

# Mobb Deep, Deadly Zone

(bounty killer)

I saw these fools tryin to get around, tryin to let me down  
And all dat, ha but I got an easier way to let dem drown  
Wit these guns of navarrone, I shall shoot dem like al capone  
Take dem to the zones of bones, like dat well  
\*begins chanting and rhyming\*

(prodigy)

Yo dunn, they tried to knock me down, bury me under  
Big pipes soundin like thunder  
Skated by the skin of my teeth, I had to put a man in his place last week  
Now why you wanna come at me?  
I'm the wrong nigga to approach like that, homes  
Wrong nigga for threats, lone nigga wit long chrome  
And we can dance till one of us drop  
You score points fallin wit good formation  
I'm the wrong nigga for patience, wrong one at dunn  
The very last nigga you should ever blast your gun  
To the floor, actin like you goin to war  
Now you f\*\*ked up, here come a real rocket launcher  
Flame thrower, rule wit a iron rod  
That be the ruger, y'all niggas keep tryin hard  
But who the loser when you can't walk your hood at night  
And you can't come outside without fear  
Am I in your thoughts often? while you be walkin?  
Foot soldier catch you at the store's corner  
Keep me on your mind and don't slumber  
Man the minute you slip wit those, that's your ass

\*bounty killer rhymes and chants\*

(big noyd)

M-o-b-b dunn, let's get it on dunn  
Wit bounty killer, yo it's like this dunn  
Aiiyo cock that shit, pop that shit

Squeeze off, let em know how real this is  
M-o-b-b, d-double-e-p wit bounty killer  
No other gun runners keep a round like this  
&gt;from q-u-double-e-n-s, my bomb borough, till the day of my death  
Whether in shit I been in, runnin down the block  
Sprayin shots wit the lindon, listen  
We all been through ac-tion, you know the last me blastin  
The last man standin, pack shit long than bare wake  
Neither the jake nor the snakes gon' stop it  
You know the mobb lettin off rockets  
Gun burners spit like lungies, dummies  
Still nuttin pop but the shells, these ain't words from hell  
These are slugs, something you feel  
A gun runner nigga for real nigga

(havoc)

Yo hear my gat blow, make you spit out crack  
The actual, that brand new six that you couldn't seem to whip  
Empty the clip, make sure no friendly get hit  
While you layin bloodied up in the six  
Flee the frontline, dismantle gap and bounce  
Then watch the twelve o'clock news and hear them shout you out  
Plug leak, slip rug right from under your feet  
You runnin the streets, you don't want no problems wit us  
Everyday is like fourth of july to us  
Henny in my cup beside the gat you'll find in my clutch  
Interfere wit the plan and you will get touched

Let the liquor talk for you and you will get touched  
Full fledge, like ra let em know the ledge  
While you slippin off edge, your shorty's givin me head  
Cockin em legs like guns when I'm cockin to spray  
Poppin your way, sendin shit that's hot your way

\*bounty killer rhymes and chants\*