

# 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 doors Here 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 hostage Your 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 in Ninety-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 airtight Trapped 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 leg Aiyyo 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 eyes Aiyyo 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 eyes We 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 now Articulate, 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' it Either 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, play a 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 you Shape 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 coastal International 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 chaos Walk the beat like, around the way cops the average pitstop  
QBCity GodFather Part III, Gotti Gambino

And Ty Nitty, Scarface rest in peace Aiiyyo 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 eyes Yo, 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 abyss Is 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 stranded Shut 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 beret Heavily 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 me Test 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 it Quiet 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 message Along 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 pound Speakers 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 artist Sometimes 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 burbs Live up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin' in herds  
We flush through your click get purged

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