

The Infamous Prelude

Mobb Deep

Yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah yeah

Hold the fuck up We gonna take this little intermission to listen
To what the fuck I got to say, you know I been doing this shit for years:

Holding heat, selling

Using, abusing all kinds of drugs;

Robbing niggas, running up in niggas' cribs

You know, the whole shit So don't ever in your life get me confused

With some of them other niggas that you might see

On TV

Or hear on the radio and such

Know what I'm saying? I mean, this is me: P

I'm speaking for my fucking self When you see me:

At the show

Or on stage

Or on the street

I DEFINITELY got the gat on me

You know what I'm saying? And it ain't like I'm trying to be a tough guy

Or trying to make people think I'm crazy

By sayin' all this shit But what it is, dat

I know how niggas gets down, alright?

I used to be in the clubs:

The Muse, The Tunnel, whatever the fuck Niggas get they little drink on

Havin'

Fun with they little crew

(You know what I'm saying)

Start cuttin' shootin' whatever

Things like that

A lot of these so-called "rap niggas"

Ain't never seen no parts of that shit

You know what I'm saying

You dig where I'm coming from?

Word up, yo And I know a lot of y'all niggas

Matter of fact, all y'all niggas

Is right now listening to this shit

Is like "We gonna see them Mobb Deep niggas

We gonna see what they about

Know what I'm saying

We gonna see where they head is at" So yo

I'm gonna let you niggas know right now:
You ain't gotta waste your time
Or your money
On your hospital bills
And if you step to me on a personal level
I don't back down easy
There's a good chance your ass is gonna get
Shot, stabbed, or knuckled down
One out of the three So don't gamble with your life, duke
Word up
And believe me
I know very well I could get shot, stabbed or fucked up too, whatever
I ain't "Super Nigga", I'm a little skinny motherfucka
It's all about who gets who first, though
You know what I'm sayin? 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
With your half-assed rhymes
Talking about 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, know what I'm saying, word
I'ma have to get on some ole "high school" shit
Start punching niggas in they face just for living Yo, I'm finished what I had to say
Ya'll can continue on

Songwriters

JOHNSON, ALBERT Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>