The Professional

DJ Clue?

[Featuring Mobb Deep]
[DJ Clue] *echoing*
New shit, Mobb Deep featuring Noyd (like this dunn)
The Professional, used from my nigga Vic
Haha
[Prodigy]
Yo you catch chills, P stimulates your eardrum
Tastebuds, more higher than drugs, my song take all
I blastoff on the track law
My shit is pure satisfaction, what more could you ask for
Wit facts like an ?ansaw?, I pour fire on earth, I been to hot raw
Do Queens tires get burnt, let's peel through the real
Slide through my terrain, take a ride wit me
Check out my lifestyle, it's a off-road course
I stay challenged, but that's a good thing
'cause it creates balance, Infamous wild life federation
My congress, sit down and conversate ya fate
Derate barracks, don't get yourself embarrassed
My click savage, why'all niggaz is average
I'm handling your Most V.P., put em in P.C.
Nigga, it's the I-M-D nigga (CLUE)
Chorus 2x
Chorus [Havoc]
'cause we plottin, leave the cats wit one option
Start hoppin, 'cause when it's on we ain't stoppin
The click'll get the message when shit start droppin
Don't got a gat stashed, you better start coppin
[Havoc]
Now you can talk about a nigga, criticize my faults
But in New York, got it locked wit bolts, blow the vote
Overdose, while you cop block and cut throats
Me and my click's champagning, and campaigning
While you rhyme about your jewels, and sniff that shit up in your nostrils
I'll be plottin on your life, to put one up in your fossil
Niggaz think they gully, on the inside sweet like honey
Niggaz want the bitches, we just want the money
Federal notes, flipped blue, keys of coke store frontin watchin his dough

Tourin the coast, pardon wife due, gettin babies drunk
Call me foul, deep down, you gotta admit, you like my style
Put holes in your Polo, I know your M-O, you half homo
Joinin my team, that's a no-no
Say what you want, don't let it talk for you
And that's my word, I'll have this hollow tip stored for you
Chorus 2x
[Noyd]
One time nigga, two times nigga yo
I dig the way Clueminatti got the beats rollin through the body
The type of tracks, got me killin these cats
Twenty-one and black, mental inner city minds be exact
When niggas in the hood ain't no good, carry gats
And leave you on your back in a hurry
Especially, dealin wit the money
Rockin Pelle fuckin wit the Spanish mami cheffin up by dellis
Now we got the guns pumpin jums out the back of a deli
Really, these chumps gettin slummed on the daily
Forty days, forty weeks, either these raps are back in the streets
Stackin cracks up in the fleece, so Hav blaze the bees
And pass that to me, and I'll bless piece
So this way the whole fam eat
Be the Infamous of this shit, pioneers of this
Survival of the Fittest, nobody's fuckin wit this
So fuck around wit Hav, you fuck around wit me
You fuck around wit me, then you fuck around wit P
You fuck around wit us, then you fuck around wit three
Mothafuckers from the NYC, what nigga uh, what nigga Clueminatti
Chorus 2x

Songwriters
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