Man Down (feat. Big Noyd)

Mobb Deep

[Prodigy and Big Noyd]
That's my word, God! Kick that thug shit, God!
Kick that motherfuckin' thug shit, man! Word up, man!
(What's up, son? What's up?) Word up. Get go.
(No doubt, nigga!) Money no represent; know what I'm sayin'?
(All the time, baby.) No doubt. (You know what I'm sayin'?)
Who we got here, son? (Shine, baby, shine.)
(Look.) Look who we have here, yo! (Up in the sky... sky.)[Prodigy]
Here come the vultures; the Mobb-laced potent rap shit.
Perhaps, kid, make it happen; start the flippin'.
You fuckin' comic, who you kidding?
My nigga's laughing, blood bathin'; the world's greatest.
In-famous, crime-zanous;
To interfere would be dangerous.
Plane descent; stand clear; save your strength.
You couldn't do the limp if you was coked up.
By my z'd up, whatever the fuck; who gives a fuck? You get fucked.
My coalition specialises in collision.
The clash of the cliques; the duel o' the iron mac; spit
And leave ya half-split.
You'll be missin' much more than a fraction
When it's time for action.
Hit 'em while a man down; make that nigga backspin.
Trapped up; a madman.
We blastin', you're collapsin'; heavily light, my gold Mac 10.
Get imprisoned with dem raps; they have you relapsin'.
You get castin' the Mobb, deaf and assin'.
We face splashin'; dope fake's ice-pick stabbin'.
He slow leakin', he 'ternally bleedin' for speakin'.
Outta place niggas get placed back, indecent.
Live at the main event may I present,
Screamin' out loud for any squad that's deaf.
My infamous Mobb; ya heart throb; hold ya breath.
It's KO from dead arm; rights and hard lefts.
Another satisfied consumer who got blessed.
Single out ya army til; there's no man left.[Chorus]
Man down. (Man down, down, down, down...)
Man down. (Man down, down, down, down...)
Man down. (Man down, down, down, down...)

Lay the fuck down![Havoc]
Infamous cartel; visible evidence.
We scarred well; associated team benevolent.
Never hesitant; opposition get settled here with
Sharp shit that'll rip through.
One hundred layers of Kevlar; sharp like the gym star.
Exiled, son, he get sent far;
He's the foulest; QBC gat bust the loudest.
Below profile; peep style; thirsty prowlest.
Catchin' court cases; pay for your legal aid.
Son, that's money wasted; I ain't got time for that.
Invest third place on my best sold rap,
On the scrap from the ignorant cats.
It'll be dead in a few... just like that.
Couldn't bust his gat right. (Yo, y'know what?)
But now you bucked your own man, amateur ass.
Homeboy, take that ass to class.
But you cut in, duckin' a reality blast.
You catch a D minus, fuckin' with New York's finest.
The conversation from them outsiders,
Dick riders, connivers, bomb ya camp.
We know survivors; push you off guard; got homicidin'.
We analysin'; tell you up front ain't no surprises.
We take you down first round; give ya man pound.[Chorus][Big Noyd]
Check it out, Dun, them niggas ain't ones
To be blowin' off the top and shit; I'm tired of shit.
Dun, I'm about to dot the bitch and leave him stiff.
Toss me the fifth so I can bless the God with gift.
Yo. nigga Noyd, what's the topic? Yo, the topic is this:
Let me start from the beginning, at the top of the list.
First of all, them tight niggas with that space-down shit;
I stick a rocket up in they ass and give 'em a lift.
My marvellous Mobb is tonic, intoxicant, bee-swee.
Morphine raps; you get dope from inner mind-see.
Shit fienin', now get your fix 'cause you need it.
Fuckin' up your intravenous; the Infamous Mobb, top secret.
The only way you weakin' is if you beakin' this.
Sneak devy niggas, mischievous.
'Knowledgin'; the God behind the scene on some snake shit.
The vultures, water from their mouth, but we can taste it.
We just waitin' with patience.
Yo, dun, check the cross-examination; these niggas fakin'.
So you can scream, you can fiend, you can dream for the bacon,
Or you can snatch the Mac for the faggot, ai!

Bang 'em up, fuck em up.[Chorus]Lay the fuck down, down, down, down...

Songwriters
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