

# Mobb Deep, Give It Up Fast

Verse 1: Nas

Got out the airport, the Mobb pick me up in the truck  
Jury junkie like fuck, I ain't scared to get stuck  
So what's the deal poppy?  
You heard the feds almost got me  
I had the Cuban posse all up in my room and lobby  
Negotiatin like an Illuminati network  
Don't catch a body experts and retrospect till the foul connect  
When I lost but back then was my fault  
Now it's time to floss  
Eye For An Eye what's mine is yours  
I need a suite with the flowers  
complimentary at Trump Towers  
Sit at the table we can build for hours  
on gettin riches, a cinch, take a glimpse  
The World Is Yours written all over the blimps  
Here's a toast to my foes, it's like a whole new beginning  
From ??? and prima, loads of women rockin linen  
I got a plan to blow the Hiroshima, Japan  
Movin niggas out tha hood and just divide em with fam  
Ay yo, the bitches like G Money said to us, man  
about the dick like the horse with the cowboy brand

Chorus 1:

Give it up fast, quick and not slow  
Not goin to the tables if it's not about dough  
Son you know Mobb Deep is runnin this shit  
QBC, nigga grab your click

Verse 2: Havoc, Big Noyd, Prodigy

Yeah son, I'm feelin it  
Opposition want me dead, concealin shit  
Four gats got me livin, kid  
Rushin thru my pyramid  
You secondary, go against the grain then you adversary  
Had to bury niggas on my side, that snitch  
ran his mouth like a bitch  
now he's layin in a ditch  
Daily dug for himself  
On his grave I had to piss  
Scud missile never miss you  
Hit you, scratch you off, we left Jim Star rip thru  
You metal deeper, you ain't havin it me either  
It's drama, ain't got time for no breathers  
Rapper Noyd make these niggas into believers

Huh, huh  
Hey Noyd, what up this cat right here, man  
Word up!

The tough guy strong me  
I guess he got plans to ruin me  
He want ta do me slowly but surely  
I beat his fast ass a bit early  
Grabbed the biased raid, the shit was curly  
Put the drome to his dome  
Let him know it's never early  
You can slide before I snatch the heat from his side  
Saw the devil in disguise by the look in his eyes  
He was surprised I snatched him up  
Regulated his gat and backed him up

Stepped to the side, P blast em up

Hey yo, cannons are rough  
You got strucked up, ya strokes slit  
So rapper nigga playin thug try to pro shit  
(Yo, kill that nigga, man!)  
All I remember was I shot for his throat G  
You see big guns and 3-D is haunting  
It gets deep, fuckin with these Chi-nese  
Thai weed burnin my hip from hot gats  
Burnin my lips from roach clips  
Catch me on 40th and Bootlegger in the a.m.  
These \*?R-tape meridian?\* cats, insomniacs  
Four in the mornin we throwin back some Cognac juice  
Lettin gats loose in the blue van blitz-thru  
These kids too couldn't find the pistol  
Ay yo, I got the Lexus, holdin my necklace  
I'm bent off some next shit  
Gasoline wick, a kerosene twist  
Stumblin, place of my gun right, it's slipped down its calibre  
Lookin for chicks that he can stab now  
Numbed up for my fiery cup  
I held juice of sin's nectar  
Saints found they youth  
Mega-action, bitches all around ready to fuck  
Big asses, you bought all the shit, pressin ya luck  
My pipe games like a night train  
top speed thru ya warm piece  
??? to say the least

Chorus 2:

Give up the pussy fast, quick and not slow  
Not goin to the cell if it ain't a freak show  
Said you know Mobb Deep is plannin this shit  
QBC, niggas grab their click

Chorus 1

Outro: Prodigy

(And that's how it go)  
And that's it nigga  
(If it ain't a freak show) It ain't a freak show  
Y'knowhutl'msayin?  
(Don't give up, don't give up, don't give up)  
Don't go  
(Y'know the deal)  
Rapper Noyd, rapper P, Nas, Havoc  
To the exit, niggas we out!  
What up!  
(The Infamous)  
It's over baby  
(Fuck 9-6 to 9-7)  
Tell the rest of the crew