

# 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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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 sharks  
The finest girls in designer heels  
And she can keep them bitches on when she diggin' her nails with passion

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