

Down For You

Mobb Deep

Uh, uh, uh
Yeah

Say that, talk that shit to me
Everything about you be infamy
What the hell you done did to me?
This not normal, can't keep my mind off you
Took what I taught you to a whole other level
Heart cold, but you worked your way into my mental
I was in trouble from the minute that I met you
Flyin' colors, but you pass when I test you
Pardon self, know I'm rough 'round the edges
Blame it on the trenches, the shit I won't mention
I don't feel it now, it's not what I expected
But I'm goin' with the flow
Wild sex, grabbin' on your throat
Down for shit that I ain't even know
None of these bitches come close
Fuck it, on my mama, you the GOAT

And if I only had you on my side
I'd have no questions on the things left behind
Oh, see, it hurts me to keep you in my heart
If bein' in love is my downfall, then I'll be down for you

Silk shirts and my chest show this ice work
I blew a kiss at H.E.R. from afar at a Jorja Smith concert
She'll probably respond like Halle did, I got a list
Teyana, Zoe Saldaña, Madonna, wish I could twist
I don't care, pull your hair, crack first night, that's how it be
Sneaky link? Nah, keep a goomar like Gotti's freaks
We mobbin' deep, Hav', Nas, and P
She gotta be high quality to ride with me and properly embody love
Am I still a thug? Maybe that broke-tooth version of me was, I'm old-school now
Cabernet, fireplace, Persian rug, I'll hold you down
Send a plane for you, new Birkins, we hit the ground runnin'
The homies laughin' and clown because I found someone
If I love the girl, who care what you like?
Y'all ain't Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, or Mike, but she my new edition
She said it's yours and you been what I'm missin'

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If lovin' you is my downfall, then I'll be down for you (Love)

For all things, relaxin'
Jacuz' on the roof out in Singapore
Laughin' so hard the Clicquot came out my nose, ew
Priceless memories, I suppose
Pack a few changes of clothes
Couple suits, you know, bathin', formal, jeans, and some boots

We don't do the chancletas, but we do the Gucc' sandals
With the blue and red strap, my crew
We some ghetto dap dons on that luxury hood shit
Audemars, Vacheron, Hublot the wrist
Diamonds is for chicks, we distinguish gangsters
It separates us from these wannabe famers, wanksters
We jumpin' inside the shark tank with black tips, narrow tooth, and tiger sh
arks
The finest girls in designer heels
And she can keep them bitches on when she diggin' her nails with passion

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