

# Mobb Deep, There I Go Again

(feat. Ronald Isley)

(Ronald Isley singing throughout song)

(Prodigy and Havoc talking)

Yeah yeah  
Know what I'm sayin'  
Straight burn biscuits baby  
Yeah, give it to 'em raw uncut  
Turn them headphones up  
No doubt son  
No problem  
Creepin' it though baby  
It's gangsta  
The truth gonna come to the level

(Havoc)

Yo  
As this blood flow through my veins  
I stand before this mic with a stepped up game  
Some things when I look how they never gonna change  
It ain't a thing  
Niggas wild  
Then I'm cockin' that thing  
Cuz you know with every action there's a reaction  
And there's no known cure when I'm sick with the clappin'  
How many times it have to happen  
Niggas talkin' like they generals  
They just mere captains  
The streets there's rules  
Slugs hit 'em with infractions  
And then there's Hollywood if you want some fuckin' acting  
You got these niggas out mis-representin' they hood  
Give 'em heart now they icin'  
I'm like nigga what's good?  
Cuz you know how I get with these macks and these techs  
Blaze 'em down gives a fuck about the next nigga rep  
Play around find yourself getting' cheated by death  
Man gone and believe me dog it happened to the best

(Chorus)

You know a nigga  
I be tryin' to chill  
But now then I'ma hafta run these niggas a drill (no doubt)  
There comes a time in  
Every nigga life when he's face to face with that ole'  
Kill or be killed  
And here I go again  
Grabbin' my steel  
Cuz now then I'ma hafta run these niggas a drill (run 'em)  
There come a time in  
Ever nigga life when he's face to face with that ole'  
Kill or be killed

(Prodigy)

Ay yo  
Don't make me have to body something  
Fuck you and what you known for  
To me you're nothin'  
I don't see why in the world  
To me you frontin'  
And if you was that nigga  
Then you still mean nothing  
Homes (what)

My gun is bustin'  
Fuck all y'all niggas my stomach is touchin'  
And I be right there on Murdle Ave.  
Come through  
You bitch ass niggas wouldn't know what to do  
I get bullet proof love  
Pounds and hugs  
You get extorted by the thugs that gew up in your hood  
You get killed fuckin' with P  
You really should  
Not do that  
I use that  
Lugar good  
Catch a bad one  
Ran dunn raggity  
You got fucked up and left for dead in the street

(Havoc)

Yo  
Who wants it with Hav  
Who want it with P  
Not near one of y'all  
And I put that on me  
But if?

(Chorus)

(Havoc)

Yo  
Believe me dog there's more than  
Cockin' and squeezin' and  
Afterward that nigga still be breathin' and  
Who gonna snitch if you lucky to leave it then  
For a reward nigga just might turn you in  
I take it further and I might just murder him  
That mouthpiece all together  
I'm curbin' him  
It's very clear and there's nothin' to blur my lens  
It's very real  
Ain't got no time to pretend

(Prodigy)

Yo  
Feelin' it thugs  
I dump a magazine on you dunn  
I'll run up on you niggas with the ?master? glove  
Dunn there's nothin' for me to snap and get on tilt  
I know it's nothin' for you  
The pain to have me killed  
I respect the laws of war and love  
I live by them shits  
Y'all niggas not ready for this  
You not knowin' how you about to get your head crushed  
Spray it dunn  
Straight out  
Shit it when them guns come out

(Chorus x2)

(Ron Isley singing)

(Woman singing x6)

We've got to learn to swallow our pride  
It's hard just to let things ride  
Maybe one day things will change

As of right now let me show you something