

# I'm Going Out

Mobb Deep

Going out nigga  
Big guns and sharp knives  
Revolvers 'cause automatics jam at the wrong time (I'm going out)  
Like fights with the brass knuckles  
Swinging belts catching niggas with the buckle now fuck it (I'm going out)  
Like i ain't got nothing to live  
Like as if u had guns to my kids fuck it (going all out)

Yo you know the type that style and shit that rise my dick  
Pop me a nigga quicker than police  
Leave more wounds than a whole room full of chicks  
You running while i'm gunning 'cause you a bitch  
I heard niggas talking like they goinng to dead mines  
I got enough guns we can make the headlines  
I'm from a place where the realeast niggas get murdered  
And the illest niggas try to avoid it  
But can't call it  
It's a cold world bundle up  
Keep your heat on at all times  
And never freeze up  
And your eyes blink you could catch a hole in your tank  
Have you leaking all over the place  
Watch how you speak  
And watch how you move through the streets  
I got a mob with niggas with heat  
We live but ah squeeze 'fore we think  
Breath 'fore is too late  
Uph you fucked up and got laid to sleep

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Like as if u had guns at my kids fuck it (going all out)  
For the big checks and large faces mantions  
And my duns would do the same for me

I'm going out like a nigga that he never have nothing  
Fuck it I ain't frontive  
If i want to know i got to go out like a navy seal  
Label me ill  
You sling thrills  
Meet you on top of the hills  
Screaming dollar bill  
Going out like a nigga you just smacked  
His moms in the cut plotting patient and calm  
Putting on everything that i love and stand for  
Getting ben up in the pub 'till five in the morn  
Going out like a nigga with six days to live  
And like a single parents raising a kid now that's a big  
Going out like a nigga with shit touching his rib  
You got more than nesessary dun a nigga went dead  
Going out for my niggas see this gat in my hand  
You better back the fuck up what part didn't you understand  
Head nah aim straight at your thighro glands

Must've not been really your men those niggas that ran (I'm going out)

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We do it well click niggas like nails  
Catch cases skip bells  
I lie 'fore I chitel  
Die in the sitel  
Pop gun with the shitel  
Fuck a bitch just to getsel  
Rap style smoother than cl  
In the k on the dl  
Line for line you can detail  
Choked more niggas than Sprewell  
Rap style pelo  
Watch me blow like tornados  
Clear the block out with just an echo  
Trust me niggas don't want me see let go  
Niggas don't want to see the tech blow  
Watch me blow the crowd like techno music nigga  
When it come to murder you know we do it for the chorus  
Fuck lying on the lord ain't worth dying for  
I rather die fucking raw  
Or walking on a mine in the cold war  
My dogs got my shoulders with t up machine guns  
All my niggas soldiers  
With big grenades throw them in your rober  
Send prodigy to check the scence when it's over  
Niggas animals coming back for leftovers (all out nigga)

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