

Shook Ones (DJ Fashen Remix)

Mobb Deep

Hey, yo, to all the killers
And the hundred dollar billers
For real, niggas who ain't got no feelings
Check it out now I got you stuck off the realness
We be the infamous, you heard of us
Official Queens bridge 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 nosebone You're all alone in these streets, cousin
Every man for theirself in this land we be gunnin'
And keep them shook crews runnin'
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're 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 breathin' Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor, we're
major
You all up in the game and don't deserve to be a playa
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 nuttin' really, ay yo dun, fuck the Philly So I can get my mind off these yellow backed niggas
Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure
Meanwhile back in Queens the realness is 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 Son, they shook
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look
They shook
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look Livin' the live that of diamonds and guns
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds

Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook ones
He ain't a crook son, he's just a shook one
Throw you hands up, throw your hands up
Throw you hands up, throw your hands up
For every rhyme I write, it's 25 to life
Yo, it's a must the gats we trust safeguardin' my life
Ain't no time for hesitation
That only leads to incarceration
You don't know me, there's no relation
Queens bridge niggas don't play
I don't got time for your petty thinking mind
Son, I'm bigga than those
Claimin' that you pack heat but you're scared to hold
And when 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 out of line
Criminal minds thirsty for recognition
I'm sippin', E&J, got my mind flippin'
I'm buggin', think I'm how bizarre to hold my hustlin'
Get that loot kid, you know my function
'Cause long as I'm alive I'ma live illegal
And once I get on I'ma put on on my people
React mixed to lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up
When I roll up, don't be caught sleepin', 'cause I'm creepin'
Son, they shook
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look
They shook
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'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look
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Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Livin' the live, that of diamonds and guns
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds
Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook ones
He ain't a crook son, he's just a shook one
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Songwriters

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