

# Mobb Deep, Eye For An Eye (Your Beef Is Mine)

Chorus:

As time goes by, an eye for an eye  
We in this together son your beef is mines  
So long as the sun shines to light up the sky  
We in this together son your beef is mines

Chorus

Verse One: Prodigy

Let me start from the beginning, at the top of the list  
Knowwhatl'mean? Have a situation like this  
Another war story from a thirsty young hustler  
Won't trust ya, I'd rather bust ya, and leave your corpse  
for the cops to discover, while I be dippin in the Range Rover  
All jewelled like Liberace  
You watch me while Jakes tryin to knock me and lock me  
But I'll be on the low sippin Asti Spumante  
Niggaz try to creep on the side of my jeep  
Stuck the heat through the window rocked they ass to sleep  
Over a 3-pack, it was a small thing really yeah  
but keep lettin them small things slide and be a failure  
If I'm out of town one of my crew'll take care of ya  
The world is ours and your team's inferior  
You wanna bust caps I get, all up in your area  
Kidnap your children make the situation scarier  
Life is a gamble, we scramble for money  
I might crack a smile but ain't a damn thing funny  
I'm caught up in the dirt where your hands get muddy  
Plus the outcome turns out to be lovely  
Got G's in my pocket hit off my main squeeze  
Push back, the sunroof, let the cold air breeze  
through the butter soft leather upholstery  
But mostly, keep the gat closely, cuz niggaz wanna toast me

Verse Two: Havoc

Yo I gotta get mines, no matter what the con-sequences  
Count up my blessings, add up my weapons  
Cock back the gat and let my nine serve purpose  
Sling do my thing organize fiend servants  
Tryin to make a mil is stress you know the deal  
So we sling drills get your cap peeled, cuz everything is real  
cuz I wanna chill, laid up in a jacuzzi  
Sippin bubbly, with my fingers on the uzi  
Try to infiltrate my fort get caught  
dead up in New York, my brain is packed with criminal thoughts  
Get your life lost never found again my friend  
Mission completed, watch you drop in less than ten  
On my road to the riches, hittin snitches off with mad stitches  
Your last restin place'll be a ditch kid  
No one can stop me try your style's sloppy  
Want to be me, you're just an imitation copy  
My theme is all about making the green  
Livin up in luxury, pushin phat whips and livin comfortably

Chorus

Verse Three: Nas

A drug dealer's dream  
Stash CREAM keys on a triple beam  
Five hundred SL green, ninety-five nickle gleam

Condominium, thug dressed like a gentleman  
Tailor made ostrich, Chanel for my women friend  
Murderin, numbers on your head while I'm burglarin  
Shank is servin em, whassup to all my niggaz swervin in  
New York metropolis, the Bridge brings apocalypse  
Shoot at the clouds feels like, the holy beast is watchin us  
Mad man my sanity is goin like an hourglass  
Gun inside my bad hand I sliced tryin to bag grams  
I got hoes that used to milk you  
Niggaz who could've killed you  
Is down with my ill crew of psychoes  
Nas Escobar movin on your weak production  
Pumpin corruption in the third world we just bustin

Verse Four: Raekwon the Chef

Hold up and analyze the wildcats slang cracks  
they swing an axe, the new routines, be my eyes black's  
playin corners glancin all up in your cornea  
Corner ya, seen cats snatch monies up on ya  
But late night, candlelight fiend with a crack right  
It's only right, feelin higher than an airplane right  
Word yo, I want to get this money then blow  
Take my time, blast a nine, if you front you go  
Sip beers, the German ones, hand my guns to sons  
Shaolin, and Queensbridge we robbin niggaz for fun  
But still, write my will out to my seeds then build  
Mahalia sing a tale but the real we still kill

Chorus 2X

Outro: Raekwon

Uhhh  
Lay back  
Word up, just bless em  
with the bulletproof  
Mobb Deep, Nas, Chef creation  
for your nation  
Yeah