The Professional

DJ Clue

New shit, Mobb Deep, featuring Noyd, like this dunn
The professional used from my nigga vicYo, you catch chills P stimulates your eardrum
Taste buds more higher than drugs my song take all
I blast off on the track law, my shit is pure satisfaction
What more could you ask for?
With facts like an answer, I pour fire on earth I been to hot raw
Do Queens tires get burnt, let's peel through the real
Slide through my terrain, take a ride with me, check out my lifestyleIt's a off-road course, I stay challenged, but that's a good thing
'Cause it creates balance, Infamous wild life federation
My congress, sit down and conversate ya fate
De rate barracks, don't get yourself embarrassed
My click savage, y'all niggas is average
I'm handling your Most V.P, put 'em in P.C
Nigga, it's the I-M-D nigga, Clue'Cause we plottin', leave the cats with one option
Start hoppin', 'cause when it's on we ain't stoppin'
The click'll get the message when shit start droppin'
Don't got a gat stashed, you better start coppin'
'Cause we plottin', leave the cats with one option
Start hoppin', 'cause when it's on we ain't stoppin'
The click'll get the message when shit start droppin'
Don't got a gat stashed, you better start coppin'Now you can talk about a nigga, criticize my faults
But in New York, got it locked with bolts, blow the vote
Overdose, while you cop block and cut throats
Me and my click's champagning, and campaigning
While you rhyme about your jewels and sniff that shit up in your nostrils
I'll be plottin' on your life, to put one up in your fossil
Niggas think they gully, on the inside sweet like honey
Niggas want the bitches, we just want the moneyFederal notes, flipped blue
Keys of coke store frontin' watchin' his dough
Tourin' the coast, pardon wife due, gettin' babies drunk
Call me foul, deep down, you gotta admit, you like my style
Put holes in your Polo, I know your M-O, you half homo
Joinin' my team, that's a no-no
Say what you want, don't let it talk for you
And that's my word, I'll have this hollow tip stored for you'Cause we plottin', leave the cats with one option
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Don't got a gat stashed, you better start coppin'I dig the way Clueminatti got the beats rollin' through the body
The type of tracks, got me killin' these cats
Twenty-one and black, mental inner city minds be exact
When niggas in the hood ain't no good, carry gats
And leave you on your back in a hurry
Especially, dealin' with the moneyRockin' Pelle fuckin' with the Spanish mami cheffin' up by dellis
Now we got the guns pumpin' jumps out the back of a deli
Really, these chumps gettin' slummed on the daily
Forty days, forty weeks, either these raps are back in the streets
Stackin' cracks up in the fleece, so Hav blaze the bees
And pass that to me, and I'll bless piece
So this way the whole fam'll eatBe the Infamous of this shit, pioneers of this
Survival of the fittest, nobody's fuckin' with this
So fuck around with Hav, you fuck around with me
You fuck around with me, then you fuck around with P
You fuck around with us, then you fuck around with three
Motherfuckers from the NYC, what nigga, what nigga Clueminatti'Cause we plottin', leave the cats with one option
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