

Mobb Deep "The Learning (Burn)"

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Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yo

It be a buck-fifty
Your chance of runnin'
Is infinite
Slugs that leave niggas drugged
Like a chick slip the Mickey
I'm so on the low
It'd take a Navy Seal
To get me
When I surface

If not chips to Benz
Is the purpose
On your team
I'll pull the curtain
A beautiful hurtin'
Till my eyes see the blood
That mean the creep start workin'
Niggas never learnin' that
They eyes keep lurkin'
Have ya janitor
Pumpin' your X 5 merkin'

Skid marks the street
Your heart skips a beat
Beef? Nigga overcook that meat
Get no sleep, only rest is
In between the blink
My life story was
Written in blood, permanent ink

Killer instinct, R.I.P. 'em
Gotta think like that 'cause
Forever I be needin' 'em
Plan flawless, mistakes
Never repeatin' 'em
Some love, some hate me

Bitches in the head beatin' 'em
(So)

Niggas wanna ride
By the crib all slow
(Oh)
We clap motherfucker
Want a real rap show?
Fiends are rushin'
When the mack blow
Dead in my castle
And in the blink watch
How quick life pass you

What's wrong
With motherfuckers
When will the ever learn
Keep playin' with that fire
And that ass is gettin' burned
Fuckin' with semi-autos
One foot is in the grave
We givin' all of y'all
Somethin' to be afraid of

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Lemme tell you
How it's goin' down
It's on now
Niggas used to love me
Now they wanna hate me now
I'm that same nigga
With the tech
Holdin' the spot down
Except I'm pushin' a Lex
Lettin' the top down

But wait, you don't think
I live a pop life now
That's hate, you could
Get popped right now
Me don't play, I keep
A gun around my way

'Cause I'm a fuckin' drama king
Like my nigga Kay slay

Sex, drugs, money
And murder all day
It's rules, guidelines
And codes, we obey
Don't even trip, I M D
It's that I claim
Infamous Mobb Deep nigga
Ready to bang

Nigga don't think shit stink
Then shit hit the fans
So I don't slip, I'ma shit
With my gun in my hand
It's a thug thing y'all niggas
Wouldn't understand and
Y'all keep guns
We keep our shit bangin'

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You a bitch ass nigga
I had you kill't
All they had was your
Picture at the funeral
No casket
You bistards be missin'
My jewels, my whip
My rims we bitchin'

My guns be the heat
That'll make you blister
My mens, my Timbs'll
Stomp you niggas
No shit, no clip
Don't fuck with us
It's no problem, I bring it
To the best of them

From the old to the new
And the rest of them

No love, just slugs
For ya body dunn
Just pain, just sufferin'
And worst then that
You let me
Get my hands on you
So I'm takin' advantage

And that shit that you pulled
Ain't do me no damage
You don't know me
But we 'bout
To change that shit
Wrap that nigga up
Like a package
Fuck all them nigga
Buck all them fagots

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Yeah, QB
(Yeah)
Mobb Deep, dola
It's goin' down
We're takin' over
Vita, gettin' this dough
We don't call it

Murder for nothin'
(Murda, murda, murda)
I'll send you on
Prodigy, Big Noyd, Havoc
Yeah, y'all see us

It ain't a game, yeah
Oh, come on, yeah
You see us

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