

Mobb Deep "Party Over"

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Whatever? Party's over tell the rest of the crew
Yo P, it's on you, what you wanna do?
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Every day of my life since 11-2-74
On the street makin' non-stop cream galore
Packin' heat, stickin' up weed stores and more
Collectin' interest off of extortions to settle my score

It gets deeper when things get real
I'm down to stickin' out west bank for my mill
And I'm from Hampstead, it's close to the shacks of
park south
Well, I'll be outside slingin', you're always high

And don't come around to the crossroads of life
We're to the death, you and me, this beef for eternity
I'm goin' out to the fullest extent
So far into my troubles it's hard for me to get back

To my everyday self and composure
Catch you when you open then I bring you to a closure
Put ice on a razor and freeze ya when ya shelter
I went for ya grill but you dent from my rolder

I know this kid who says he knows ya because of that
Now, I know where ya lay ya hat at and that's that
Say no more, I put it on you while you was yawnin'
Murder without warnin' the very next mornin'

Once we step through the door, party over, that's the
endin'
You and your crew'll leave out, a bunch of dead men
Bump me and I'll bump you back
You ain't tough black, niggas like you just get their life
jacked

But I'ma cool nigga til' you push me through the limit
But try ta play me and ya ass I get up all in it
Don't try to cop please now son, it's dead and done
I gave you fair warning so run and get your guns

It's on, time to show 'em how I perform
My attitude'll transform, leave you dead plus wrong
Gettin' the flow within, representin' for queens
Shit is real, why you hopin' that it's all a dream

But you can't wake up, wettin' a chest you bless
Chokin' off your own blood
Don't blame me you brought your own death

Aiyo Noyd, it's on you, what you wanna do?
Whatever? Party's over tell the rest of the crew
Yo Big Noyd it's on you, what you wanna do?
Whatever? Party's over tell the rest of the crew

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My beeper kept beepin', the other numbers started
leakin'
'Who is this on my mind? I was thinkin'
Then I realized it was my dun playin' 911
Once I seen the numbers I ran for the fuckin' guns

My dun in trouble, I be there on the double
I jumped up in the bubble, yo kid where are you?
1-14 between Manhattan and Morningside Avenue
This happened just right out the blue

Aiyo dun, fuck that bitch, tell her get off your dick
But she's cryin' and she says she has feelin's and shit
Yo it's a setup, them niggas got me fed up
Ty stay in the buildin', if they move fuckin' buck 'em

Get up off the scene, you know what I mean?
And hide yourself down with them other fuckin' sixteen
Glock and get off they block
Then I hung up the cellular, ready to rock
And it's on

Yo, you get deaded in the streets, kid set it
You gots no credit, fool you get wetted
Up with the semi-auto mac double, love it
Did he shoot eleven or twelve' is what he wondered?

Nigga I got one more shot, you must be drinkin'
Put the heater to his head, watch him start blinkin'
'Am I goin to heaven or hell? Is what he's thinkin'
Switch to a bitch as his life start sinkin'

Down to a level of no return
Pull out the heat cos when the slugs hit it definitely
burns
Now, chill and think about your life for real
Every member of my crew is livin life for real

Got your self fucked into somethin that you couldn't
finish
Up against the fulliest squad and get diminished
I'm from Q U E another E N S
So why you small tough talk? I'm not impressed
If I seen you in the bridge, I'd make you undress
Give up the money, the polo especially the guess

Big Noyd, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Havoc, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Black Ice, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Queensbridge, party's over, tell the rest of the crew

The Big Twins, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Ty, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Yo Black, it's over, tell the rest of the crew
My man Killer, party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Germ, it's over, tell the rest of the crew
Karate Joe, it's over, tell the rest of the crew
Ron Gotti, it's over, tell the rest of the crew
Karl Capone, party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Rasheim, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Stobo, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Tena, party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Skins, it's over, tell the rest of the crew

And the whole fuckin' projects
It's over, tell the rest of the crew
It's over, tell the rest of the crew
It's over, tell the rest of the crew

Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
Party's over, tell the rest of the crew
The motherfuckin' party's over, tell the rest of the crew

Get that nappy up
Yo get that nappy up
Son get that nappy up

Queens get that nappy up
Yo get that nappy up

Yo motherfucker party's over
Yo motherfucker party's over
Yo motherfucker party's over
Yo motherfucker party's over

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