

Hurt Niggas (Feat. Big Noyd)

Mobb Deep

I'll noose ya'll, and push ya'll off the edge
I'm like Ray Benzino cause how I hang men
I got a big caliber gun inside of my Timb
So I can explode on any mothafucka that grin
Trust me, it's not like that, it's not what you thought
You'll be like "P shot me and bounced in the Porsche"
On some real live Mobb shit, Columbo, the Cappo
I pop niggas, leave the gun right there, I got gloves
Stop niggas from frontin', leave 'em real fucked up
I drop niggas that's runnin', shoot 'em in they back dun
Coward ass nigga poppin' all that shit
And when them things popped out you on some Michael Johnson shit
Fuck that, hammer that nigga to the earth
Wanna cross me? you niggas gotta pay that toll first
And I got change for all that million dollar shit
And these slugs 'll be the only reason niggas be hollarin' Turn this shit up, pump this shit up, DJ mothafuckas
burn this shit up
We hurt niggas
Twirl that shit up, burn that shit up, don't make me have the Nine spit
Up, I gives a fid-uck, I hurt niggas I'm tired of tellin' niggas how the fuck I feel
You know the steel 'll put them niggas to sleep like Benedryl
These trash ass rappers and they faggot ass friends
Talkin' like the bitches, walk around like they Men
Niggas like ya'll don't get no respect
This is Hav', I die once, ya'll niggas die a Thousand deaths
Cowards, you tryin' too hard to be 'bout it
You know them niggas that be fake be the ones to shout it (Holla!)
Talkin' this and that, but check
Turn around and get robbed in they own projects
Might as well be rappin' on stage for them
Bitches be baggin' you, cause you the one feminine
The sound of these guns got 'em shook, it's a rap
You could see the yellow stripe runnin' clear down they back
And let a nigga find out where you live at
And then blow that mothafuckin' piece of shit off the map Whattup son, dun, surprise nigga, that's how we pop
up on 'em
You off point you die in your sleep, that's the moral
Nigga, you know we get our contraband in
Smokin' that dangerous, you know we got bangers

You know I'm dead real, I don't know what you was thinkin'
I'm all over the street, you better stay creepin'
I shoot niggas fair ones, I'll box you dun
You'll be six feet in that dirt, I'll stop your run

Songwriters

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