

# Hell on Earth (Front Lines)

## Mobb Deep

Yo, the saga begins, beget war  
I draw first blood be the first to set it off  
My 'cause tap all jaws lay down laws  
We takin' what's yours we do jerks rush the doorsHere come the deez tryin' to make breeze  
And guns toss in full force  
My team'll go at your main source  
We're not tourists, hit bosses and take hostageYour whole setup, from the ground up we lock shit  
Blood flood your eye, fuck up your optics  
Switch to killer instincts for niggaz pop shit  
Yo nigga Noyd what's the topic? Nine pound we rocked inNinety-six strike back with more hot shit  
Illuminate my team'll glow like, radiation  
With no time for patient, or complication  
Let's get it done right, my click airtightTrapped in a never ending gunfight so niggaz lose stripes  
Or lose life, jail niggaz sendin' kites to the street  
Over some beef that wasn't fully cooked, finish 'em off  
Well done, Meat, that said twenty-two slug to your head  
Travel all the way down to your legAiyyo it's hell on earth, who's next or gonna be first?  
The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time  
I ain't gotta tell you it's right in front of your eyesAiyyo it's hell on earth, who's next or gonna be first?  
The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time  
I ain't gotta tell you it's right in front of your eyesWe wreck the QBC, nigga rep yours it's all love  
Milli stacked down, heavenly guarded by hollow tip slug  
Then crack down, on wannabe thugs adapt to gat sound  
And bow down, slow the fuck up, see how my foul nowArticulate, hittin' body parts to start shiftin' shit  
Never hesitant, it's the crack game unlimited  
Summon rasta we can do this, forever infinite  
Then reminisce, twenty years later how we was gettin' itEither with me go against the grain you better hit me  
Leggin' me or robbin' me niggaz better body me  
'Cause it's a small world and niggaz, talkin' like bitches  
Bitches singin' like snitches, pointin' you out in pictures'Cause she rep the QBC faithfully, playa hatin' me  
All that bullshit is just makin' me  
More the better then concentrate on gettin' chedda  
If shorty set you up you better dead her, I told youShape and mold you, son, you then I hold you  
Like a pimp mind control you double edge blow you  
It'll be I like I'm supposed to, the click is coastalInternational to local, Bacardi mix physically fix  
Hit you with shit, that'll leave a loose nigga stiff  
Probably thick, son I solved 'em  
Pulled him in my world then evolved him to chaosWalk the beat like, around the way cops the average pitstop  
QBCCity GodFather Part III, Gotti Gambino

And Ty Nitty, Scarface rest in peaceAiyyo it's hell on earth, who's next or gonna be first

The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time

I ain't gotta tell you it's right in front of your eyesYo, the heavy metal king hold big shit, with spare clips

You seein' clips when the mac spit your top got split

Layin' dead with open eyes close his eyelids

Turn off his lights switch to darkness 'cause deep in the abyssIs street life, blood on my kicks, shit on my knife

You's the wild child, kid cold turnin' men into mice

I was born to take power leave my mark on this planet

The Phantom of Crime Rap, niggaz is left strandedShut down your operation, closed for business

Leave a foul taste in your mouth, like Guinness

POW niggaz is found, MIA

We move like the special forces, green beretHeavily around my throat, I don't play

Shit brand new, back in eighty-nine the same way

The God P walk with a limp see, but simply

The Semper Fi shit, no man can go against meTest me you must be bent G, don't tempt me

I had this full clip for so long, it needs to empty

The reason why it full for so long, cause I don't waste shit

You properly hit, blood in your mouth, so you could taste itQuiet as kept, I lay back and watch the world spin

I hear thugs claimin' that they gonna rob the Mobb

When they see us, I tell you what black, here's the issue

It's a package deal, you rob me, you take this messageAlong with that, I ain't your average cat

Fuck rap, I'm tryin' to make Cream and that's that

Whatever it takes however it gots to go down

Four mikes on stage a motherfuckin' four poundSpeakers leakin' out sound and niggaz leakin' on the ground

I could truly care less the God will get his

Regardless blow for blow let's find out who wear hardest

This rap artist used to be a stickup artistSometimes I test myself see if I still got it

A live nigga stay on point never diss

Regard shit or forget the essence, from which I emerged

P is sick, so save that bullshit for the burbsLive up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin' in herds

We flush through your click get purged

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