

Mobb Deep, Rep The QBC

(feat. G.O.D. Part III)

[Chorus: Prodigy X2]

Prodigy, Rappin' Noyd, H A V O C

(Rep The QBC), eyes on my enemies, exclusive
'96 introducin', (Yea y'all)

The Infamous Mobb, word to God

[Verse 1: Havoc]

To all them niggaz, reppin' they hood, it's all good

It's all good, 'til you step out of line

Went in the dome, out of sight, you out mind

Some like chrome, bag a bitch like phone time

You phoned them, I regulate, who am I?

Havoc and Prodigy, will go back, like go blind

'96 combined, put on all the people, we all shine

Every mother of the clique created

[Verse 2: Prodigy]

Yo, the heavy metal king hold big shit, with spare clips

You see the clips when the mac spit your top got split

Layin' dead with open eyes close his eyelids

Turn off his lights switch to darkness, it's deeper then the abyss

Its street life, blood on my kicks, shit on my knife

You'se the wild child, kid cold turnin men into mice

I was born to take power leave my mark on this planet

The Phantom of Crime Rap, niggaz is left stranded

Shut down your operation, closed for business

Leave a foul taste in your mouth, like Guinness

POW niggaz is found, MIA

We move like the Special Forces, Green Beret

Heavily around my throat, I don't play

Shit brand new, back in eighty-nine, the same way

The God P walk with a limp, see, but simply

To simplify shit, no man can go against me

Test me you must be bent G, don't tempt me

I had this full clip for so long, it needs to be empty

The reason why it full for so long, 'cause I don't waste shit

You properly hit, blood in your mouth, so you could taste it

Quiet as kept, I lay back and watch the world spin

I hear thugs, claimin' that they gon' rob the Mobb

When they see us, I tell you what black, here's the issue

It's a package deal, you rob me, you take these missiles

Along with that, I ain't your average cat

Fuck rap, I'm tryin' to make CREAM and that's that

Whatever it takes however it gots to go down

Four mics on stage a motha'fuckin' four pound

Speakers leakin' out sound and niggaz leakin' on the ground

I could truly care less the God gon' get his

Regardless blow for blow let's find out who hit hardest

This rap artist used to be a - stickup artist

Sometimes I test myself see if I still got it

A live nigga stay on point never diss

Regard shit or forget the essence, from which I emerged

P is sick, so save that bullshit for the birds

Live up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin' in herds

We flush through your clique get purged

[Chorus: Prodigy X2]

[Verse 3: God Father Pt. III]

Yo, see niggaz lookin' at me

With evil eye, crooked eye

Dunn I know why

They despise, see we rise, kill a wise guy

My enterprise Cartel, we instill

Black steel on a hill

With Mobb scale, my whole fleet keep it real

The raw deal, to bail, destroy, conquer

Rarely wonder, like the sky, like thunder
Keep fightin', strike land like lightning
Increase power, solar, mind controller
The title holder, upside down when I'm sober
I stay bent, cherry eye, chocolate scent
Intelligent, veteran and cheddarin'
Mostly all time auditin', it's on again
Stick you with my devil horn again
Born again, wild hooligan
Pollutin' in a city near you
Comin' through, The Infamous Mobb nigga
Whatchu gon' do?
[Chorus: Prodigy X2]
[Outro: Prodigy]
Exclusive, '96 introduc'in'
The Infamous Mobb, you get robbed
Exclusive, '96 introduc'in'
The Infamous Mobb on their job