

Extortion (feat. Method Man)

Mobb Deep

Yeah, time to let these niggaz know son
Niggaz don't even want to motherfuckin understand
Know what I'm a sayin? Time to hit em with the third degree
Yeah you know the QBC here to drop a G, yo
Look into the eyes true lies your whole click despise
Especially me have you see Don't want your chick 'cause she's burning third degree
Plus you snitchin you ain't got no ties on me
I keep it strong, while you scream word is bond
Lying through your teeth swearing on your first born
Your word is weak, go hold a wake in this
Hit you up quick strictly shit that I'm livin in You walk a line that's thin, you religious well you sin
Fuckin with the Mobb, Infamous to the end
I hold a nine Ruger, with an infa-spot disc
Red dot right at your face, so set sail or rock it
And kept drivin, pull off like the Indy 5 G
In a four time Ford truck with speed Like the motion picture, this nigga Gone With the Wind
My crime work, ninja style shit was did
And got away with, escaped it, the Jakes from tracing
Anything that lead to the source, you know the boss
Of the Mobb killing, is like an Unsolved Mystery
Puzzling, nobody knows, it's all history Madness amongst me, I frequently have to get lovely
Never fails it's always something
No rest, daily gotta rock my vest
I shoot at your best man yeah your MVP
He played the front line got struck down immediately
I wave a Mobb Deep flag, you hear the sound as it slaps when Heavy load my military hold ammunition
Far from animation, it's real live, you think not
My crew, changing New York, who taking your spot
I put the green light on, your whole click, island shit
Running through the hoe-house wilding, extorting
(Extortion, hit that up, extortion, hit that up) Extortion is the key I got the key for extortion
Spend your fortune, dead your shorty like abortion
Take precaution, infamous laws enforced in
You married to the mobb, kid take it then divorce it
'Cause I ain't got no time for them domestic disputes
If you scared get a dog don't got a click then recruit You're weak troop, lost the tan in the mist
On your name my shit, take it like a man you little bitch
I blaze yo britches, P.L.O. extortion, you forcin
The hand that rocks the cradle, caution before you enter

This Shaolin representer, carry thirty-six deadly shifts
You fuckin with, top contenders Official to the bone gristle
It don't matter if you bust rhymes or bust pistols
Remember me, burn a nigga to a third degree
Don't act familiar motherfuckers you ain't heard of me
Just peep the stee and the rap how it's supposed to be
Tap the pockets bag the goods like a grocery, we food-shoppin On top of that we hip-hoppin, and don't stoppin
Out-of-state drawers-droppin, the panty-raiders
Slide on ya like gators, umped that stank bitch back out
And then played her, but that ain't nothin
Crossin this dog walkin, native New York and
Shaolin slang talkin, rap nigga Mr. Freeze crowd shiver
What? Young, black, and don't give a fuck
If the next crew get the scissor
(Extortion, extortion, give that up kid, extortion) Bottom line, what the fuck you want to do
You eyein me, at the same time I'm eyein you, punk
Want to pop the most junk
Be the same motherfucker with the most lumps
Chew on that shit punk faggot (word up)
Burn his ass like a book of matches
Yeah, that's just about it
Under pressure like fat bitches

Songwriters

MUCHITA, KEJUAN WALIEK / JOHNSON, ALBERT / SMITH, CLIFFORD 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/>