

Mobb Deep, In The Long Run

* (Bonus Track on CD-ROM)

(Chorus / Havoc):

Cause in the long run we could be on son
It's on son
Extra cash just for more guns

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Let's start the warfare....

(Ty Nitty):

Yo Ty Nitty, airforce one's call up my duns
Got more niggas seeds on sesame buns
Caught a body on the run
You don't want none, lump some
Exort niggas for they lump sum no doubt
Proceed,where that weed indeed
Havoc laced the track razor sharp, you bleed

(Havoc):

My whole mission, like a platoon take position
Ain't goin in if my clique can't get in
That's word to mines have you stressed like jail time
Get that loot up, no doubt I bail mines
Easy access
Shorty straight up hit the mattress
Have you role playin just like a actress
My tactics leavin niggas stuck doin back flips
I black out
Take it to the gats
Fuck this rap shit
Let my niggas shine
Rate my rhymes like a dime

Swollen bullet wounds, head ass niggas

(Prodigy):

Yo,
Who's the one to be made into example
Nigga you pop shit wit the wrong guys this time
What! (gunshots)
My mobb'll get on top ya, topple ya
Like a fall guy you fell down clown
Heard some four pound sound my '86 style now (gunshot)
Ten years later still hold a firm ground
Nigga P thugly
Enter the ring wit something for anyone who wanna play gun
What up G?
I'll clap you stop in your tracks, how about that?
Now analyze these cats wit live nigga rap
You seen strapped, came outside all hype wit gats
Got juiced up, now bishop think he thuggin it black pimp
Let's rap a taste
You get your little head pinched off
Brooklyn touched you, then left you for Queens to finish off
Fuck a ----- Keith Murray and his whole clique
Yea, you snuffed me in front of the cops, that bullshit
Told you come around the corner, no police and no witnesses
Little to your knowledge
You almost got shot but that's aiight though
I'm a catch ya ass again

You fuckin immigrant ----- for two cent
My Mobb runnin shit you fuckin Carlton Ave coward
The forecast call for gray skies and gun showers

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