

Just Step Prelude

Mobb Deep

Sometimes I wish I had three different faces
I'm going to court for three cases in three places
One in Queens Manhattan one in Brooklyn
The way things is looking I'ma see central bookings
Facing 3, 3 to 9 is mad time
After reconcurrence for assault 2-9
I gotta maintain 'cause stress on the brain
Can lead to a motherfuckin suicide thang
And plus my probation, a ill violation
How the fuck did I get in this tight situation?
I'm going all out you know moves I never fake
And fuck the jake, they can catch me at my wake
And if I did burn a bag of blade
Put the light in the air sometimes I just don't care

Son I got plans, power movements, get on some rude shit
I keep livin like this, I might lose it
My man is coming home from doing long ass bids
What up Kiko? I ain't seen your ass since we was kids
It's all strange; my niggas locked down thinkin long range
And see their names in the Daily News third page
They sent a kite to my nigga Killa
It only took one sword to put seven holes in his squealer
A 3 to 9 spending most of his time inside the bin
Reclined, and still came home with a shine