

Back at You

Mobb Deep

No doubt..

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Stainless steel gats - they never rust, fin' to bust
You get touched, blessed with the real side of life
Just enough - you couldn't fight it with your strongest mic
Laid down nigga eyes visualize bad perception
Major interference shoot your upper body section
I travel like a two-two bullet, throughout your body
Repped to the fullest, Queensbridge representin
Presentin.. the hollow tip crew
Loose lips sink ships, you talk shit I follow through
Once the kite is sent, I might get bent but still planted
No second thoughts, cause my conscience is demandin
for the bloodshed (bloodshed) I leave that mug red (mug red)
I'm like cancer can't catch me cause I done spread (done spread)
Doorknob dead, enough said from the scene I fled
with the paranoid thoughts runnin round my head
It's like that, war, project niggaz strike back
It's on - what the fuck you say? I'll be right back
with the gat, and temper, end your motherfuckin era
Your shorty set you up you betta dead her
Hunger for the cheddar big Benz or better
Armeretto sours, alcohol consumption
While you - runnin we thumpin
Due to the fact +The Infamous+ is bumpin
Ice grill, son you frontin

R: It's like that, war, project niggaz strike back
It's on - what the fuck you say? I'll be right back
(4x)

Welcome to the fact that, here take that
Right back at you, I'm goin at Duke, already ran through
Wasn't hard to capture, what is it that your goin after?
(What is it what is it?) The forty-fifth'll make your clothes damper
Put in the hamper, the fabulous Infamous movin stainless
Crimes heinous, to all my niggaz hold your bangers
Live in action, if you were dapped then relax then
The fuck you said? I'll be right back with mac's then
blastin, tearin up your Fila fashion
Give him what he ask an' fill you in on what happened
Back at the cabin, be at the round table plannin
to spread team across planet, expand shit
Slap a nigga open handedly style, somethin foul
for tryin to slow down, my cash pile a hundred miles
I can recall the days, juvenile crime pays
Fourteen years old, shorty from round way
Brick-ass cold, still pump from night to day
But why did my life have to be this way?
I rock Velour suits, flavors like mixed fruits
My loot give recoup, razors in my suit
case they try to troop me to the Island
I'm known for start whylin
Back in New York, my soldiers got the cash piled in
Peep this, dome we'll blows on some nose and teeth shit
So much drama, who the fuck knows we got beef with?

Lift you up off your feet like ski lift
Pull back the big fifth for niggaz who wiff
Them niggaz you with
Then I'm on the next light, gettin bent in the clouds
On my way down South for international crowds

R: (4x)