

Get It Forever

Mobb Deep

Niggas know and if they don't
I shoot 'em in the head, whatever rock his fucking boat
Niggas in my face, you better leave before you can't
I lay shots like stamps, no Fedex
I'm hot check the critics, call the paramedics
Your man was talking reckless so you know he had to get it
Me and money's magnetic, and you the polar opposite
Come through, bitch start dropping it, getting low
I don't gotta trick, the only magic I know
Wore the number 32 and retired some time ago
So check the liner notes and miss me with the bullshit
Miss me with it or get hit with a full clip
I'm back on it, you can bet your ass on it
I'm so sure that I could put my fucking last on it
And if I didn't sell then you know I rapped on it
Beat so ugly, gotta put a fucking mask on it

We get it forever
It's on forever
Calm down, never
Slow it down, never

We get it forever
We do this forever
It's on forever
Calm down, never
Slow it down, never

Looking through my eyes' view I see nothing but
Success for us, non-stop nothing but
Long money, long jab I stretch
Wrap around the Earth, 80 times 10
Warm breezes and Barbado nights
Living sweet yea but it's a cold life
You know we strapped in, best you buckle up
I did my little bid in years, yeah wassup wassup
Dare a nigga trouble us, make my niggas risk all of this
Infamous good shit, so quick
I'll be back inside the cage, my rage is unchanged
For this change, yeah this bank, I have for this pain
Change and pinky rings, estates for the kings
A Queens-bred gentlemen, she know how we bang
You tamper with this plush lifestyle, may you lay
In a hole 'til you ferment, your bones decay

We come from where murders occur often on late nights
Niggas is high and they eyes be red as 2 brakelights
Medical marijuana, Henny bottles, and Grey Goose
Semi's and shottys on deck, everybody's face screwed
But you know this already, my hood the coldest and deadly
Soldiers is ready, I am boastful, forgive me
Bitches talking to cops cry when they nigga get washed
Beef coulda been squashed, go finish that shit that you start
No clip in your Glock, you ain't prepared to fire
We call that riding with no air in your tire
You're flattened, it's a pattern after scrapping

What usually happen, death on arrival
Survival of the fittest, ain't nothing like that Queensbridge shit
Y'all niggas finished, your only chances are diminished
And we don't need no fucking witness
Ain't what you know, it's what you live and we live it