

Survival of the Fittest

Mobb Deep

Yeah.. sendin this one out.. to my man Killa B
No doubt indeed.. without weed.. knowhatI'msayin?
That old real shit..

There's a war goin on outside, no man is safe from
You could run but you can't hide forever
from these, streets, that we done took
You walkin witcha head down scared to look
You shook, cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
They never around when the beef cooks in my part of town
It's similar to Vietnam
Now we all grown up and old, and beyond the cop's control
They better have the riot gear ready
Tryin to bag me and get rocked steady
by the mac one-double, I touch you
and leave you with not much to go home wit
My skin is thick, cause I be up in the mix of action
if I'm not at home, puffin lye relaxin
New York got a nigga depressed
So I wear a slug-proof underneath my Guess
God bless my soul, before I put my foot down and begin to stroll
And to the drama I built, and all unfinished beef
You will soon be killed, put us together
It's like mixin vodka and milk
I'm goin out blastin, takin my enemies with me
and if not, they scarred, so they will never forget me
Lord forgive me the Hennesey got me not knowin how to act
I'm fallin and I can't turn back
or maybe it's the words from my man Killa Black
that I can't say so it's left a untold fact, until my death
My goal's to stay alive
Survival of the fit only the strong survive

Yo, yo
We livin this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
(We still livin it)
We livin this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
(Thug life, we still livin it)
We livin this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
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We livin this til the day that we die
(we livin this til the day that we die)
Survival of the fit only the strong survive
(survival of the fit only the strong..)

I'm trapped, in between two worlds, tryin to get dough y'know
When the dough get low the jewels go, but never that
As long as fiends smoke crack
I'll be on the block hustlin countin my stacks
No doubt, watchin my back and proceed with caution
Five-oh lurkin, no time to get lost in -- the system
Niggaz usin fake names to get out quick
My brother did it and got bagged with two ounces
I-llegal world where squads hit the block hard

Ask my man Twin when he got bagged, that fucked me up God
But shit happens for a reason
You find out who's your true peoples when you're upstate bleedin
You can't find a shorty to troop your bid witchu
Hit wit a 2 to 4 it's difficult
Wild on the streets I try to maintain
Tight with my loot, cause hoes like to run game
Some niggaz like to trick but I ain't wit that trickin shit
I'm like a Jew, savin dough so I can big whip
Pushin a Lex, now I'm set, ready to jet
No matter how much loot I get I'm stayin in the projects, forever
Jakes on the blocks we out-clever
If beef, we never seperate and pull together
When worse comes to worse and my peoples come first
Try to react and get them motherfuckin feelings hurt
My crew's all about loot
Fuck lookin cute, I'm strictly Timb boots and army certified suits
Puffin L's, laid back, enjoyin the smell
In the Bridge gettin down it ain't hard to tell
You better realize

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Look in the eyes and get wise
Look alive, in ninety-five, word up
Hypnotic thug life, get that ass paralyzed
Knahmsayin? Mobb Deep and all that..