

Survival of the Fittest

Mobb Deep

Yeah. sendin this one out. to my man Killa B
No doubt indeed. without weed. knowwhatI'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
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 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>