

Mobb Deep, Q.U.-Hectic

[Havoc] Fuck it kid, whattup Queens in this motherfucker

(Tell you I'm bangin tonight kid)

(Yo Shorty got a FATTIE right there)

[Prod] Queensbridge in the house, ayyo wordup

[Havoc] Ayyo Ty yo Ty c'mere Son

(Whattup Boo? Can I buy you a drink or sumpin Boo?)

[Ty] Whattup whattup?

[Havoc] Where Twins and them at yo?

(The fattie's bangin!)

[Ty] I don't know (damn!)

[Ty] I think Twins laid up

[Havoc] Ayyo Son gimme two Henessee

Son I want two Henessee's yo!

Straight yo, word up man!

[chaos]

Ayyo what up with them Queens niggaz man!

Hey, fuck you!

What? What the fuck, what?

Think they killers or somethin man

Ay fuck you money, whattup kid

[more chaos]

[Prodigy]

I open my eyes to the streets where I was raised as a man

And learned to use my hands for protection

in scuffles, throw all my blows in doubles

I'm coming from Queens motherfucker carrying guns in couples

And wilding, a Q-U soldier

From Lefrak to Rockaway back to Queensbridge

Black it's only crack sales makin niggaz act like that

Back in the days we could scrap, now you lay on your back

As things changed with time I traded in my knuckles for a Mac-10

And rather live the life of crime

With my Bed-Stuy connection connected in two

It's live Boo start shit too wild for you

Peace to, Baesley, Forty-P get down

And when you outta town represent your ground

Them niggaz bleed just like us so show em where we come from

Queens; leavin niggaz done Son

The Mobb gets hectic

Shit is for real up in Queens we get hectic

Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic [3X]

[Havoc]

As we sling on the corners like we always do

Son get that loot quick, spending dough like I never had shit

I'm living large pushin luxury cars

Though that shit is outta reach, anybody in my wake gets scarred

Permanently bed-ridden

And if you're pussy, then motherfucker get in where you fit in

As I walk around the streets

Son I got mad beef, I'ma blast you before you blast me

That's my philosophy cause nowadays you gotta be relentless

Grab my Mac and slap a nigga senseless

Don't try to play me if you do you better D.O.A. me

Son I got em shook grab a little baby for shields

You got drama run for shelter for real

Pour some beer for the ill ain't no time to chill

Hit em up cause I'm quick to erupt like this

Wet em up with the Mac scratch em off my list

Show em, the real meaning of drama you never had it

Til you bumped heads with the Havoc

Ain't nuttin soft or sweat, I lift you off your feet

When I cock back the heat, whole crews retreat

[Prodigy]

Ain't nothing soft or sweet, I lift you off your feet

When I cock back the heat whole crews retreat
We gets hectic
Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic [2X]
[Prodigy]
Everything is real inside my mind; these days
you can't make it if you ain't affiliated with crime
A lifetime of street living
Throughout the beef I've accumulated many slugs have been given
But wilding ain't the way to be living
You're only gonna end up bloody on a floor shivering
Or locked up, caught inside the beast
Meanwhile on the street saying no more peace
My man, Sto-Bo, kid hold your own
In a cell locked down not far from home
And at the same time on the outside I'm representing
Still packin heat make you cowards keep stepping
Getting high, it's cause of the lye, I can't lie
I could move the crowd poppin slugs in the sky
Why come around if you afraid of what's over here
My man Havoc put the bug in my ear
[Havoc]
On the real, for real, but wait it gets realer
Real like an innocent child that turn killer
It's thing like that that only makes things iller
and makin cream doin sticks if you ain't a drug dealer
[Prodigy]
(It's) only facts coming out of my mouth feeds
As far as I can see these streets is getting sour
Q, U, too much drama to get into
And niggaz regret when they begin to
Regardless of your name or what you been through
Pause for a second, open your eyes and think dude
Life ain't the game that it seems to be
Fuck a fantasy I'm leaving in reality
Caught up in this untouchable mentality
Hit you up bad, make you loose a few calories
I need to slow down, movin through life at a high speed
Watchin all the slow runners pass by me
I can see through you, due to, my Queens education
Speaking in behalf of this drug-game nation
The Foundation, the Queens nation
Up in Queens, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Word up
Shaolin, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Word up kid
The B.K., the shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Knowhatl'msayin? (No doubt!)
And Manhattan, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Up in the Bronx we abouts to get hectic
Word up, knowhatl'msayin? The whole world kid
Shit is over dead, Mobb Deep say party UHH
Knowhatl'msayin? Party UHH