

(The Infamous Prelude)

Mobb Deep

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Prodigy talking]

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah. Hold the fuck up. We gon' take this little intermission, listen to what the fuck

I got to say ya know? I been doin this shit for years; holdin' heat, sellin, using, abusing all types of drugs. Robbin' niggas, runnin up in niggas' cribs, ya know? The whole shit. So don't ever in yo life get me confused with some of them other niggas that you might see on TV, or hear on the radio and such, ya know what I'm sayin? I mean this is me, P. I'm speakin from my fuckin self. When you see me at a show, on stage or on the street, I definately got the gat on me, know what I'm sayin? Knowaimean? [sniffs] And it aint like I'm tryin to be a tough guy, or I'm tryin to make people think I'm crazy by sayin all this shit. What it is that, I know how niggas gets down, aight? I used to be in the clubs, the music tunnel or whatever-the-fuck. They used to get they little drink on, havin fun wit their little crew, knowatimsayin? Start cuttin or shootin or whatever. Things like that. Lotta these so called rap niggas aint never seen no parts of that shit, knowatimsayin? Dig where I'm comin from? Word up, yo. And I know a lot of ya'll niggas, matter fact all ya'll niggas right now listenin to this shit like "Yeah, yeah we gon' see them Mobb Deep niggas. We gon' see what they about. Knowatimsayin? Touch where they head is at." Yo, I'll let ya'll niggas know right now yaknowwatimsayin you aint gotta waste yo time or yo money on ya hospital bills. If you step to me on a personal level, I don't back down easy knowatmsayin there's a good chance ya ass is either gon' get shot, stabbed, or knuckled down, one out of the three. So don't gamble wit ya life, du'. Word up. And believe me, I know very well I can get shot, stabbed, or fucked up too, whatever. I aint super-nigga I'm a lil skinny mothafucker. It's all about who gets who first though, knowaimsayin? So therefore, say no more, to all my niggas get the money, frontin' niggas get deceased. And oh yeah.. to all them rap ass niggas wit ya half assed rhymes talkin bout how much you get high, how much weed you smoke and that crazy space shit that don't even make no sense: don't ever speak to me when you see me, knowaimsaying? Word. Imma have to get on some ol' high school shit, start punchin niggas in they face just for livin. Yo, I'm finnished what I had to say, ya'll can continue on.

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