

## Trife Life

Mobb Deep

Check it out now..  
Word up Son, shit is ill kid..  
Knahmsayin? Bein that we livin the motherfuckin trife life  
Don't have another day right?  
It's only right  
Let me put you on to what happens Son, never believe this shit  
Kick that shit

It's just another day, drownin my troubles with a forty  
That's when I got the call from this brownskin shorty  
She asked me where's my crew at? Said we could do whatever  
She got her crew too, and said that we should get together  
I said, "Aight -- just call me back in a hour  
so I can take a shower and gather up the manpower"  
Then I hung up the horn  
And I thought to myself that it might be on  
Cause this trick ain't pick up the phone to call me in years (Why?)  
Ever since I left the hoe lonely in tears  
Ain't no tellin what her friends puttin up in her ears  
Ideas of settin me up, I'm not tryin ta hear  
(Check it out, Son) So we take the gats for precautions  
Plus this trick live in Brooklyn, home of the coffin  
She might got a whole batallion of Bucktowners  
Waitin for us to get up off the train and surround us  
Or maybe, I'm blowin this shit out of proportion  
But this shit do happen, to niggaz very often  
So fuck it, a nigga gotta do what he meant to  
My crew got my back, fuck the world is my mental  
We put together five soldiers, the bitch called  
My blood curdled, told me to meet her on Myrtle  
Got to the plaza, we're waitin for the G train  
We put a plan together, just in case the beef came  
Now we Bed Stuy bound  
Far from home and on unknown ground  
But together we six deep, with five heats, nuttin sweet  
First nigga frontin gettin lifted off his fuckin feet  
It took eternity, we reached our destination  
My heartbeat is racin like a cardiac patient  
We finally got to Myrtle outside the train station  
I saw not a soul, told my peoples to be patient  
But hold up, thats when a black caravan rolled up  
My legs then froze up, I grabbed my pound  
Told my man, "Eyes open cause it might go down"  
Said he don't like the way the shit is startin to sound  
Evey angle of the car was smoked out and tinted  
So we couldn't tell if the enemy was in it  
It mighta been TNT, I wasn't tryin to wait and see, we  
jettted thru Marcy cause Dee's ain't baggin me  
Word Son, they got us on the run, Dunn, see yo

R: Check it out, check it out, check it out, yo  
Trife life got me thinkin like an animal  
No doubt, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt yo  
What can kill you is what you don't know

OK check it, you're on your way to your girl's crib  
But the bitch live in the 'Bridge

You ain't really sweatin it, cause little do you know  
The niggaz in the 'Bridge be settin it  
You thought you was safe and tried to walk the backstreets without heat  
on the 41st Side (settin it) of 12th Street  
The side where niggaz don't give a fuck  
The side where if you come through frontin, kid you gettin bucked  
On your way, to apartment 3A  
with a phat herringbone, let him slide, no days  
Son get the heat, cause I'm about to stick em  
(Fuck that shit, yo if that nigga front, yo hit him!)

Aight bet, so just hold it down  
while I cock back the long three pound  
You're upstairs bonin, not knowin that I'm scheamin  
Just the right time kid, it's twelve in the evenin  
You're leavin out the buildin as you kiss your girl goodbye  
Thought you was safe and got caught by surprised  
"What's goin on?", as I reply,  
"Shut the fuck up and don't make this 'to another homicide"  
He tried to play tough so I put one in his brain  
Even though I took his life, all I wanted was the chain  
Come through truck without heat, how you figure?  
When you in the projects keep your fingers on the trigger  
But fuck that we're juxin, if you got what we like you gets taken  
Put you on your back, send you on your way, yo good lookin  
Now be catchin the cap that holes in ya Lewis in Brooklyn  
Gettin to' up from the flo' up, hit the dress sto' up  
Got the 80-0 in case a nigga wanna roll up  
Get'cha motherfuckin shit swoll up  
Now it's back to Queens to serve fiends  
Makin G's by any means, my eyes on my enemies  
Sippin Hennessey, with my mind on some crime shit  
One-time searchin me but never ever find shit  
It's the everyday, get the loot then breeze  
Though my goal is to leave outta state, push ki's  
But all this bullshit holdin me down, I can't leave  
Fuck a 9-to-5, I get the loot with ease  
Don't even need a degree to earn a six-digit figure  
I get mines slingin on the corner with my niggaz  
Pullin the trigger when the drama appears  
Cause that nigga worse enemy is FEAR  
So yo....

R:

No doubt, so what can kill you is what you don't know..