

# Mobb Deep, Rare Species

(havoc)

1-2, 1-2

(prodigy)

Yo, however do u want, however do you need p  
My mobb bring it back to life, back to reality  
You walk a fine line playin wit mine, the greatest story ever told in rhyme  
We climax in ninety-five, wit demo raw raps is knives  
To skin all y'all cats alive  
Take your time don't rush the clock, infamous rock for good now  
Pass like my duns on lock holdin the pot down slow  
But assuring this, spoon-feeding these  
Starvin ass heads catchin shakes, feenishly  
I ball in this, word assortin this, probably recording this  
Of course kids keepin they sights upon this  
Exclusiveness, like some new type of kicks  
We got them things fixed, passed the wrong man in my click  
You get charged wit incense to kick that bullshhh  
Welcome to the ledge of this whole shhh

Chorus (havoc)

Yo, we the men for the operation  
You know the m-o, b-b's, warrior style, rare species  
Catch us on your block , on your wide-screen tv's  
From jones beach to over-seas from over there  
It's right back to the beats, longevity to all the great grand cc's

(havoc)

Yo, for my qbc duns, it's all real hold it down  
You bust yours, we bust ours and stand on firm ground  
Pass the dutchie while i, handle the henny thinkin  
You never catch me sleepin, stay on top of this properly  
I know they watchin me, if not they probably waitin for a downfall  
Scheming on my property, we got the remedy  
Let em get a little cold, let em smell the tree smoke  
Hit em where we blow and don't let nobody know  
The snakes in the grass, you gotta watch where you move  
Son, shots get loaded, don't ever run wit the crowd son  
Stick and move, you hear me?  
And that's the way we rock it, the only way to live

If you really think about it  
Every move is humble wit precision, careful thought decisions  
And my whole cli-tique the same vision  
41st till I dearly depart, till then I'll be somewhere gettin bent up in a den  
Sippin gin, while you shook cats just pretend to be something  
That your not and that's not good my friend  
On a personal, I ain't even feelin you cats  
Don't even acknowledge the fact that you weak raps  
We bust gats at, on the reg laughed at  
Son you know we passed that, get em outta here, 'cause you could have that

(prodigy)

Four pounds, stumbled off grounds  
Fire off many a rounds, I heard return fire 3% of the time  
Your dogs was wives actin like girls, get feminine when handlin guns  
You could run or take the window, son  
Or feel this hot one, we rip all strifes dun dun

Without a fight son, we keep the house dope like ? pie fendis?  
We twist and pop henny, gettin wet on the daily, and  
Peers get chilly, turnin macks fully  
Now they bandin, court rehande and got remanded, faught  
A one to three degree from v-o-p and n-c-c-v  
And send me up a hub to a state facilities  
What could I do but sneak, burn a tree, or tobacco leaf  
Or wait until my time served and get released  
Cool, back on the streets I seen some old drama  
I still hold heat to send your ass straight to trauma  
These kids started to drilling like they ready and willing  
I gave em exactly no time to switch feelings  
Pulled out, to my man, look out  
Commits to warfare, and rock these to sleep like this here  
Seventy-two like as if I was back on the top  
Hours of thinkin about how i'ma tip they ass up out the basket  
Beligerant glass heads, I'm bashing  
No knowledge of the man nor his action  
Class now is session, "soldiers boys, today's aim is: never show your heat  
And don't flame it"  
You playin life, wit a man who lives by the sword  
And dies naturally against all common laws  
What, speed on and peed on

Chorus