bitch
Then we mobb out with the sixes looking sickening
That's when beautiful whip, we tearing the streets up
We got the big stash box so we can fit the street
sweeper
My duns keep it at any time, it's nothing
You run around like you got a pass or something

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