

# Mobb Deep, Right Back At You

(Prodigy)

Yea, yea, check it out  
Now run for your life or you wanna get your heat, whatever  
We can die together  
As long as I send your maggot ass to the esscense  
I don't give a fuk about my prescence  
I'm lost in the blocks of hate and can't wait  
For the next crab nigga to step and meet fate  
I'm lethal when I see you, there is no sequel  
24-7. Mac 11 is my people  
So why you wanna end your little life like this  
Cuz now you bump head wit kids that's lifeless  
I live by the day only if I survive the last night  
Damn, right, I ain't trying to fight  
We can settle this like some grown men on the concrete floor  
My slugs will put a stop to your hardcore  
Ways of action, I grab the gat and  
Ain't no turning back when I start blasting  
Pick up the handle and insert the potion  
Cock the shit back in a calm like motion  
No signs of anger or fear cuz you the one in danger  
Never share your plans wit a stranger, word is born

(Chorus)

I put the glock on you kid, now I got you  
You got the heart to get busy without your crew  
Let's get it on nigga, do what we gotta do  
You bucking me, I'm bucking right back at you

Chorus

(Havoc)

Fuk where you're at kid, it's where you're from  
Cuz where I'm from, niggaz pack nuthin but the big guns  
Around my way, niggaz don't got no remorse for out of towners  
Come through fronting and get stuffed wit the 3 pounder  
The loud sounder, ear ringer  
And I'm a point the finger on all you wannabe gun slingers  
You got a real ice grill but are you really real  
Step to the hill and I'm a test your gun skills  
Cuz real niggaz don't try to profile  
You just a chump who needs to get drunk to buckwhyle  
But swing that bullshit this way  
And I'm a make your visit to the bridge a muthafuking short stay  
Queensbridge, that's where I'm from  
The place where stars are born and phony rappers get done  
6 blocks and you might not make it through  
What you gonna do when my whole crew is blazing at you  
Wit macs and tecs to lend to get your dome crush  
You thought that you could come around my way, you big stupid fuk  
What the hell you smoking, what the fuk possessed you  
To come out your face, now I have to wet you  
Throw on my tims, black mask and black ?serpent?  
Twist a nigga cap, then jump in the J-30

Chorus

(Rae and Ghostface)

Who's the richest nigga in the project, who got it live  
Rocking Convertibles, fropp tops and mad high  
Peace to that whiz kid and playas on his team  
Who's organize, all eyeballs is on CREAM  
And yyour whole clique got nuthin but raw shit  
Whip after whip, stay flashing your dick on tricks

Your whole crew's ravishing, team's untouchable  
In the jungle, banging Nas, Mobb Deep and Wu  
There's money out there, guns catch crumbs, those are your sons  
Jums is in the mailboxes, bitches holding your guns  
You know what's out there, thousands of gram, wrapped in siran  
Sealed tight, keep the freshness, that's how we expand  
Masked Avenger, drop your gun, son, now surrender  
Get ninjaed on the island, plus the Bridge, boy remember

(Big Noyd)

My little thug's selling drugs and he's struggling  
The game got him bugging, I tried to tell him slow down cousin  
But he vexed and niggaz getting wet up in the projects  
But wit no doubt, shorties out for his respect  
But is his brain insane from the lye  
From smoking that 118 ?chiny tye?  
Why, a nigga just died last week  
As he swore he was growing, he's a thug in the street  
But it's like that, my crew pump cracks and we pack mac  
His eyes is wild wit the rezzy monkey on his back  
But I'm stressed and he need to be blessed  
Wit a firepack, don't even go there cuz it ain't like that  
Slow down baby, he said, what, you trying to play me  
You must be crazy, pulled out the heat and almost blazed me  
Then he was Swayze, the shot must of dazed me  
Thug's selling drug, busting slugs, but he ain't crazy