

Various Artists

"The Learning"

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[Havoc:]
It be a buck-fifty
Your chance of runnin'
Is infinte
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 [A—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
B****es in the head beatin' 'em (So)
Niggas wanna ride
By the crib all slow (Oh)
We clap motherf***er
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

[Chorus ~ Vita:]
What's wrong
With motherf***ers
When will the ever learn
Keep playin' with that fire
And that as* is gettin' burned
F***in' with semi-autos
One foot is in the grave
We givin' all of y'all
Somethin' to be afraid of
[Ã—2]

[Big Noyd:]
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 f***in' drama king
Like my nigga Kayslay
Sex, drugs, money
And murder all day
It's rules, guidelines
And codes, we obey
Don't even trip, IMD
It's that I claim
Infamous Mobb Deep nigga
Ready to bang
Nigga don't think sh*t stink
Then sh*t hit the fans
So I don't slip, I'ma sh*t
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 sh*t bangin'

[Chorus] ã—1

[Prodigy:]

You a b****-as* nigga
I had you kill't
All they had was your
Picture at the funeral
No casket
You b*stards be missin'
My jewels, my whip
My rims we b****in'
My guns be the heat
That'll make you blister
My mens, my Timbs'll
Stomp you niggas
No sh*t, no clip
Don't f*** 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 sh*t that you pulled
Ain't do me no damage
You don't know me
But we 'bout
To change that sh*t
Wrap that nigga up
Like a package
F*** all them nigga
Buck all them faggots

[Chorus] ã—2

[Vita:]

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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