

# Bloodsport

## Mobb Deep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Turn them headphones up, yeah  
To my man Nigga-No, yo, Killa Bee, no doubt I kick that progress and to that dumb nigga God bless  
I know you can't sleep or rest behind that bullshit  
Now you rock the best, scared to death while you walkin'  
Fuckin' up the talkin', we straight up, New Yorkin' We blowin' niggas, heart attack stroking niggas  
Provoking niggas, shittin' all over niggas  
You rollin' thick but sure the Mobb rollin' thicker  
Get that liquor, turn your back ice pick ya but fuck that Stickin' with the gat is quicker  
Scared to come around my corner, you ass nigga  
Do a jaw way all day fake shit  
What you gonna do outta town, play bitch And run like a faggot switch take the whole shit  
And show the world, don't sweat it, baby girl  
I gotta hem and pull the gat like a stem  
You all fucked up like a off beat blend I send message that you couldn't read clear  
Try to play the front but you got stuck in the rear  
Take it as a letter but I'm not sincere Yo, this ain't rap, it's bloodsport  
Your life cut short, you fell short  
Pressure's on high, full court  
My team form killer instincts and fire arms Dangerous stuff mine's brainstorm wars  
A life of a wild rebel, who run wild  
Clik, nigga, lay down, fool, stay down  
Appear, disappear, a hydro cloud While you running at the mouth a hundred miles, I'm out  
Mobb Deep style from the depths of Hempstead get ninja'd  
I creep quiet, keep the live nigga inchin'  
Listen, who are you to throw your fist in? Hit like a bitch, run like a faggot an take the whole shit  
That's it, I had to pass here with shit  
It's time for show time, let's see how deep things get  
You want to talk tough and get all delinquent You find yourself all bloodied up and shamed  
Me and my man pioneered this violent nigga rap shit  
Bust a gat, give me no fear of that, I'm laughin'  
What's up there? Let's take you there and touch something I'm a maniac, brainiac, fanatic at that  
Capable of combat, P counterattack

In some hot wheels, sendin' shots out the back  
It was a foul way to go, Kicko, you know the ropes so  
Bloodsport, motherfuckerAyyo, the rockweiler, chew in chew out niggas  
Pull 'em on your collar and let the lights dimmin'  
And you'll be swimmin' in a puddle of reality, juice fatality too  
This rap is the bitch, you shouldn't marry the twoTo the set of prenumtual, got paid in too comfortable  
It's all good, we don't want to humble  
And while you shinin' in the spotlight, I got this dot right  
The aimed right a stoplight, the trife life, ain't no part two's  
When it's over it's over, you hit, now, send your soldierly stoolAyyo, the rockweiler, chew in chew out ass  
niggas  
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Nigga, bloodsport

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