

# Shook Ones Pt. 2 (Saffron)

## Mobb Deep

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 old  
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 Phillie  
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 youSon, 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  
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  
13 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 mix to lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up  
When I roll up, don't be caught sleeping cause I'm creeping  
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, 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

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