

3rd & The Mortal

"Reality Rap"

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[Ty Knitty]

One hand wash the other, I never shit on my niggas
I roll with them niggas that be pulling them triggers
I rep the dead and the living
We the best that did it, expenses we spend it
Big faces explosive guns we smash out dunns
IM3 coming through make way what you wanna do
Choose the fifth or get popped with the fifth
Either way you got no ends, I represent QB
The biggest hood in the world, there's too many of us
It's too easy to get touched
Catch you at a show take your 'dro take your ice
Catch you on the island while you rocking on the mic
Senting kites from down south
Cut that nigga from head to his mouth
He violated in the streets
Fronted like he wanted beef
Now it's a wrap, duke rather hang it up
We the mobb
We ain't no gang but we bang niggas up

[Uno Dos]

Besides rap I blaze niggas up
My ox shit, my mutton chops
Ice pick their guts never gon'(na) stop
All your mans is gonna watch
Free performance on the block
Meantime invest in rocks buy and sell stocks
Uno Dos is papi to connect
With my eyes on your neck
Your jewels extra large like stretch I'll show you my
strength
Fiends get their check on the first
Be gone by the second the third they come on stolen
shit begging for seconds
I ain't gon' lay for a second
Ain't gon' wait for a second
If it's any beef can get it
Uno Dos don't forget it
I'm chum to menace exclusive
Honorable mention fuck with Knitty, G-O & Twin

Y'all some dead niggas

[Chorus]

Hustle and rob

We Infamous Mobb nigga

That's my word to god

We Infamous Mobb nigga

IM3's the squad

Infamous mobb and we won't stop 'til your head goes
pop

[G.O.D]

We them original mobb men

Get lead lodged in

We them marksmen you hate

Them thug niggas you love

Find me in my neighborhood pub I'm yacked up bent

Crushing haze and hash until I'm content

I'm a hood nigga for life, it ain't no changing

I'm so damn dangerous, you want I'll make you famous

Take cover when I aim this pistol I'm bucking to hit you

My 41st team all pro official

Nigga I'll kiss you then kill you

No CO-D's just me then beat that body cause you ain't
nobody

Been on these cold ass streets living off juice and
naughty sleep

You'll be six feet under this concrete

[Blitz]

You and that metal cut them corners you ghetto's left
desserted

My origins the projects rebels, steps and murders

My name is the logic connect and vets and burners

If I bang them thanks on this cannon, bet you earned it

Pop up in your zip code aim while I'm loading

Shit and I can let this clip go in the name of this Omen

Leave him holding with my clip grow

Raised on his blowing

Like times in this life of crime, ways never knowing

Contact and touch your body

Trust me I'll be up in that black van no plates rusty
shotty

Cause cliques want no drama

With cliques that hold armor

Blitz approach drama from strips to Osama

[Chorus]

Hustle and rob

We Infamous Mobb nigga

That's my word to god

We Infamous Mobb nigga
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Infamous mobb and we won't stop 'til your head goes
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[Kaos]

It's a potent mixture
Crime fam over infamous beats
Don't get it twisted dunn I spit for the streets
All the baseheads and dope fiends
Little one's that was sold dreams
Gungs with no cribs, dunns with long bids
I spit facts of life, and clap at mics
Turn boosts to crime scenes, who's tougher than my
team
Noone and Kaos ain't scared of no gun
I look it eye to eye the dot is ready to die
If you ain't back up, cause the mobb will have you
wrapped up
Moms crib clapped up dare a nigga to act up
I done hit the streets with bricks, and get back chips
Now I breathe hits on tracks to shut down cliques
It's deeper than sipping on liqs, and puffing on splifs
You might end up sipping on this chrome four-fifth
Niggas sleep in the hood, get clipped in the hood
And Papi come spitting it good
Don't end up rest in wood

[Gambino]

We got four pound chest naked running through the
block
When it's on who really gives a fuck about the cops
When a nigga owe you knots he bound to get drop
Moms crying cause her little son got shot
How come?...He owe me a little cake
And the next nigga that pump for me won't do the
same thing
We think long range to get those big ass chains
Big ass cars, gripping those movie stars
Who we are...IM3 reppin' to the death
And you'll never catch a nigga like me wearing a vest
Only toting a tech ready to wet the whole set
Ready to wet the whole set
Cutting your neck, beating you in your head 'til your
dead

[Chorus 2X]

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