

Score Points

Mobb Deep

Oh, you tough?
Tough guy now?
Okay
You preyin' on the weak ones over there
I see you, okay
You wouldn't do that shit to a real gangster, nigga
Fuck is up?
Boy, y'all niggas know who to do that shit
Do that shit to me
Do that shit to me, bring that shit over here, yo
What the fuck, yo? Y'all niggas ain't tough
Fuck is going on?

Yeah, yo, look
I feel strange every day like somethin' 'bout to happen bad
Prepared for the worst, anticipate the best
I think positive, but my thoughts have undertones
I do my best to keep it balanced, but it thunder rolls
Keep a storm brewin'
Don't make God strike lightning on your body
Get your life ruined
My intuition forces me to pay attention
Like AK-47s force bullets through them vests
My ears pierce you, I see clear through
Too much murder, my emotions are fear-proof
My friends' bodies was riddled with bullets
They killed Yammy with a bat, he ain't see it comin'
They shot my cousin Manu in the face with the Uzi
And we still out here thuggin', yeah, yeah, it's not a movie
Scrubbin' blood out the carpet of the back seat
I'll ride around for days lookin' for you, actually, ah

Thought you knew somethin', but you ain't know a fuck' thing
We thought you was hard, you really just a soft ting
I'm not a bully, I don't prey on weaklings
You speakin' like you tough, get treated like you mean it
You only score points on a gangster
You only get points if they real
You only score points if they violated
You only earn points if they squeal

Think about my life and all the moments I could've folded
But never folded, no lies, or sugarcoated
Sit you down like COVID
My brain overloaded with that bullshit
Y'all niggas spit, that's duly noted
You ain't low, nigga, I peeped it, you ain't notice
In the corner, all by my self, 'cause I'm the chosen
I be knowin' my own strength
Keep these cowards at arm length
I don't sweat or let that shit stress, I trust the process
When it pop off, you disappear like rabbit-in-hat tricks
In that last song, bragged about how you gonna clap shit
All your math wrong, the way you move, lookin' ass-backwards
Perhaps it's the fact you niggas really not factors
They attention whores, chasin' clout 'til they get that bloody mouth
Yap for that money pouch and jewelry things

Yeah, the cat's out the bag, you ain't like that, nigga
Pull they skirt up, they workin' with vagina, nigga

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