

Rare Species (Modus Operandi)

Mobb Deep

[havoc]1-2, 1-2[prodigy]Yo, however do u want, however do you need p
My mobb bring it back to life, back to reality

You walk a fine line playin wit mine, the greatest story ever told in rhyme
We climax in ninety-five, wit demo raw raps is knives

To skin all y'all cats alive

Take your time don't rush the clock, infamous rock for good now

Pass like my duns on lock holdin the pot down slow

But assuring this, spoon-feeding these

Starvin ass heads catchin shakes, feenishly

I ball in this, word assortin this, probably recording this

Of course kids keepin they sights upon this

Exclusiveness, like some new type of kicks

We got them things fixed, passed the wrong man in my click

You get charged wit incense to kick that bullshhh

Welcome to the ledge of this whole shhhChorus [havoc]Yo, we the men for the operation

You know the m-o, b-b's, warrior style, rare species

Catch us on your block , on your wide-screen tv's

From jones beach to over-seas from over there

It's right back to the beats, longevity to all the great grand cc's[havoc]Yo, for my qbc duns, it's all real hold it down

You bust yours, we bust ours and stand on firm ground

Pass the dutchie while i, handle the henny thinkin

You never catch me sleepin, stay on top of this properly

I know they watchin me, if not they probably waitin for a downfall

Scheming on my property, we got the remedy

Let em get a little cold, let em smell the tree smoke

Hit em where we blow and don't let nobody know

The snakes in the grass, you gotta watch where you move

Son, shots get loaded, don't ever run wit the crowd son

Stick and move, you hear me?

And that's the way we rock it, the only way to live

If you really think about it

Every move is humble wit precision, careful thought decisions

And my whole cli-tique the same vision

41st till I dearly depart, till then I'll be somewhere gettin bent up in a den

Sippin gin, while you shook cats just pretend to be something

That your not and that's not good my friend

On a personal, I ain't even feelin you cats

Don't even acknowledge the fact that you weak raps

We bust gats at, on the reg laughed at
Son you know we passed that, get em outta here, 'cause you could have that[prodigy]Four pounds, stumbled off
grounds
Fire off many a rounds, I heard return fire 3% of the time
Your dogs was wives actin like girls, get feminine when handlin guns
You could run or take the window, son
Or feel this hot one, we rip all strifes dun dun
Without a fight son, we keep the house dope like ? pie fendis?
We twist and pop henny, gettin wet on the daily, and
Peers get chilly, turnin macks fully
Now they bandin, court rehanded and got remanded, faught
A one to three degree from v-o-p and n-c-c-v
And send me up a hub to a state facilities
What could I do but sneak, burn a tree, or tobacco leaf
Or wait until my time served and get released
Cool, back on the streets I seen some old drama
I still hold heat to send your ass straight to trauma
These kids started to drilling like they ready and willing
I gave em exactly no time to switch feelings
Pulled out, to my man, look out
Commits to warfare, and rock these to sleep like this here
Seventy-two like as if I was back on the top
Hours of thinkin about how i'ma tip they ass up out the basket
Beligerant glass heads, I'm bashing
No knowledge of the man nor his action
Class now is session, "soldiers boys, today's aim is: never show your heat
And don't flame it"
You playin life, wit a man who lives by the sword
And dies naturally against all common laws
What, speed on and peed onChorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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