

Quiet Storm (Remix) featuring Lil Kim

Mobb Deep

In broad daylight get right.
Just been through it all man
Blood sweat and tears
Niggaz is dead and shit
What the fuck else can happen yo?
We done seen it all, and been through it all yo
Let y'all niggaz know right now
Word to mother, for real, for real
That shit is the truth
I'm not lyin.
Blowin niggaz wit rusty ass German things
Keepin it thorough is our motherfuckin claim to fame
Throw on your wetsuit, when it rains, it pours and all
Hit em with the four
Don't even know him from a hole in the wall
Get at me, niggaz wanna clap me, snitches wanna rat me?
Put it right where they back be
Keep my Dunns close to me, enemies even closer
Sendin kites with the Motorolas, yo
Give 'em the cold shoulder with a hollow-tip to match
Bad apple outta the batch, obsessed with gats
Since a little dude, eatin niggaz food, buck-fifty's
Niggaz can kill me but they comin wit me
How about that, send the Queen Bee to attack
Only a fly bitch like that can leave em and laugh
Rock em to sleep, make em think the drama is dead
Yo I smile up in your face though I'm plottin instead
Uhh, uhhYo it's the real shit, shit to make you feel shit
Thump em in the club shit
Have you wildin out when you bump this (hip-hop)
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough"Hot damn hoe, here we go again"
(Lyte as a Rock) bitch, hard as a cock bitch
This shit knock for blocks through hardtops
in the parkin lots, where my nigga Rock like to spark-a-lot
My Brook-lyn style speak for itself
Like a wrestler, another notch under my belt
The embezzler, chrome treasurer
The U-N-O competitor, I'm ten steps ahead of ya

I'm a leader, y'all on some followin shit
Comin in this game on some modelin shit
Bitches suck cock just to get to the top
I put a hundred percent, in every line I drop
It's the Q to the B, with the M-O, B-B
Queensbridge Brooklyn and we're D-double-E-P
What? Y'all wish I lived the life I live
Aiyyo Prodigy, tell em what this is Dunn
Uhh, uhh
Yo, I could never get enough of it, yo that's my shit
I need that shit, to boost my adrenaline
Yo rock that shit, that real life shit
Makes bitches wanna thug it, makes the projects love it
We come through like, "Fuck it"
Y'all want problems, persue it, let's do it
Infamous Mobb bosses, check out the portrait
at the round table, my Dunn speakin with his Twin ghost
It's gangsta how we rock, while you watch
Attracted to our style, this is how we get down
wit big jewelry and big guns
We get busy, it get grizzly, beat niggaz bloody
Twist niggaz frontin, get to runnin
'fore the mens get to dumpin, the fans get to thumpin
M-O-B-B, got the whole spot jumpin
When my niggaz step in the place
Damn, you gotta luv it
It's the real
Hah, it's the real baby, hip-hop hip-hop hip-hop.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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