

U.S.A. (Aaight Then)

Mobb Deep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Eh yo this ones for all my MOBB
And my out of state niggas reppin' NYC
To my duns up in the clink stuck in the thing
For my dogs on the corner that cook they own weight
For young lords livin' like old time kings
And old timers puttin' young bloods on them things
Just a lil' something for ya block to sing
Can you relate?, Do you feel me?
Aaight then Mind like the Dutch, flow wit her backwards
Couldn't clear my style like Anita Baker rapture
Fracture, cry now laugh later
We assist and compute data
On ya IBM, dime bitches I be eyein them
Shoot me down a hundred times
Still come up wit new rhymes
Rec execs don't like me
Come up with new rhymes
See you want it and you give a push for all mankind Eh yo this ones for all my MOBB
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To my duns up in the clink stuck in the thing
For my dogs on the corner that cook they own weight
For young lords livin' like old time kings
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Just a lil' something for ya block to sing
Can you relate?, Do you feel me?
Aaight then Mike Tyson style, animal duns, we live wild
Too many ways to die, we alive for now
We cross borders, take the guns along with us
Defend infamous to the fullest
Protect my duns that came with me
They move with me, its risky
For you to try to approach the God shiftily

We all gorgeous, the most fly, the illest
Its amazing what my mens do to ya bitches
While you bearin' witness
We handlin' ya chick business
Thuggin' out druggin' out ya know the dealin's
Picture you dead and in the raw
Flippin' to not ready for what you and
Moms already missin' you
Old fool from the old school
You thirty six
I been doin' this since niggas sellin' nicks
Gettin' head from tricks, takin' shorts for kicks
Niggaz mad ain't tell them where the stash was at
If she a dime baby moms, know we baggin' that
Smack em with the gat, what react that? Eh yo this ones for all my MOBB
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For young lords livin' like old time kings
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Just a lil' something for ya block to sing
Can you relate?, Do you feel me?
Aiight then And to my fifth ward clique
How you like this?
And to my dirty south thugs
How you like this?
And to my westside niggas
Yes you like this
And to my chi town gangstas keep thuggin' it
Connect the dots, merge with many a block
My porto rock representatives blow plenty of shots
Its love sincerely, even my heart
For those that relate to this here song
Thug of the age yo
Have you noddin' off like good dope
And if the good then go regardless
Finish it when you want to start shit
Turn the body into carcass
Handle mines regardless, had goddess Eh yo this ones for all my MOBB
And my out of state niggas reppin' NYC
To my duns up in the clink stuck in the thing
For my dogs on the corner that cook they own weight
For young lords livin' like old time kings
And old timers puttin' young bloods on them things
Just a lil' something for ya block to sing
Can you relate?, Do you feel me?
Aiight then And for my mid west terrorists rock this

'N' for my New Orleans team they cant stop us
And to my little rock clique y'all is heartless
This for my bean town dogs in the life is
From Seattle to ping houses
Unified States of America lets get it right shit

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