

Big Noyd "Usual Suspect"

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[Big Noyd]

Yea, yea, yea, I didn't forget about the Queensbridge
mothafuckas

Roll the Mobb Deep in this mothafucka, yea, yea

Mario drop the beat... yea, uh Rappin' Noyd

'Bout ta destroy any man, woman, man, boy

I don't give a FUCK, word is bond...

[Hook: Big Noyd]

(Check it) Rough Neck, you soldeir suspect

You hear me boy, Recognize, Rappin' Noyd

Now Destroy, nothing changed, blew you out the frame

Was a small thing, I kept you shook

Cause you know my gat bang

A usual suspect, a soldeir suspect

You hear me void, Recognize, Rappin' Noyd

Now Destroy, nothing changed, I blew you out the
frame

Was a small thing, I kept you shook

Cuz you know my gat big

[Big Noyd]

Mr. Untouchable, the unlovable, crimi-nul

Reppin' Queensborough, the rappers back on another
level

Matter fact black, check the gat stats

I keep access ta the max

For those who don't know, how ta act

Get laid on they back, and it's a fact

You bustin' me - I'm bustin' back

So kid dance ta the track or analyze the rap

Before you get trashed-smacked-clapped and that's
that

I'm strictly hardcore, even more than before

When I was shooting up doors in Baltimore, try'na
score

Nappy born hustla, the Hennessey guzala

I been a-black-a-mothafucka

Don't make me buck ya, the .9 pound I struck ya

'9-6 you ask about this convict

Niggaz can't harm this, regardless

Niggaz claiming heartless, Easy for me ta tear
'Par bitch, you don't want ta start this, I'm lethal
Don't make me jump (?) B.Q. we ain comin' see you
You best have your mothafuckin' people
Cuz when I'm rollin' in the viga, strapped wit' my nigga
When I see you, I'm leavin' lead in ya liva

[Hook: Big Noyd]

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[Big Noyd]

Now one love ta the thugs on top
Pushin' rocks on the strip going out, bustin' slugs
Pumpin' rocks, do ya thing GOD
Whoever's not involved get rid of 'em, finish 'em
I'm playing too close, snacks cut throat
G-nota wotes, use intellifent folks ta build blunts
Control the.9, steady, ready - blow
Let 'em know, don't be mad at me
Cuz you aint as mad as me, you gradually grow hard
And tear shit apart, shit I spark from the start, and
regulate
Takin' your body weight, I leave you critical
The.9's pitiful - blowing brains out
Even aid they won't el' ver lift the stain out
I blowing backs out, niggaz ass out
So watch, what you doing
In them eyes you be screwing me wit'
Fuck around, lay around, make me empty my click
Say the non-sense, I got my click on the Do or Die, trip
Once I cock it, then I got this, now watch me lock it...
... No Doubt Kid, now we out

[Hook: Big Noyd]

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[Big Noyd]

Don't, take, it, personal
If it aint about you, it don't apply - let it fly
But you guy, I gatta tear you up, from your asshole to
your gut
And if your click wanna flip, they gettin' bucked
Cuz my stealing, scab handeling is outstanding
I be the thug busting slugs, while you tec gemming
One in the head, I can't stand it, but I gatta handle it
though
Leave you wet though, sweep the.44
Make you take those and swallow those
My click a bunch of wild desperados
Stuck of the hydro, Hennessey rock hard
We got this shit lock all
My click strike back hard, an that's my word
Fuck around and have that ass in the sky
Wit' the birds, that's my word
You carry a gat, you think you that nigga please
You don't wanna feel none of these, hollow tips
That mack about ta spit, aw shit
Noyd about ta get up on that buc-wild shit, the
Infamous Mobb

[Prodigy]

The most Infamous - Scarface - leave ya ass faceless
Grip 'em, R.I.P. - but you still right here, wit' me
G.O.D. part 3, Gotti on the mission
H.A. - V.O.C., the clear vision
C.Y. N.I.T.T. - Y. I don't know, But ta do time
An tell Killer Bee - Gambino
Yo if we don't sell a million, we gonna stick chemical
banks
Straight up and down - this is how P. think
Kicko - long time no see, no doubt wit' outta doubt
Money long 'll, knock 'em all the way out
Rappin' Noyd, jump the negroh out for premises
Iller G, my eye-witness, eyes, he's got the dead on, lies
A gradual lives a survive, we got diamonds - flooded
up plenty
Push GOD, civilized GOD - turn of the century shit
We can't take it, bless me wit' a high note, baby
GOD brothers, Mike Check - crush something kid

[Hook: Big Noyd]

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