

Quiet Storm Remix

Mobb Deep

[Intro: Prodigy]

Just been through it all man

Blood sweat and tears

Niggas is dead and shit

What the fuck else can happen yo

I dont think much more son, word to mother yo

We done seen it all, and been through it all yo

Let y'all niggas know right now

Word to mother for real, for real

That shit is the truth[Verse 1: Havoc]

Blowing niggas with rusty-ass German things

Keeping it thorough is our motherfucking claim to fame

Throw on your wetsuit, when it rains it pours and all

Hit em with the four, don't even know him from a hole in the wall

Get at me, niggas wanna clap me

Snitches wanna rat me, put it right where they back be

Keep my Dunns close to me, enemies even closer

Sending kites with the Motorolas, yo

Give em the cold shoulder with a hollow-tip to match

Bad apple outta the batch, obsessed with gats

Since a little dude, eating niggas food buck-fifty's

Niggas can kill me but they coming with me

How about that, send the Queen Bee to attack

Only a fly bitch like that can leave em relaxed

Rock em to sleep, make em think the drama is dead

Yo I smile up in your face, though I'm plotting instead[Hook x2: Lil' Kim]

Yo it's the real shit, shit to make you feel shit

Thump em in the club shit, have you wilding out when you bump this

Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut

Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough[Verse 2: Lil' Kim]

Hot damn ho, here we go again

Light as a rock bitch, hard as a cock bitch

This shit knock for blocks through hardtops

In the parking lots, where my nigga Roc like to spark-a-lot

My Brooklyn style speak for itself

Like a wrestler, another notch under my belt

The embezzler, chrome treasurer

The U-N-O competitor, I'm ten steps ahead of ya

I'm a leader, y'all on some following shit

Coming in this game on some modeling shit
Bitches suck cock just to get to the top
I put a hundred percent in every line I drop
It's the Q to the B, with the M-O, B-B
Queensbridge Brooklyn and we D-double-E-P
What, y'all wish I lived the life I live
A-yo Prodigy, tell em what this is Dunn[Hook][Verse 3: Prodigy]
I could never get enough of it, yo that's my shit
I need that shit, to boost my adrenaline
Yo rock that shit, that real life shit
Makes bitches wanna thug it, makes the projects love it
We come through like, fuck it
Y'all want problems, pursue it, let's do it
Infamous Mobb bosses, check out the portrait
At the round table, my Dunn speaking with his Twin ghost
It's gangster how we rock, while you watch
Attracted to our style, this is how we get down
With big jewelry and big guns
We get busy, it get grizzly, beat niggas bloody
Twist niggas fronting, get to running
Fore the mens get to dumping, the fans get to thumping
M-O-B-B got the whole spot jumping
When my niggas step in the place
Damn, you gotta love it[Hook]

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