

In the Long Run

Mobb Deep

R: Cause in the long run we could be on son
It's on son, extra cash just for more guns
(2x)

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

My whole mission, like a platoon take position
Ain't going in if my click 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-playing just like an actress
My tactics leaving niggas stuck doing 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 wound head ass niggas
Yo, who's the one to be made into example?
Nigga, you popped shit with the wrong guys this time
What? My Mobb will get on top ya, topple ya
Like a fall guy you fell down clown
First the four-pound sound, my eighty-six style now
Ten years later still holding firm ground
Nigga P thugly, enter the ring with something
for anyone who wanna play gun, what up G?
I clap you, stop you in your tracks, how bout that?
Now analyze these cats, a live nigga rap
You seen strapped, came outside all hype with gats
Got juiced up, now bishop think he thugging 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 click
Yeah, 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 aight though, I'ma catch your ass again
You fuckin immigrant -- for two cent
My Mobb running shit, you fucking Carlton Ave coward
The forecast call for grey skies and gun showers

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