

# Mobb Deep, Hurt Niggas

(Verse 1: (Prodigy))

I'll noose ya'll, and push ya'll off the edge  
I'm like Ray Benzino 'cause how I hang men  
I got a big caliber gun inside of my Timb  
so I can explode on any mothafucka that grin  
trust me, it's not like that, it's not what you thought  
you'll be like "P shot me and bounced in the Porsche"  
on some real live Mobb shit, Columbo, the Cappo  
I pop niggas, leave the gun right there, I got gloves  
stop niggas from frontin', leave 'em real fucked up  
I drop niggas thats runnin', shoot 'em in they back dun  
coward ass nigga poppin' all that shit  
and when them things popped out you on some Michael Johnson shit  
fuck that, hammer that nigga to the earth  
wanna cross me? you niggas gotta pay that toll first  
and I got change for all that million dollar shit  
and these slugs 'll be the only reason niggas be hollarin'.

(Chorus (Havoc, P, and Noyd))

Turn this shit up, pump this shit up, DJ mothafuckas burn this shit up,  
we hurt niggas  
Twirl that shit up, burn that shit up, don't make me have the Nine spit  
up, I gives a fid-uck, I hurt niggas

(Verse 2: (Havoc))

I'm tired of tellin' niggas how the fuck I feel  
you know the steel 'll put them niggas to sleep like Benedryl  
these trash ass rappers and they faggot ass friends  
talkin' like the bitches, walk around like they Men  
niggas like ya'll don't get no respect  
this is Hav', I die once, ya'll niggas die a Thousand deaths  
cowards, you tryin' too hard to be 'bout it  
you know them niggas that be fake be the ones to shout it (Holla!)  
talkin' this and that, but check  
turn around and get robbed in they own projects  
might as well be rappin' on stage for them  
bitches be baggin' you, 'cause you the one feminine  
the sound of these guns got 'em shook, it's a rap  
you could see the yellow stripe runnin' clear down they back  
and let a nigga find out where you live at  
and then blow that mothafuckin' piece of shit off the map.

(Verse 3 (Prodigy))

Whattup son, dun, surprise nigga, thats how we pop up on 'em  
you off point you die in your sleep, thats the moral  
nigga, you know we get our contraban in  
smokin' that dangerous, you know we got bangers  
you know I'm dead real, I don't know what you was thinkin'  
I'm all over the street, you better stay creepin'  
I shoot niggas fair ones, I'll box you dun  
you'll be six feet in that dirt, I'll stop your run.

(Chorus)