

Adrenaline

Mobb Deep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bring it to these niggas son
Yeah, it's that war shit
It's that war shit
[Incomprehensible]
And you know what DunIt makes you sick to hear the Mobb bang like this
Infamous for the world to hate or play this
Don't give a fuck if you can't rock with this
My dun's heads bop to this, we stand out like a tourist
And make more noise than them other rap niggas
No gimmicks, just pure adrenalineRaw lyrics, incredible beats, don't mean to rub it in
But you're small time, beneath our feet
Straight ass cheeks, niggas be askin' for ass whippings
Guns kick like Pelle, my big shit be jumping like Jordan
Often lay a man down on the floor, when it gets like that
I'm not blowing off rounds, so you can hear soundsSo you can run back, actin' like you a vet
And swearin' you dead, you survived some real shit
Now what's this? It's not going down like this
Ground that nigga like punishment
Dumpin' out full clips when we dumb out
Though I'd rather do music and chill the fuck outDun you bugged out, I'm trying to walk a peaceful route
But niggas always got mouth 'til that piece come out
And niggas always gonna think something sweet
Until they least expect you bringing action exactlyIt be the guns, money, pussy, cars
Drugs, jewels, clothes, brawls, killings
Boroughs, buildings, diseases, stress
In these N.Y.CI say guns, money, pussy, cars
Drugs, jewels, clothes, brawls, killings
Boroughs, buildings, diseases, stress
In these N.Y.CFeel the gat blow while your shit rips
My shit'll hit while you lettin' niggas go
So you can lower the wrist
That'll only put odds against any attempt

Any provoke uprising, you ain't got it in you
 First of all, you too soft for fastballPoint game track, y'all merk like a jaguar nascar
 And be out Buck 80 on the slow mar
 Hennesy spillin' all over my radar
 Stay charged, niggas getting amped off the Mobb shit
 Have you wildin' out on some club shit
 Fit to make you dance at the same time, stop and glance
 Slap flames out the nigga with the wrong ideaYoung niggas, young minds, but that quite contraire
 Young niggas, smart niggas, who started from the stairs
 How dare, you try to come around the way?
 In fear like a nigga that been there for years
 Shout words that we live, but don't play with it
 'Cause when the shit go down, you be like they did itIt be the guns, money, pussy, cars
 Drugs, jewels, clothes, brawls, killings
 Boroughs, buildings, diseases, stress
 In these N.Y.CI say guns, money, pussy, cars
 Drugs, jewels, clothes, brawls, killings
 Boroughs, buildings, diseases, stress
 In these N.Y.CTaste test this, military shit, bitches love this
 They mans wanna dub this, thugness
 It ain't easy to find, shit like mine
 I'm a rare species, you're a dime a gross
 That's a dozen heist the least, keep silence the most
 Regulate with the rest of my establishment
 Blast out the pockets of coke, make the cops boat
 I break down your whole background yoIrons, a permanent flesh, your clothes soakin'
 You feel the shot pain every heartbeat throbbin'
 Don't get excited, you'll only make it worse fighting
 Spent most of my nights graveyard shifting
 Make burial grounds, be that man, grim reaper
 With all pleasure, pick his feet up, pick the heat up
 Let's do it like the crematory
 Make it hot, make the temperature rise like mercuryWhen I feel like getting' bent
 Yo don't fuck with it Dun
 I'm a drink away the pain until the brain get numb
 Can't take all my dogs getting lost in the fog
 Never to return, I guess they heard God's call
 And nature don't surprise me now
 Prepare for the worst, and never believe the silver line clouds
 Scrutinize crowds, my surroundings
 Get suspect, we start four-poundin' shitPicture me up in the mix
 With the next man broke and is on my dick
 A good man of plenty, but an enemy, it was clear
 I just be another problem, that he feenin' to fix
 But I can't have that, pull out, I try to grab that

Caught one nigga's like Mahadats
Guns, money, pussy, cars
Drugs, jewels, clothes, brawls, killings
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Drugs, jewels, clothes, brawls, killings
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In these N.Y.CTonight we gon' get this party early
So let's get it right

Lyrics provided by

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