

Shook Ones, Pt. II

Mobb Deep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hold up, son, word
Yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billas
For real niggas who ain't got no feelin's
Check it out now I got you stuck off the realness, we be The Infamous
You heard of us, official Queensbridge murderers
The Mobb comes equipped with warfare
Beware of my crime family who got 'nuff shots to share For all of those who wanna profile and pose
Rock you in your face, stab your brain wit your nose bone
You all alone in these streets, cousin
Every man for they self in this land, we be gunnin' And keep them shook crews runnin' like they supposed to
They come around but they never come close to
I can see it inside your face, you're in the wrong place
Cowards like you just get they whole body laced up
With bullet holes and such
Speak the wrong words, man and you will get touched You could put your whole army against my team
And I guarantee you, it'll be your very last time breathin'
Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor, we're major
You all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player Don't make me have to call your name out
Your crew is featherweight, my gunshots'll make you levitate
I'm only nineteen but my mind is old
And when the things get for real, my warm heart turns cold Another nigga deceased, another story gets told
It ain't nothin' really, hey, yo, dun, spark the Phillie
So I can get my mind off these yellowbacked niggas
Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure Meanwhile back in Queens, the realness is foundation
If I die, I couldn't choose a better location
When the slugs penetrate, you feel a burnin' sensation
Gettin' closer to God in a tight situation
Now, take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you Son, they shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look
They shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look Livin' the live that of diamonds and guns

There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds
 Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
 Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones
 He ain't a crook, son, he just a shook one For every rhyme I write, it's 25 to life
 Yo, it's a must, the gats we trust, safeguardin' my life
 Ain't no time for hesitation, that only leads to incarceration
 You don't know me, there's no relation Queensbridge niggas don't play
 I don't get time for your petty thinkin' mind, son, I'm bigga than those Claimin' that you pack heat but you're
 scared to hold
 And when the smoke clears, you'll be left with one in your dome 13 years in the projects, my mentality is what,
 kid
 You talk a good one but you don't want it
 Sometimes I wonder, do I deserve to live
 Or am I goin' to burn in Hell for all the things I did? No time to dwell on that 'cause my brain reacts
 Front if you want, kid, lay on your back
 I don't fake jacks, kid, you know I bring it to you live
 Stay in a child's place, kid, you outta line Criminal minds, thirsty for recognition
 I'm sippin' E&J, got my mind flippin'
 I'm buggin', think I'm how bizarre to hold my hustlin'
 Get that loot, kid, you know my function 'Cause long as I'm alive, I'ma live illegal
 And once I get on, I'ma put on all my peoples
 React mix to lyrics like Macs, I hit your dome up
 When I roll up, don't be caught sleepin' 'cause I'm creepin' Son, they shook 'cause ain't no such things as
 halfway crooks
 Scared to death and scared to look
 They shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
 Scared to death and scared to look They shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
 Scared to death and scared to look
 They shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks, crooks Livin' the live that of diamonds and guns
 There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds
 But some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
 Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook ones
 He ain't a crook, son, he's just a shook one Yeah, yeah, yeah
 To all the villains and a hundred dollar billas
 To real brothers who ain't got no dealings
 G-yeah, the whole Bridge, Queens get the money, 41st side

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