

Big Mountain

"All Pro"

Visit "[All Pro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

5-7-75 my born day
I reach earth, now I'm involved in foul play
Ty Nitty
New York City
We stay right
The high life
Flooded ice from jewel heist
The Infamous Mobb with hood-like sense
Get up on a nigga quick
Hit 'em up with the ice pick
Strike quick
Leave ya body froze, sub-zero
Was taught to fear no
So I do so
Be All Pro
Flow international, rational
Matter of fact, I'm blastin' you
With the loaded weapon
No question
First suggestion
Pack ya shit, and head Western
Relocation
New state, new destination
Re-arrange your life
On the run from vice
Make you pray to Christ
Kid fucked up
My Mobb is rough
Nigga, what!
[Twin]
We true to be
Snake niggas for eternity
Mobb family
Murder thee
If it's meant to be
Trife casualty
Got the whole world after me
Catastrophe among us, fatal tragedy
Mafiosa, murder one mind
Black toaster, low composure
Twin Glocks in 2 holsters

We mobb vultures
Watch the fleet come closer
We tap down
Nowhere to run now
Don't back down
Muffled out my 4-pound
Silent sound
Bodies bloody on the ground
Chest full of 12 4-pound rounds
Nigga lay down, kid you assed out now
[Havoc]
No doubt, the infamous reppin' up in this
Know what I'm sayin'
Next up
[Prodigy]
Yeah yeah whatever kid, whatever kid
Yo, yo, the chronicles of a criminal cat who hold gat
And bust back at trash ass cats who scratch
Leave big holes like bitches with they legs spread hot
Ready for action now peep my whole block
Unveiled, and reveal hazardous skill
Trained assassins of this rap danger field
I feel y'all niggas ain't really keepin' it real
Use that ice grill like a shield
Nigga you meal, for my vultures
Swoop down attack your corpse
And found layin' in the streets of New York
Now sleepwalk
For that shit you did, shoulda never had did
Now you boxed in
Sentenced to a lifetime bid
Nigga Noyd and Pee, shine light like jewelry
Silver and gold exclusively
Terrorize and multiplee
Shot up your spot up
It just ain't what you used to be
After these fists of NY struck you D
Now you see a whole new life and new leaf
Searchin' for an exit tryin' to retreat the street
Wavin' white flags no days, you dead meat
We only truce when your heartbeat cease, peace
[Big Noyd]
Now who dare swear they can step up on these
premises
Protected by a bunch of menaces
Rapper Noyd, the soloist
4-pound controloist
Comin' out the infamous controllin' the shit
Pistol packin' Pee on the side of me
Leap if you think sweet
Shit's deep, infamously

Now check the family
Prodigy, H-A-V-O-C, Ty Nitty, Godfather pt. 3, Gambino,
Face, and
Gotti
So don't try me
Or better yet don't try this
My click specialty is vulturin'
Trained endangerin'
Packin' pipe games
Them heavy metal thing things
Ain't nuthin' changed
Karate Joe, Money No, make 'em fold
Gather up them hoes
Take 'em to the mo
Keep it on the low
You know the steelo, immediately
The VSOP is mandatory
It's all about hoes and clothes
The same story
Stackin' cheddar, packin' Berettas, keepin' it real
Fuck the sentimental feel
The Mobb movin' shit in reseal
Swiftly, smooth and quickly
The million dollar operation ran by the Mobb foundation
The nine pound we had it locked down
Kept 'em shook
Nine double trey's off da hook
The Mobb became famous from the lives that we took
Doin' jooks
So peep how the 4-pound sound it's off the
motherfuckin' hook
Shit is real, plus exclusive and grimy
Rapper Noyd takin' over with the Mobb behind me
Nigga what

Visit [Big Mountain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.