

Hell On Earth (Front Lines)

Mobb Deep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, 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 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
 Ayyo 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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