Solidified

Mobb Deep

[Prodigy]
Yeah you know the shit don't stop, never, never
As we continue on
With more of this drama for yo' ass
{'She asked me why..'}You niggaz always startin somethin
and beefin with rappers, why our music so violent
and so dramatic, where's the love?
Why y'all go so much static
Is it real for real or all for sales?
I'm like, 'Shorty you must be sick'
We been gettin burned like the Waco kids
I don't need to diss rappers for recognition
You better check the files: Infamous, Hell on Earth, Murda Muzik
You can't be SE-RIOUS
We created this drama shit, we set the trend
We taught you niggaz bout diamonds and guns
And numerous ways we choose to earn funds
We veterans, we got a decade of albums
Niggaz done came and went, and we still poppin
Our name is carved in stone
Even the new blood know, we ain't no joke so[Chorus]
Let us solidify this - what's that?
We been solidified this - but of course!
Lot of new rappers and young kids - uh-huh
They all love +The Infamous+ - but of course!
We been for this music Dunn - c'mon man!
Who do it better than us? - c'mon man!
Who continue to bang and bump? That's right
{'She asked me why..'}[Havoc]
I ride around the crib 'fore I get out twice
without the headlights, case niggaz know my whereabouts
Wanna, snuff me out, I ain't finished with life
I'ma, thug it out, front you payin the price
And I'm a nigga who can roll the dice, put up the cribWon't sweat if I lose, bet your ass won't live
to collect this splurge of mines, never that
I'm a sore loser the (?), reverse with hammers
Hit your mans up if they press the issue
Some dead, the other half crippled, and I'm a monster with led
Lodge a slug in your abdomen, puts in the 7

Knowin in the stash box a rapper's best friend
Get it twisted and you WILL get twisted with chrome biscuits
Make no difference my nigga, we handle business
So please with the questions they right in, front of your face
Homey stunt he gettin to' from the gate, so[Chorus][Prodigy]
Nigga that you used to click with turned on you
Idiots you used to rap with hatin on you
Did you really get juxed for half a mill' in jewels
at the video shoot? I tell you this boo-boo:
My stick-o's still my stick-o
My stick man be my stick man 'til the tombstone (mmm, mmm)
You got rhymes? You got stomach for the Mobb?
You got stomach for P? I get my rocks off[Havoc]
Believe nothin that you hear and only half of what you see
Niggaz never cooked in the kitchen and never clapped heat
Niggaz wanna be thugs but on the inside so sweet
Niggaz butches on they records but they never handle beef
Know nothin bout golden seal, seein your P.O.
Gave a dirty urine now you're snuffin a C.O.
F**kin right, I'm a man of the people but I will kill you
If you cock-blockin the paper the shit'll get real dude (so)[Chorus]

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