

Q.U. - Hectic

Mobb Deep

Fuck it kid, what up Queens in this motherfucker?

(Tell you I'm bangin' tonight kid)

(Yo Shorty got a fattie right there)

Queens bridge in the house, aiyyo word upAiyyo Ty yo Ty c'mere Son

What up Boo? Can I buy you a drink or sumpin' Boo?)

What up what up? Where Twins and them at yo?

(The fattie's bangin')I don't know, I think Twins laid up

(Damn)

Aiyyo Son gimme two Hennessey

Son I want two Hennessey's yo

Straight yo, word up manAiyyo what up with them Queens niggaz man!

Hey, fuck you, what? What the fuck, what?

Think they killers or somethin' man

Ay fuck you money, what up kidI open my eyes to the streets where I was raised as a man

And learned to use my hands for protection

In scuffles, throw all my blows in doubles

I'm coming from Queens motherfucker carrying guns in couplesAnd wilding, a Q-U soldier

From Lefrak to Rockaway back to Queens bridge

Black it's only crack sales makin' niggaz act like that

Back in the days we could scrap, now you lay on your backAs things changed with time I traded in my knuckles
for a Mac-10

And rather live the life of crime

With my Bed-Stuy connection connected in two

It's live Boo start shit too wild for youPeace to, Beasley, Forty-P get down

And when you outta town represent your ground

Them niggaz bleed just like us so show em where we come from

Queens, leavin' niggaz done SonThe Mobb gets hectic

Shit is for real up in Queens we get hectic

Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic

Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic

Shit is for real we abouts to get hecticAs we sling on the corners like we always do

Son get that loot quick, spending dough like I never had shit

I'm living large pushin' luxury cars

Though that shit is outta reach, anybody in my wake gets scarredPermanently bed-ridden

And if you're pussy, then motherfucker get in where you fit in

As I walk around the streets

Son I got mad beef, I'ma blast you before you blast meThat's my philosophy 'cause nowadays you gotta be
relentless

Grab my Mac and slap a nigga senseless

Don't try to play me if you do you better D.O.A. me
Son I got em shook grab a little baby for shields You got drama run for shelter for real
Pour some beer for the ill ain't no time to chill
Hit 'em up 'cause I'm quick to erupt like this

Wet 'em up with the Mac scratch em off my list Show 'em, the real meaning of drama you never had it
Till you bumped heads with the Havoc
Ain't nuttin' soft or sweat, I lift you off your feet

When I cock back the heat, whole crews retreat Ain't nothing soft or sweet, I lift you off your feet
When I cock back the heat whole crews retreat We gets hectic
Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic

Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic Everything is real inside my mind, these days
You can't make it if you ain't affiliated with crime
A lifetime of street living

Throughout the beef I've accumulated many slugs have been given But wilding ain't the way to be living
You're only gonna end up bloody on a floor shivering
Or locked up, caught inside the beast

Meanwhile on the street saying no more peace My man, Sto-Bo, kid hold your own
In a cell locked down not far from home
And at the same time on the outside I'm representing

Still packin' heat make you cowards keep stepping Getting high, it's cause of the lye, I can't lie
I could move the crowd poppin' slugs in the sky
Why come around if you afraid of what's over here

My man Havoc put the bug in my ear On the real, for real, but wait it gets realer
Real like an innocent child that turn killer
It's thing like that that only makes things iller

And makin' cream doin' sticks if you ain't a drug dealer It's only facts coming out of my mouth feeds
As far as I can see these streets is getting sour
Q, U, too much drama to get into

And niggaz regret when they begin to Regardless of your name or what you been through
Pause for a second, open your eyes and think dude
Life ain't the game that it seems to be

Fuck a fantasy I'm leaving in reality Caught up in this untouchable mentality
Hit you up bad, make you loose a few calories

I need to slow down, movin' through life at a high speed

Watchin' all the slow runners pass by me I can see through you, due to, my Queens education
Speaking in behalf of this drug-game nation

The Foundation, the Queens nation Up in Queens, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Word up Shaolin, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Word up kid, the B.K., the shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Know what I'm sayin'?

(No doubt) And Manhattan, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic
Up in the Bronx we abouts to get hectic
Word up, know what I'm sayin'? The whole world kid
Shit is over dead, Mobb Deep say party uh
Know what I'm sayin'? Party uh

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