

## Burn

Mobb Deep

It be a buck-fifty  
Your chance of runnin'  
Is infinte  
Slugs that leave niggas drugged  
Like a chick slip the Mickey  
I'm so on the low  
It'd take a Navy SEAL  
To get me  
When I surface  
If not chips to Benz  
Is the purpose  
On your team  
I'll pull the curtain  
A beautiful hurtin'  
Till my eyes see the blood  
That mean the creep start workin'  
Niggas never learnin' that  
They eyes keep lurkin'  
Have ya janitor  
Pumpin' your [X5] merkin  
Skid marks the street  
Your heart skips a beat  
Beef? Nigga overcook that meat  
Get no sleep, only rest is  
In between the blink  
My life story was  
Written in blood, permanant ink  
Killer instinct, R.I.P. 'em  
Gotta think like that 'cause  
Forever I be needin' 'em  
Plan flawless, mistakes  
Never repeatin' 'em  
Some love, some hate me  
B\*\*\*\*es in the head beatin' 'em  
(So)  
Niggas wanna ride  
By the crib all slow  
(Oh)  
We clap motherf\*\*\*\*er  
Want a real rap show?  
Fiends are rushin'  
When the mack blow  
Dead in my castle  
And in the blink watch  
How quick life pass you

R: What's wrong  
With motherf\*\*\*\*ers  
When will the ever learn  
Keep playin' with that fire  
And that as\* is gettin' burned  
F\*\*\*\*in' with semi-autos  
One foot is in the grave  
We givin' all of y'all  
Somethin' to be afraid of  
(2x)

Lemme tell you  
How it's goin' down  
It's on now  
Niggas used to love me  
Now they wanna hate me now  
I'm that same nigga  
With the tech  
Holdin' the spot down  
Except I'm pushin' a Lex  
Lettin' the top down  
But wait, you don't think  
I live a pop life now  
That's hate, you could  
Get popped right now  
Me don't play, I keep  
A gun around my way  
'Cause I'm a f\*\*\*in' drama king  
Like my nigga Kayslay  
Sex, drugs, money  
And murder all day  
It's rules, guidelines  
And codes, we obey  
Don't even trip, IMD  
It's that I claim  
Infamous Mobb Deep nigga  
Ready to bang  
Nigga don't think sh\*t stink  
Then sh\*t hit the fans  
So I don't slip, I'ma sh\*t  
With my gun in my hand  
It's a thug thing y'all niggas  
Wouldn't understand and  
Y'all keep guns  
We keep our sh\*t bangin'

R:

You a b\*\*\*\*-as\* nigga  
I had you kill't  
All they had was your  
Picture at the funeral  
No casket  
You b\*stards be missin'  
My jewels, my whip  
My rims we b\*\*\*\*in'  
My guns be the heat  
That'll make you blister  
My mens, my Timbs'll  
Stomp you niggas  
No sh\*t, no clip  
Don't f\*\*\* with us  
It's no problem, I bring it  
To the best of them  
From the old to the new  
And the rest of them  
No love, just slugs  
For ya body dunn  
Just pain, just sufferin'  
And worst then that  
You let me  
Get my hands on you  
So I'm takin' advantage  
And that sh\*t that you pulled

Ain't do me no damage  
You don't know me  
But we 'bout  
To change that sh\*t  
Wrap that nigga up  
Like a package  
F\*\*\* all them nigga  
Buck all them faggots

R: (2x)

Yeah, QB  
(Yeah)  
Mobb Deep, dola  
It's goin' down  
We're takin' over  
Vita, gettin' this dough  
We don't call it  
Murder for nothin'  
(Murda, murda, murda)  
I'll send you on  
Prodigy, Big Noyd, Havoc  
Yeah, y'all see us  
It ain't a game, yeah  
Oh, come on, yeah  
You see us