Survival of the Fittest

Mobb Deep

Yeah. sendin this one out. to my man Killa B No doubt indeed. without weed. knowhatI'msayin? That old real shit. There's a war goin on outside no man is safe from You could run but you can't hide forever from these streets that we done took You walkin witcha head down scared to look You scause ain't no such things as halfway crooks They never around when the beef cooks in my part of town It's similar to Vietnam Now we all grown up and old, and beyond the cop's control They better have the riot gear ready Tryin to bag me and get rocked steady by the mac one-double, I touch you and leave you with not much to go home wit My skin is thick, cause I be up in the mix of action if I'm not at home, puffin lye relaxin New York got a nigga depressed So I wear a slug-proof underneath my Guess God bless my soul, before I put my foot down and begin to stroll And to the drama I built, and all unfinished beef You will soon be killed, put us together It's like mixin vodka and milk I'm goin out blastin, takin my enemies with me and if not, they scarred, so they will never forget me Lord forgive me the Hennesey got me not knowin how to act I'm fallin and I can't turn back or maybe it's the words from my man Killa Black that I can't say so it's left a untold fact, until my death My goal's to stay alive Survival of the fit only the strong survive Mobb DeepYo, yo We livin this til the day that we die Survival of the fit only the strong survive (We still livin it) We livin this til the day that we die Survival of the fit only the strong survive (Thug life, we still livin it) We livin this til the day that we die Survival of the fit only the strong survive (We still livin it)

We livin this til the day that we die (we livin this til the day that we die)Survival of the fit only the strong survive

(survival of the fit only the strong.)

I'm trapped, in between two worlds, tryin to get dough y'know

When the dough get low the jewels go, but never that

As long as fiends smoke crack

I'll be on the block hustlin countin my stacks

No doubt, watchin my back and proceed with caution

Five-oh lurkin, no time to get lost in -- the system

Niggaz usin fake names to get out quick

My brother did it and got bagged with two ounces

I-llegal world where squads hit the block hard

Ask my man Twin when he got bagged, that fucked me up God

But shit happens for a reason

You find out who's your true peoples when you're upstate bleedin

You can't find a shorty to troop your bid witchu

Hit wit a 2 to 4 it's difficult

Wild on the streets I try to maintain

Tight with my loot, cause hoes like to run game

Some niggaz like to trick but I ain't wit that trickin shit

I'm like a Jew, savin dough so I can big whip

Pushin a Lex, now I'm set, ready to jet

No matter how much loot I get I'm stayin in the projects, forever

Jakes on the blocks we out-clever

If beef, we never seperate and pull together

When worse comes to worse and my peoples come first

Try to react and get them motherfuckin feelings hurt

My crew's all about loot

Fuck lookin cute, I'm strictly Timb boots and army certified suits

Puffin L's, laid back, enjoyin the smellIn the Bridge gettin down it ain't hard to tellYou better

realizeMobb DeepWe livin this til the day that we die

Survival of the fit only the strong survive

(We still livin it)

We livin this til the day that we die

Survival of the fit only the strong survive

(Thug life, we still livin it)

We livin this til the day that we die

Survival of the fit only the strong survive

(We still livin it)We livin this til the day that we die

Survival of the fit only the strong survive

(Thug life, we still livin it)

(the strong survive)

Look in the eyes and get wise

Look alive, in ninety-five, word up

Hypnotic thug life, get that ass paralyzed

Knahmsayin? Mobb Deep and all that

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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