G.O.D. Pt. III

Mobb Deep

Some of that 151 son (yeah some of that bogus)
(What you got in the trunk?)
Aight, aiyyo son, yo yo
You think that motherfuckin nigga's out there right now son?
(Word, what he doin out here?)
Son we got drama with that nigga
Be tryin to fuckin front last week
(What, that kid out there? Yo, I seen that nigga earlier know what I'm sayin')
Nah fuck that, go, go open the window real quick son
Open that fuckin window
(You gonna take him from the window nigga)?Yo hold up
That, there go, that's that nigga right there son?
Right next to the basketball court?
(Yeah yeah, that's the one)
Oh shit! C'mere c'mere c'mere c'mere, turn the lights out
(I got somethin too son, that's how we do)
Turn the lights out, c'mon through
(Back up, back up, they lookin)
Aiyyo Son, I'ma hit that nigga right now son
Word to mom I'ma hit him out the window son
(Yo you buggin' son)Heh nah chillzo, fuck that
I'ma hit that nigga right out the motherfuckin window
(Ga head son, go head man)
Hold up (you want somebody go bust him)
Nah fuck that I'ma hit this nigga out the window son
(Ga head man)
Shit shit shit don't blow it up, duck down
(Yo let me do it man, let me do it, go head)
Two shots, eighteen shots, seven shots
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah nigga, yeah
Yeah, (gimme gimme gimme gimme)
Fucker (what)(Yo it's the) G.O.D. Father Point Three
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube link, my ice ring
Drama we bring, yeah, yo that's a small thing(Yo it's the) G.O.D. Father Point Three
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama we bring, yeah, yo that's a small thingAlright now, pay attention to the crime rhyme Houdini P
Keepin you niggaz in perspective

Mobb, representative, call me the specialist
Professional, professor at this rap science
Up in the labratory, here's why your small rhyme bore me
Store bought rap ain't shit, my category
Is that of an insane who strike back (what?)
I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that
You wanna square off, forsake and slice that cat
You get splashed, from back of your head, to ass crack
Surgical signs to the end, with iron map
Which bring, apocalypse to this game called rapNot a game but quite serious and yo in fact
You'll be runnin for dear life so far you might fall off the map
Fuckin with P, you need a gat
At least to have the opportunity to bust back
First shot the motherfucker pack around world premier
Shook individual bound from blind fear
Scared to death niggaz fall to they worst fear
Horror tales in braille, for vision impaired
You lookin for P, well you can find him everywhere
In a project near you, I'll be right there
I was brought up and taught to have no fear (now)
Live wire niggaz stay behind me in the rear (now)
Cowardly hearts, step aside, stand clear (fear)
My bloodthirsty niggaz got they eyes on you
QBC, lime Bacardia, G.O.D. Father Point Three
On some hashish, to Embassy Suite, crash your party(Yo it's the) G.O.D. Father Point Three
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama we bring, yeah, yo that's a small thingYeah yo, lime Bacardi, gettin bent, crash the party
Handle B-I, bringing it to anybody
Physical damage, crowd control handle cannons
Hittin you ripped, leave your bloodstream contamined
While you actin out of character, we observin
Drillin em down so hard, I know we felt you comin at em
Hennessee raps float like the Phantom
Runnin you up out of the spot in which you standin
Never second guess a cat who hold gat
Concealed, but easily revealed and fast
Body castin raps to get your back snapped in half
And severed, impossible pain beyond measureSheisty living brought him to his last bread (bread)
Life changed around quick to one stead (stead)
Face full of fear, conquerin your ice grill (grill)
Tragedies, put him to sleep like NyQuil (NyQuil)
Givin a overdose of this rap potent
Potentially dangerous, fatally left open
For the roaches, scavengers, that's EMS

Funeral homes, anticipatin your death
That's the dead truth, check in the morgue, you'll find proof
Enough to make you think and stop before your ship sink
To the bottom, night owl leave the mark and spot him
You know the routine, face up before I shot him(Yo it's the) G.O.D. Father Point Three
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama we bring, yeah, yo that's a small thing(Yo it's the) G.O.D. Father Point Three
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Songwriters
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