

# Mobb Deep, Nighttime Vultures

Verse One: Havoc and Prodigy

Yo I rose early mornin, spread my wings yawnin  
Vague memory of last night now it's all dawnin  
Look down and see dry blood all on my garment  
It stained all my Guess farmer's, colored enormous  
I hopped up, outta my bed holdin my head  
Flashbacks of gun shots shot past my head  
I can recall an eight man brawl three men fall  
Bullets flew I had to drug my man behind a wall  
Left a wet trail, delivered these slugs like air mail  
Directly at the cat that made my man blood spill  
An eye for an eye you know my science of life  
Is you man or mice thugs or the cowardly type  
I kick the 98 shit for your ears to list  
Nigga P where you headed it's time to pass kids  
(what's the kids be doin' yo)  
Kickin' rhymes that's true lies  
Let me break 'em down to size minimize they air air time  
After this you never will go back to that which  
Sit back an' write half ass shit  
The last official takin out the artificial  
Let me relieve you replace that shit with some lethal  
Mobb, remember the name it's been along  
That nigga's shook to death from the first fuckin song  
Fluidly my mind flooded with jewels infinite  
The kinda rap bandits in attics stuck on some live shit  
Bear witness to this diligent street cat  
I carry myself hold myself down in fact  
This one dedicated to my niggaz on run  
Holdin big gats go for your gun  
Prepare to crush them we trust none  
Man who ain't down with the clan  
The Mobb dynasty apparantly you thought I was some other type  
Nigga you could fuck with you shit outta luck  
Boss I break your compass throw you way off course  
We buildin from ground up startin from ground zero  
Mafia on da see the name upon the mirror  
Durable physically fit raps articulate  
You get your whole skeleton cracked somethin ridiculous  
Still facinated by my ste  
Little P wanna be me, huh you no D

Chorus: Prodigy

One time son you know we be the illest in this  
Push the shit back, QBC gat, plottin to move back  
The big mouth cat ship'll sink to the bottom  
Easily overthrowin niggaz, rollin over niggaz

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Yo crushed grills, dollar bills, swiss suit on  
Screw on drysell nigga with his loot on  
Watch this, gun glock less, fiends scopin out my rock shit  
Diamond on some H&R Block shit  
Hear me, gets Larry and his sneakers are shot  
Word to me Dunn, the uniform do mean a lot  
I approach lit up cousin sit up matter of fact get up  
What fuss on the bottom face slit up  
Yeah where you from I'm from here  
You know Brina and Javier, and Little Life doin thirty years  
Analyzin this wise guy a look alike first prize guy  
Lit up the thai said riiiiight!

Emotionally playin him close like I'm supposed to be  
Somethin spoke to me, it was this little nigga pokin me  
I heard sirens now turn around about to hit em  
Son was pro nine with the emblem  
Grabbed my goose down the walkie-talkie  
Foul I'm loose now shot went off knocked the juice down  
It ricocheted and hit a GS now here comes EMS, Dunn was leanin near a ZX  
Next time shit's parental, God slap fire out yer mental  
Jet in a boat with rims to mental

Chorus 2X