

Conquer

Mobb Deep

Who want it? Who got the stomach for this horror?
Guts spill, have you praying to the Holy Father
Dear Lord, I didn't mean to be an imbecile
Thought it was a game, now you know it's really real
When you feel steel pressed against warm skin
Ain't no turning back nigga, now you all in
Get curious, I show you how the Reaper look
All, when you get there don't be a wuss
All shook, now he the crook son
I'm seeing tears and it's not a good look, son
Aw fuck it, let the little nigga live!
Yeah right, they have these other niggas up my wig
No mercy, shit left me about
Years ago, I don't let him in, I'll see him out
And now he on the floor just bleeding out
You know it's on when you see me and my team out

We conquer, overpower and crush
Come to get washed up
We conquer, overpower and crush
Those opposed to our stuff
We conquer, overpower and crush
Come to get washed up
Overpower and crushed
Come to get washed up

E's back, easy man, move before we seep that
Lame ass team that you got off of the mat
Weak cat, pull it back, please do repeat that
Queens rep: we got more than a little of that
We used to daydream on the bench how we could seize this
And conquer like the British in snapbacks and fitteds
Getting soaked up, no love, the boy's back, he show up
Soldier up, you know it up, come and get folded up
Your bitch is attracted to all of this madness
She want a felon, she ain't fuckin with no graduates
Bad hood, bitch magnet, I'm a savage
They just wanna fuck, you wanna talk marriage
Baby carriage, sittin kissin' in a tree
While I be pipin' em down inside of hoopties
Like, longer, harder, this mobb shit stronger
Than all of y'all weak music, we conquer

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