

Mobb Deep

"Up North Trip"

Visit "[Up North Trip](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It all began on the street, to the back of a blue police
vehicle
Next come the bookends, the way things is looking
It's Friday, you in for a long stay, gettin' shackled on
the bus
First thing come Monday, hoping in your mind you'll be
released one day
But knowing, home is a place you're not going for a
long while

Now you're up on the isle
In a position that you ain't got to, refusing to smile
But keep in mind there's a brighter day, after your time
spent
Used to be wild, but locked up, you can't get bent
Thought you could hack it, now you're requesting Pee,
see you fragile

It ain't hard to see, niggas like that don't associate with
me
I'd rather, get busy to the third degree
'Cause the war populations are
If this was the street, my razor would be a mack demon
Hit you up, leave your whole face screaming, what you
in for kid?

Busting nuts, taps heard of million street stories
caught inside this trap
Who are you to look at me with your eyes like that?
Wising up young blood, before you make things
escalate
And I would hate
To set your crooked ass straight

Make your moves at night, pack your heat in this war
zone
Niggas is trife
Runnin' from one time, ain't no time to slip
Make one false move and it's a up north trip

Livin' the high life, make your moves at night
Pack your heat in this war zone

Niggas is trife, runnin' from one time, ain't no time to slip
Make one false move and it's a up north trip

You tried to dip, duck, but still got bucked, you talk too much shit
You should have kept your mouth shut, all that gossip
Motherfucker don't you know my glock kicks, hollow tips
To your body, mad toxic, I fade you, blow you with a rusty-ass razor
Did you a favor, tried to wet you but I grazed you

Pop goes the glock when there's beef on the block, chill for a while
Make them think the beef stop, then I creep like a thief in the night
It's only right, ain't no turnin' back, it's on tonight, and if I get caught
Then my ass is up north, straight on the course for upstate New York

Stress, smokin' back to back cigarettes, it popped off
Gon' point in the mess hall
But to avoid that from head to toe, dipped in all black, hit them niggas
Where they pump they cracks at, Havoc, with the murder masterplan
Keep my nine up to par, so my shit won't jam, God forbid if my shit do

Run behind a tree, fix my shit then hit you, slugs in your body
Mainly in your brain tissue, witness from the scene
Get ghost, stash the pistol
So simple then, watch my back, lay up and relax
Roll a sack, [unverified] K-A black? Find a shorty intact

Make your moves at night, pack your heat in this war zone
Niggas is trife
Runnin' from one time, ain't no time to slip
Make one false move and it's a up north trip

Livin' the high life, make your moves at night
Pack your heat in this war zone
Niggas is trife, runnin' from one time, ain't no time to slip
Make one false move and it's a up north trip

I got the powder, combine wit' the powder and water, it

oughta
Drop in a half and hour in the form of oil, watch the
cocaine boil
Keep my eye on it so the shit won't spoil, then I pause
And ask God why did he put me on the serve, just so I
could die
I sit back and build on all the things I did wrong, why
I'm still breathing

And all my friends gone, I try not to dwell on the
subject for a while
'Cause I might get stuck in this corrupt lifestyle
But my heart pumps foul blood through my arteries
And I can't turn it back
It's a part of me, too late for cryin', I'm a grown man
struggling
To reach the next level of life, without fumbling, down
to folding

I got no shoulder to lean on but my own, all alone in this
danger zone
Time waits for no man, the streets grow worse, fuck the
whole world kid
My money comes first 'cause I'm out for the gusto, and
trust nobody
If you're not family, then you die by me
'Cause niggas will have you locked up

The snitch, be a man, givin' police the run down on
your plans
We're never goin' down like that, so I, shut my mouth
And hold my words back
The legal business, forever mine, fuck payin' taxes
The last kid that shitted

And gave police access to my blueprints
Used names as evidence
Skipped town and I haven't seen the snitch nigga ever
since
The moral of the story is easy to figure out
A lesson that you can't live without

Livin' the high life, make your moves at night
Pack your heat in this war zone
Niggas is trife, runnin' from one time, ain't no time to
slip
Make one false move and it's a up north trip

Visit [Mobb Deep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

