

Mobb Deep, Hoodlum

(Havoc)

Sometimes it feels like the whole world is against me
and is it the Henny that bend me; I be in the zone
Gazing at the walls, suppressed, thinking da phone
Don't take personal, but only a minor few can understand
what a nigga feeling; 40-first 'til I die motherfucka..(No doubt)
I'm still breathing. You a must son, we full bread
You ain't my dogg, tring to infiltrate my klik is you
I get wit you, handle that on a later note.
We o'er-dose eveything is death, we so close
I'm trying to tell these cats, but I let them do they thing..
Ready for the bad news 'til da phone ring
Son is dead, now I'm irate over my head seeking revenge.
Son is dead, son on your behalf trying to laugh

(Prodigy)

Check out the drill-dun, conceal guns
play the hum leaning back checking out the action
On the benches we drinkin X's
Yo twirl dat shit, while I spark this...
Sharply burn it down like an arsonist
Pull out the miz cause its time to bring the biz to kidz
and blow all hell fire out ya empire
Live as wire couldn't make my mobb expire or retire
I'm letting off 'til my arms tired
You set quite wit my head full of riot.
Our buyers, it clear for your ear to hear
I declare only live niggaz lock this year
'96-I lost my dun; '97-It got worse..
Pull money out the team, got to get mork..
And sat down you play the background when shots sound off
Flashbacks of how my man is gone, KB forever in my memory
I spill some Henny then I keep it moving

{Chorus}:

Yo, do our thing, we got this, rockin' this
Aint nobody stoppin this Rakim and Infamous
Reck the hood for you and yours-No doubt crash the bars
You don't really wanna go against the source

(Big Noyd)

Surprise open eye, peep the foulness, wildness
Its bug, niggaz dug in the projects you holiday thug
Ease up all that illin and grillin
get ya melon lite up, you niggaz is butt
You want me, I'm reppin WB, what?
Where you find me at spillin Congac from a cup
With my heat next to my nuts
Never been afraid to bust
Slug rushin to your head like dust
If that wasn't enough as long as strong and tough
we squeeze back, better believe he no longer breath-black
Fuckin wit these swayze cats
I got dreams of raising my little queen and nobody gonna stop that
In fact black, if you come at me don't come sloppy
All my baby girl got is a papi to guide her
through this world of hatred
And I die to see that she make it
and die to let the nextman take it, is you stupid, UM...

(Rakim)

Yo, you wanna come test, son is mad from stress
Penalty is death, pay your last respects
We harass you reap if you slept or half step

We adapt to see who we can master next
After sex pass the bless for after effects
relax your stress through mad physac, mad contact
Cash a check to get assets we blast techs
Dealing with the mental aspect on chest
So we create a trust, if you Dunns come to shot
get hit with a twenty-one gun salute
I keep a loaded yet deadly 7SC 30
soon as you it hit me I release Lyrics of Fury
And quick to say a poem to ricochet in your dome
My click made me leave the nickel-plated at home alone
so I can get chatter and be the better trend setter
The 18th Letter Forever

{Chorus 2X}