

Mobb Deep, Quiet Storm (White Lines)

(Prodigy)

I put my lifetime in between the paper's lines
I'm that quiet storm nigga who fight rhyme
P yea u heard of him but I ain't concerned with them
nigga I pop more guns than u holdin them
make my rotweiller sons out and scold your men
unload ten in braw day light get right
f**k your life hop on my '98 dirt bike
u try to stop mines from growin
I make your blood stop flowin
take affirmative action to any ass if he ask it
I become the mack-10
you's a dick blower tryin to speak the dun language
what the drilly with that though it ain't bangin'
u hooked on mobb phonics infamous-bonics
lying to the pop dog like u got it
you ain't wildin out for the night fish blower
rusty shank holder we live this shit

(Chorus)2X

(Havoc)

It's the real shit nigga make u feel shit(the real.....)
bump it in the clubs shit
have you wildin out when bump this(hip-hop.....)
drugs to your ear drum the raw uncut
have a nigga OD but it's never enough

(Prodigy)

Ay yo the P rock 40 inch cables drinkin white label
my chain hang down to my dick my piece bang glass tables
diamonds and guns before the fame duke a nigga like me hold tec's
are you the same too
goin through the emotions of gun holdin
long shotguns down my pants leg limpin
Killa-B you still livin even my pops too he taught me how to
shoot when I was 7 yo
I used to bust shots crazy
I couldn't even look because the loud sound used to scare me(POW!)
I love my pops for that I love my nigga E-Black
I'll take the life of anyone who tryin to change what's left

and then through all of that a nigga ain't scared of death
all y'all brand new niggas just scared to death
I spent too many night sniffin' coke gettin' right
wastin' my life now I'm tryin to make things right
grand open some gates invest in the rap business
do things for the kids(the little duns)
build a jungle gym behind the crib so they can enjoy youth
CBRs,VCRs,ATV and big screen TVs nigga please
don't make me have to risk my freedom
we spent our whole life for this
you'll get your shit beat in.....(The real)

Chorus 1X

(Prodigy)

It go 1,2,3 to the 4th
that nigga P-double got that shit for y'all
people to rock to stirrin up pots of brew
in hell's kitchen I'm chef the impossible
servin' hot plates all across the unified states
sit down and sup with top rap reps

all across we board move diligent
you better walk like nigga on the tight rope duke
infamous 1st infantry 1st division,4th mission
1st assignment give 'em that shit they been missin
my new edition's way bitchin' those that listen
get addicted to my diction f**k rhymes I write prescriptions
for your disease generic rap's just not potent like P's
1,100 ccs on the throttle I peel off chest naked on Katanas
spaghetti head mobb niggas is full bred full blown
militin tone I rock the skeleton bone
thirst for verses and thirst for worse beats
so I can put more product out on the street
get respect and love all across the board
we've been endured for keepin it raw
nothin less or more
I score everytime for sure
while the rest of y'all niggas just i'll

Chorus 2X