

# 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  
(We still livin it)  
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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(the strong survive)

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..