

Q.U. -- Hectic

Mobb Deep

I open my eyes to the streets where I was raised as a man
And learned to use my hands for protection
In scuffles, throw all my blows in doubles
I'm coming from Queens motherfucker carrying guns in couples
And wilding, a Q-U soldier
From Lefrak to Rockaway back to Queensbridge
Black it's only crack sales makin niggas act like that
Back in the days we could scrap, now you lay on your back
As things changed with time I traded in my knuckles for a Mac-10
And rather live the life of crime
With my Bed-Stuy connection connected in two
It's liable to start shit too wild for you
Peace to, Baisley, Forty-P get down
And when you outta town represent your ground
Them niggas bleed just like us so show em where we come from
Queens; leavin niggas done Son
The Mobb gets hectic Shit is for real up in Queens we get hectic
Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic As we sling on the corners like we always do
Son get that loot quick, spending dough like I never had shit
I'm living large pushin luxury cars
Though that shit is outta reach, anybody in my way gets scarred
Permanently bed-ridden
And if you're pussy, then motherfucker get in where you fit in
As I walk around the streets
Son I got mad beef, I'mma blast you before you blast me
That's my philosophy cause nowadays you gotta be relentless
Grab my Mac and slap a nigga senseless
Don't try to play me if you do you better D.O.A. me
Son I got em shook grab a little baby for shields
You got drama run for shelter for real
Pour some beer for the ill ain't no time to chill
Hit em up cause I'm quick to erupt like this
Wet 'em up with the MAC scratch em off my list
Show em, the real meaning of drama you never had it
Til you bumped heads with the Havoc
Ain't nuttin' soft or sweet, I lift you off your feet
When I cock back the heat, whole crews retreat Ain't nothing soft or sweet, I lift you off your feet
When I cock back the heat whole crews retreat We gets hectic
Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic Everything is real inside my mind; these days

You can't make it if you ain't affiliated with crime
A lifetime of street living
Throughout the beef I've accumulated many slugs have been given
But wilding ain't the way to be living
You're only gonna end up bloody on a floor shivering
Or locked up, caught inside the beast
Meanwhile on the street saying no more peace
My man, Sto-Bo, kid hold your own
In a cell locked down not far from home
And at the same time on the outside I'm representing
Still packin heat make you cowards keep stepping
Getting high, it's cause of the lye, I can't lie
I could move the crowd poppin slugs in the sky
Why come around if you afraid of what's over here
My man Havoc put the bug in my ear On the real, for real, but wait it gets realer
Real like an innocent child that turn killer
It's thing like that that only makes things iller
And makin cream doin sticks if you ain't a drug dealer (It's) only facts coming out of my mouth piece
As far as I can see these streets is getting sour
Q, U, too much drama to get into
And niggas regret when they begin to
Regardless of your name or what you been through
Pause for a second, open your eyes and think, duke
Life ain't the game that it seems to be
Fuck a fantasy I'm living in reality
Caught up in this untouchable mentality
Hit you up bad, make you loose a few calories
I need to slow down, movin through life at a high speed
Watchin all the slow runners pass by me
I can see through you, due to, my Queens education
Speaking in behalf of this drug-game nation
The Foundation, the Queens nation

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