Shook Ones Part Ii

Mobb Deep

[Produced by Havoc][Intro]
Word up son, word
Yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billers
For real niggas who ain't got no feelings
Check it out now[Verse 1: Prodigy]
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 older
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 philly
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 you[Hook]
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
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[Verse 2: Havoc]
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
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 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 quick, spit lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up
When I roll up, don't be caught sleeping cause I'm creeping[Hook][Outro]
To all the villains and a hundred dollar billers
To real brothers who ain't got no feelings
G-yeah, the whole Bridge, Queens get the money
41st side, keeping it real, Queens get the money

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