

## 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)