## **Shook Ones**

## **Mobb Deep**

Hey, yo, to all the killers And the hundred dollar billers

For real, niggas who ain't got no feelings

Check it out now I got you stuck off the realness

We be the infamous, you heard of us

Official Queens bridge murderers

The Mobb comes equipped with warfareBeware 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 noseboneYou're all alone in these streets, cousin

Every man for theirself in this land we be gunnin'

And keep them shook crews runnin'

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're 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 breathin'Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor, we're major

You all up in the game and don't deserve to be a playa

Don't make me have to call your name out

Your crew is featherweight, my gunshots'll make you levitateI'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 nuttin' really, ay yo dun, fuck the PhillySo I can get my mind off these yellow backed niggas

Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure

Meanwhile back in Queens the realness is foundation

If I die, I couldn't choose a better locationWhen 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 and scared to look

They shook

'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

Scared to death and scared to lookLivin' the live that of diamonds and guns

There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds

Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook ones
He ain't a crook son, he's just a shook oneThrow you hands up, throw your hands up
Throw you hands up, throw your hands upFor every rhyme I write, it's 25 to life
Yo, it's a must the gats we trust safeguardin' my life

Ain't no time for hesitation

That only leads to incarcerationYou don't know me, there's no relation Queens bridge niggas don't play

I don't got time for your petty thinking mind

Son, I'm bigga than thoseClaimin' that you pack heat but you're scared to hold

And when the smoke clears

You'll be left with one in your dome

Thirteen years in the projects, my mentality is what, kidYou 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 didNo 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 out of lineCriminal minds thirsty for recognition I'm sippin', E&J, got my mind flippin'

I'm buggin', think I'm how bizarre to hold my hustlin'
Get that loot kid, you know my function'Cause long as I'm alive I'ma live illegal
And once I get on I'ma put on on my people

React mixed to lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up

When I roll up, don't be caught sleepin', 'cause I'm creepin'Son, they shook

'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

Scared to death and scared to look

They shook

'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks Scared to death and scared to lookThey shook 'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks Scared to death and scared to look

They shook

Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooksLivin' the live, that of diamonds and guns
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds
Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook ones
He ain't a crook son, he's just a shook oneYeah, yeah, yeah,

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