

Thug Muzik (feat. Infamous Mobb & Chinky)

Mobb Deep

The infamous all around and you know we get down
So everybody hit the ground before you hear the loud sound
Thug musik thug musik
Thug musik thug musik All that's loose leaf my big game
Scrow foul lives snake eyes
Ready with steel at any given time
I'm a kill stone hearted nigga at will
Done this shit real riddle in a life appeal
And losing again for real like Armageddon
Tech sweating your direction
Your face change applection My whole life been destined, to show as the moon, shape cressin
Caressing these raps like backrubs and bath tubs
I'm blessed, mics of all types learn their lesson
Live from the strike deadly
Like gas chambers and pengas in jail
You know the drealm, QB on the hill where I chill
Forty-one side still real, it ain't gone change
My niggas think long range crack the skull frame
Simple and plain fake niggas want claim fame
Real niggas up north, the Vack Sing Sing
It don't make a diff don, first nigga if done
We hit done, make it so shitting up, run up with my gun up
Nigga you be done up right, QB at the end of the night
Take a serve What's your position?
Trying to come at me sideways
But they ass backwards, jealousy, that's all that is
I see that shit a mile away, but its all gravy
One little glitch and your plan getting hit baby
I got enough for you butt niggas laying in the cut
Like a pit never give up
Character ass, amateur ass, damage your ass
With a touch of class handle that ass
Two aluminum bats, ruin them cats, to explosive gas
Doing them cats, my crew's in the back
Losing it black, I be that bold cat, shine him with the black gat
Hitting it close to my back, my whole click stay strapped
On some Queens bridge survival shit, we strike like that
Full force, we blast at your main source What's your position?
Trying to come at me sideways

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 Full force, we blast at your main source As I sit back don, I think about my past
 When my moms had no cash, and my first time catching crabs
 Or at the time when my brother got splashed
 It hurt my ass, to see him pass
 But now I gotta keep on moving to get this cash
 You better kill his ass, if you want to pass
 The premicise for the minister's kid
 Called the infamous, forgive but we never forget
 All that fake snake shit, could I never regret
 'Cause I learn from mistakes that be guiding my steps
 But we pull out and cock twice nigga when you least expect What's your position?
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 Full force, we blast at your main source It's Murda Muzik, real life situations, placed on the paper
 For all you cats rapping acting like it can't happen
 Nigga we the most infamous, my team
 Glows in the dark and clicks the dullest
 Overconfident niggas get punished
 Take a number and get in and get on line for drama
 You whiling like you was one of my own
 That shit don't mix, we clashing
 Make moves, handle your biz

Gun po's, take action, reach for those
Long chrome noses up my gun blows Your legs turn noodles, you shot a few going down
I give you that much, you ain't out
Close but no ci-gar, you must be a fucking retard
Extending your arm in my direction
You better squeeze hard, my rank is that of up most respect
You niggas only know what you heard on cassette
Manifest words in a flash, niggas only see the light
After they bleed a few pints
Take your most VP don, leave them like the letter T
You won't see me run, unless its police
Now take these words home and think it through
For the next rhyme we write might be about you don
All you niggas so confuses, this is giving you Thug Musik
All you niggas so confuses, this is giving you Thug Musik

Songwriters

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