

# Give It Up Fast

## Mobb Deep

Got out the airport, the Mobb pick me up in the truck  
Jury junkie like fuck, I ain't scared to get stuck  
So what's the deal poppy? You heard the feds almost got me  
I had the Cuban posse all up in my room and lobby  
Negotiating like an Illuminati network  
Don't catch a body experts and retrospect till the foul connect  
When I lost but back then was my fault  
Now it's time to floss  
Eye for an eye what's mine is yours  
I need a suite with the flowers  
Complementary at Trump Towers  
Sit at the table we can build for hours  
On gettin' riches, a cinch, take a glimpse  
The World Is Yours written all over the blimps  
Here's a toast to my foes, it's like a whole new beginning  
From [unverified] and prima, loads of women rockin' linen  
I got a plan to blow the Hiroshima, Japan  
Movin' niggas out tha hood and just divide 'em with fam  
Ay yo, the bitches like G Money said to us, man  
About the dick like the horse with the cowboy brand  
Give it up fast, quick and not slow  
Not goin' to the tables if it's not about dough  
Son you know Mobb Deep is runnin' this shit  
QBC, nigga grab your click  
Yeah son, I'm feelin' it, opposition want me dead, concealin' shit  
Four gats got me livin', kid, rushin' through my pyramid  
You secondary, go against the grain then you adversary  
Had to bury niggas on my side, that snitch  
Ran his mouth like a bitch, now he's layin' in a ditch  
Daily dug for himself on his grave I had to piss  
Scud missile never miss you  
Hit you, scratch you off, we left Jim Star rip through  
You metal deeper, you ain't havin' it me either  
It's drama, ain't got time for no breathers  
Rapper Noyd make these niggas into believers  
Huh, huh  
Hey Noyd, what up this cat right here, man  
Word up  
The tough guy strong me, I guess he got plans to ruin me

He want ta do me slowly but surely I beat his fast ass a bit early  
Grabbed the biased raid, the shit was curly  
Put the drome to his dome let him know it's never early  
You can slide before I snatch the heat from his side  
Saw the devil in disguise by the look in his eyes  
He was surprised I snatched him up regulated his gat  
And backed him up, stepped to the side, P blast em up  
Hey yo, cannons are rough, you got strucked up, ya strokes slit  
So rapper nigga playin' thug try to pro shit  
(Yo, kill that nigga, man)  
All I remember was I shot for his throat G  
You see big guns and 3-D is haunting  
It gets deep, fuckin' with these Chinese  
Thai weed burnin' my hip from hot gats  
Burnin' my lips from roach clips  
Catch me on 40th and Bootlegger in the a.m.  
These 'R-tape meridian' cats, insomniacs  
Four in the mornin' we throwin' back some Cognac juice  
Lettin' gats loose in the blue van blitz through  
These kids too couldn't find the pistol  
Ay yo, I got the Lexus, holdin' my necklace  
I'm bent off some next shit, gasoline wick, a kerosene twist  
Stumblin', place of my gun right, it's slipped down its caliber  
Lookin' for chicks that he can stab now  
Numbed up for my fiery cup, I held juice of sin's nectar  
Saints found they youth  
Mega-action, bitches all around ready to fuck  
Big asses, you bought all the shit, pressin' ya luck  
My pipe games like a night train top speed through ya warm piece  
[Unverified] to say the least  
Give up the pussy fast, quick and not slow  
Not goin' to the cell if it ain't a freak show  
Said you know Mobb Deep is plannin' this shit  
QBC, niggas grab their click  
Give it up fast, quick and not slow  
Not goin' to the tables if it's not about dough  
Son you know Mobb Deep is runnin' this shit  
QBC, nigga grab your click  
(And that's how it go)  
And that's it nigga  
(If it ain't a freak show)  
It ain't a freak show  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
(Don't give up, don't give up, don't give up)  
Don't go

(You know the deal)  
Rapper Noyd, rapper P, Nas, Havoc to the exit  
Niggas we out, what up  
(The Infamous)  
It's over baby  
(Fuck 9-6 to 9-7)  
Tell the rest of the crew

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