

# G.o.d. Pt. Iii (remix)

## Mobb Deep

Some of that 151, son, yeah, some of that bogus  
Aight, ayyo, son, yo, yo  
You think that motherfuckin' nigga's out there right now, son?  
Word, what he doin' out here?  
Son, we got drama with that nigga  
Be tryin' to fuckin' front last week  
What, that kid out there?  
Yo, I seen that nigga earlier, knahmsayin'?  
Nah, fuck that, go, go open the window real quick, son  
Open that fuckin' window  
You gonna take him from the window, nigga?  
Yo, hold up, that, there go, that's that nigga right there, son  
Right next to the basketball court?  
Yeah, yeah, that's the one  
Oh, shit, c'mere, c'mere, c'mere, c'mere, turn the lights out  
Turn the lights out, c'mon through  
Back up, back up, they lookin'  
Ayyo, son, I'ma hit that nigga right now, son  
Word to Mom, I'ma hit him out the window, son  
Yo, you buggin', son, nah, chill 'Zo, fuck that  
I'ma hit that nigga right out the motherfuckin' window  
Hold up, you want somebody go bust him?  
Nah fuck, that I'ma hit this nigga out the window, son  
Ga head, man, shit, shit, shit, don't blow it up, duck down  
Yo, let me do it, man, let me do it, go 'head  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, nigga, yeah  
Yeah, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, fucker, what?  
Pt. III  
QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring  
Drama, we bring, yeah, that's a small thing  
G.O.D., Father Pt. III  
QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring  
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing  
Awright, now pay attention to the crime rhyme Houdini P  
Keepin' you niggaz in perspective  
Mobb, representative, call me the specialist  
Professional professor at this rap science

Up in the laboratory, here's why your small rhyme bore me  
Store bought rap ain't shit, my category  
Is that of an insane who strike back  
I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that  
You wanna square off, sayin' slice that cat?  
You get splashed from back of your head to ass crack  
Surgical signs to the end with iron map  
Which bring Apocalypse to this game called rap  
Not a game but quite serious and yo, in fact  
You'll be runnin' for dear life so far you might fall off the map  
Fuckin' with P, you need a gat  
At least to have the opportunity to bust back  
First shot, the motherfucker pack around world premier  
Shook individuals bound from blind fear  
Scared to death niggaz fall to they worst fear  
Horror tales in Braille for vision impaired  
You lookin' for P, well, you can find him everywhere  
In a project near you, I'll be right there  
I was brought up and taught to have no fear  
Live wire niggaz stay behind me in the rear  
Cowardly hearts step aside, stand clear  
My bloodthirsty niggaz got they eyes on you  
QBC, lime Bacardi, G.O.D. Father Pt. III  
On some hashish in Embassy Suite, crash your party  
Yo, it's the G.O.D., Father Pt. III  
QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring  
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing  
It's the, G.O.D., Father Pt. III  
QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring  
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing  
Yeah, yo, lime Bacardi, gettin' bent, crash the party  
Handle B-I, bringin' it to anybody  
Physical damage, crowd control handle cannons  
Hittin' you ripped, leave your bloodstream contamin-ed  
While you actin' out of character, we observin'  
Drillin' 'em down so hard, I know we felt it comin' at 'em  
Hennessey raps float like the Phantom  
Runnin' you up out of the spot in which you standin'  
Never second-guess a cat who hold gat  
Concealed but easily revealed and fast  
Body castin' raps to get your back snapped in half  
And severed, impossible pain beyond measure  
Sheisty livin' brought him to his last bread

Life changed around quick to one stead  
Face full of fear, conquerin' your ice grill  
Tragedies, put him to sleep like NyQuil  
Givin' a overdose of this rap potent  
Potentially dangerous, fatally left open  
For the roaches, scavengers, that's EMS  
Funeral homes, anticipatin' your death  
That's the dead truth, check in the morgue  
You'll find proof enough to make you think and stop before  
Your ship sink to the bottom  
Night owl leave the mark and spot him  
You know the routine, face up before I shot him  
Yo, it's the G.O.D., Father Pt. III  
QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring  
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing  
G.O.D., Father Pt. III  
QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
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QBC, sip lime Bacardi  
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring  
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing  
What? Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
G.O.D., Father Pt. III, niggaz

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