

Shook Ones

Mobb Deep

to all the killa's and the hundred dollar billa's....

For real nigg's who aint got no feelin's.....

check it out now.....

(Prodigy)

I got you stuck off the realness, we be the infamous you heard of us,.. Official queens bridge Murdera's, the Mobb comes equipped for warfare Beware of my crime family who got 'Nuff shots to share for all those who wanna profile or pose.

Rock you in ya face, stab ya brain with ya 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 could see it inside ya face, ya in the wrong place ,cowards like you just get they whole body laced up,.... with bullet holes as such,.. speak the wrong words man and you will get touched.

you could put your whole army, against my team and, i guaranty you it'll be your very last time breathin'. Your simple words just dont move me, you're minor, we're major, you're 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 gun shots will make you levitate.

I'm only nineteen, but my mind is older. When the things get for real, my warm heart turns cold. Another figure deceased, another story is told. It aint nuttin' really. Ay yo, don spark the philly, so i could get my mind off these yellow-back nigga's. Why they still alive i dont know ,

Go Figure !

Meanwhile back in queens, the realness and foundation, if i die.. i couldn't choose a better location. When the slugs penetrate, i feel a burnin' sensation, gettin' closer to God, In a tight situation. Now, take these words home and think it through, or the next time i write might be about you.

(Chorus.....)

Son is shook, aint no such thing as half way crooks, they scared to death they scared to look, they shook. aint no such thing as half way crooks , scared to death they scared to look.....

Livin' the live, that of diamonds and guns

There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds

Some 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

(Havoc)

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
Queens bridge niggas don't play
I don't got time for your petty thinking 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 going 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 out of 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 on my people
React mixed to lyrics
Like Macs I hit your dome up
When I roll up, don't be caught sleepin',
Cause I'm creepin'
(Back to chorus)....

Lyrics submitted by Chris.

Lyrics provided by

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