

Quiet Storm

Mobb Deep

[Intro: Prodigy]

Done been through it all man

Blood sweat and tears

Niggas is dead and shit

What the fuck else can happen yo

I don't think much more son, word to mother yo

We done seen it all, and been through it all yo

Let y'all niggas know right now

Word to mother, for real, for real

That shit is the truth

I'm not lying[Verse 1: Prodigy]

I put my lifetime in between the paper's lines

I'm the quiet storm nigga who fight rhyme

P, yeah you heard of him but I ain't concerned with them

Nigga I pop more guns than you holding them

Make my route while the sun's out and scold your men

Unload ten in broad daylight, get right

Fuck your life, hop on my ninety-eight dirt bike

You try to stop mines from growing, I'll make your blood stop flowing

Take affirmative action to any ass if he asking

Now here come the Mac 10

You's a dick blower

Trying to speak the Dunn language

What the drilly with that though, it ain't banging

You hooked on Mobb-phonics, Infamous-bonics

Lying to the Pop Dog like you got it

You ain't no wilding out for the night fist thrower

Rusty shank holder, we live this shit[Hook: Havoc]

Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit

Lump em in the club shit, have you wilding out when you bump this

Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut

Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough[Verse 2: Prodigy]

Yo the P rock forty inch cables, drinking 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

Going through the emotions of gun holding

Long shotgun's down my pants leg limping

Killa B you still living, even my pops too
He taught me how to shoot when I was seven
I used to bust shots crazy
I couldn't even look because the loud sound used to scare me
I love my pops for that
I love my nigga D-Black
I'll take the life of anybody trying to change what's left
And 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 nights sniffing coke getting right
Wasting my life now I'm trying to make things right
Grand open some gates, invest in the rag business
Do things for the kids, the little Dunns
Build a jungle gym behind the crib, so they can enjoy youth
CBR's and VCR's
ATV's and big screen TV's nigga please
Don't make me have to risk my freedom
We worked our whole life for this, you get your shit beat in[Hook][Verse 3: Prodigy]
It go one, two, three to the fourth
That nigga P-Double got that shit for y'all
Peoples to rock to, stirring up pots of brew
In hell's kitchen, I chef the impossible
To serve hot plates all across the unified states
Sit down and sup with the top rap reps
We the streets that's watching boy, move diligent
You better walk like a nigga on a tightrope do
Infamous first infantry, first division fourth mission
First assignment, give em that shit they been missing
My new edition's way bitching
Those that listen, get addicted to my diction
Fuck rhymes I write prescriptions, for your disease
Generic rap's just not potent like P's
One-thousand one-hundred CC's on the throttle
I peel off, chest naked on Katanas
Spaghetti head Mobb niggas is full bred
Fully blown melanin tone, I rock skeleton bone shirts
And verses, but 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 adored for keeping it raw, nothing less or more
I score every time for sure
While the rest of y'all niggas just nil[Hook]