

Cradle to the Grave

Mobb Deep

Forever wild from the cradle to the grave
Kid, watch your back, one time, it's comin always (Yeah!)
They lock me up for 12 days, I can't comprehend
Now I'm a free man on the streets again
Chasin St. Ide's down with some Seagrams Gin
Life is like a dice game and I'm into win

On the scene from the 41st side of Queens
We get the CREAM, laid up, love-love for dame
Cos I mean what I mean, I'm out to claim King
Doin my thing, do wild stakes my name'll reign

To all my peoples locked down comin back to life
In the world once again though ya fear was trife
While you was gone, we was goin to war and even more
Saw my man layin dead on the floor, kid I swore
That our crew will live forever, I guess I was wrong
No, until we meet again, hold ya head and stay strong (Yeah!)
Yo, got my mind on a place to hide from police (Where?)
Sweatin dogs as I'm runnin cross 12th Street
Just as I approach the block
I spot a jake on the creep down by Vick's weed spot (So what!)
Made a U-ey up the hill plus a change of plans
I had to hurry back so I could warn my man

Ya had me stressin little son, had my heart rapidly pumpin
Niggas start a guttin behind the bushes duckin
My ears rung, I punch a clip into the guns
Got ?Raydes? in the arm, one slug hit my son
He was bleedin from the head, I couldn't believe it
We was defeated, if it was a case I couldn't beat it
Felt like cryin (The temperature's risin)
I saw my man helpless, damn near on the verge of dyin
So to P I passed the iron

Kid you ain't lyin!
I went to stash the murder weapon, plus I'm relyin
On a door to be open, goin in the building, it's a trap!
Police buckin at me, they try to twist my tongue back
Jettin up the staircase to the third floor
Reached behind the sink, throw the heater on the floor
Locked the door, police grabbed me up and tryed to break my jaw
"So where's the gun we saw?" (I don't know!)
"We know you was there at the homicide scene" (I know nuttin!)
"And if it wasn't you, was somebody from ya team"

From the cradle to the grave
(From the cradle to the grave)
(2x)
(Straight from the motherfuckin cradle to the grave!)

Yo, it's the real drama kills, nobody moves, stand still!
Bottle you! drop that ass off in a land-fill
Son bless me with the iron, I got beef
With some niggas from the other side over some weak shit
Load up the heaters, greet em with the hollow-tips
Flip em like the Gotti clip, my crew shift the body shift

The cradle to the grave is where I'll end up
Fuck gettin sent up North, son I'm bett-er
Doin my dirt on a low
Fuckin wit them mobbers like a crowd
No doubt you gonna blow, you never know
He didn't even have to go there
Unprepared, now he's six below
Y'know I'm chillin, I gots no time for catchin feelings
Get that money I wants, some brothers wanna act funny
But it's all good I still die for the hood
For my peoples, yeah knock on wood

Triple L, rollin dice while I put you on
To the drama what I gotta say is short not long
This nigga that I'm beginning to dislike he got me fed
If he doesn't discontinue his bullshit he might be dead
Know him well and probably go way back
But I don't care if he's your man doin shit like that
I hope the word gets back to him, cos I screw him
He shitted on my man and we got plans to do him
Lets get it over with quick, I'm tired of waitin
Ain't no fair overhead there, we just debatin on when and how
Later on right now, spoke to Killa yesterday
He said to chill for a while
But it's hard acting like everything is alright
I get the chills when I see that nigga in my sight
A dead man walking, not only that he's still talkin (About what?)
About how what he did buried off and you don't know
How much I fiend to put his ass in a coffin
One day my man and the next he's not
Didn't know him long anyway so fuck it!
It's funny how things change (Word up!)

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(From the cradle to the grave)
(2x)
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Word up man!
Y'knowwhatumsayin, we gonna die!
It's for real, kid, no games bein played