

## 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 delf, '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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