

Mobb Deep, I'm Going Out

Going out nigga
Big guns and sharp knives
Revolvers 'cause automatics jam at the wrong time(I'm going out)
Like fights with the brass knuckles
Swinging belts catching niggas with the buckle now fuck it(I'm going out)
Like i ain't got nothing to live
Like as if u had guns to my kids fuck it (going all out)

Yo you know the type that style and shit that rise my dick
Pop me a nigga quicker than police
Leave more wounds than a whole room full of chicks
You running while i'm gunning 'cause you a bitch
I heard niggas talking like they goinng to dead mines
I got enough guns we can make the headlines
I'm from a place where the realeast niggas get murdered
And the illest niggas try to avoid it
But can't call it
It's a cold world bundle up
Keep your heat on at all times
And never freeze up
And your eyes blink you could catch a hole in your tank
Have you leaking all over the place
Watch how you speak
And watch how you move through the streets
I got a mob with niggas with heat
We live but ah squeeze 'fore we think
Breath 'fore is too late
Uph you fucked up and got laid to sleep

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For the big checks and large faces mantions
And my duns would do the same for me

I'm going out like a nigga that he never have nothing
Fuck it I ain't frontive
If i want to know i got to go out like a navy seal
Label me ill
You sling thrills
Meet you on top of the hills
Screaming dollar bill
Going out like a nigga you just smacked
His moms in the cut plotting patient and calm
Putting on everything that i love and stand for
Getting ben up in the pub 'till five in the morn
Going out like a nigga with six days to live
And like a single parents raising a kid now that's a big
Going out like a nigga with shit touching his rib
You got more than nesessary dun a nigga went dead
Going out for my niggas see this gat in my hand
You better back the fuck up what part didn't you understand
Head nah aim straight at your thighro glands
Must've not been really your men those niggas that ran (I'm going out)

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We do it well click niggas like nails
Catch cases skip bells
I lie 'fore I chitel
Die in the sitel
Pop gun with the shitel
Fuck a bitch just to getsel
Rap style smoother than cl
In the k on the dl
Line for line you can detail
Choked more niggas than Sprewell
Rap style pelo
Watch me blow like tornados
Clear the block out with just an echo
Trust me niggas don't want me see let go
Niggas don't want to see the tech blow
Watch me blow the crowd like techno music nigga
When it come to murder you know we do it for the chorus
Fuck lying on the lord ain't worth dying for
I rather die fucking raw
Or walking on a mine in the cold war
My dogs got my shoulders with t up machine guns
All my niggas soldiers
With big grenades throw them in your rober
Send prodigy to check the scence when it's over
Niggas animals coming back for leftovers (all out nigga)

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