

# Shook Ones Part II (DJ Fashen Remix)

## Mobb Deep

[Produced by Havoc][Intro]

Word up son, word

Yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billers

For real niggas who ain't got no feelings

Check it out now[Verse 1: Prodigy]

I got you stuck off the realness, we be the infamous

You heard of us, official Queensbridge murderers

The Mobb comes equipped for warfare beware

Of my crime family who got nuff shots to share

For all of those, who wanna profile and pose

Rock you in your face, stab your brain with your nose bone

You all alone in these streets, cousin

Every man for they self in this land we be gunning

And keep them shook crews running, like they supposed to

They come around but they never come close to

I can see it inside your face, you're in the wrong place

Cowards like you just get they whole body laced up

With bullet holes and such

Speak the wrong words man and you will get touched

You can put your whole army against my team and

I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathing

Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor, we're major

You're all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player

Don't make me have to call your name out

Your crew is featherweight, my gunshots'll make you levitate

I'm only nineteen but my mind is older

And when the things get for real my warm heart turns cold

Another nigga deceased, another story gets told

It ain't nothing really, hey, yo Dun spark the philly

So I can get my mind off these yellowbacked niggas

Why they still alive I don't know, go figure

Meanwhile back in Queens the realness and foundation

If I die, I couldn't choose a better location

When the slugs penetrate you feel a burning sensation

Getting closer to God in a tight situation

Now take these words home and think it through

Or the next rhyme I write might be about you[Hook]

Son, they shook

Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

Scared to death, scared to look, they shook  
Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
Scared to death, scared to look  
Living the live that of diamonds and guns  
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds  
Some get shot, locked down and turn nuns  
Cowardly hearts and straight up shook ones, shook ones  
He ain't a crook son, he's just a shook one[Verse 2: Havoc]  
For every rhyme I write it's 25 to life  
Yo it's a must, in gats we trust, safeguarding my life  
Ain't no time for hesitation, that only leads to incarceration  
You don't know me, there's no relation  
Queensbridge and we don't play, I don't got time  
For your petty thinking mind, son I'm bigger than those  
Claiming that you pack heat but you're scared to hold  
And once the smoke clears you'll be left with one in your dome  
Thirteen years in the projects, my mentality is what kid  
You talk a good one but you don't want it  
Sometimes I wonder do I deserve to live  
Or am I going to burn in hell for all the things I did  
No time to dwell on that cause my brain reacts  
Front if you want kid, lay on your back  
I don't fake jacks kid, you know I bring it to you live  
Stay in a child's place, kid you outta line  
Criminal minds thirsty for recognition  
I'm sipping, E&J got my mind flipping  
I'm bugging, digging my ways out of holes by hustling  
Get that loot kid, you know my function  
Cause long as I'm alive I'mma live illegal  
And once I get on I'mma put on all my people  
React quick, spit lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up  
When I roll up, don't be caught sleeping cause I'm creeping[Hook][Outro]  
To all the villains and a hundred dollar billers  
To real brothers who ain't got no feelings  
G-yeah, the whole Bridge, Queens get the money  
41st side, keeping it real, Queens get the money

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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