

# Shook Ones Pt. II

## Mobb Deep

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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