

M**"Stomp Em Out"**

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The midnight murder two cop bodies on my heat
Walk the street with a motherfuckin straight face
Little shorty flip the script huh
on any punk ass nigga or bitch
The little brown skin buddha sucker little motherfucker
I dwell in Juvenile Hell (yea yea)
I got the shit that make you wanna catch a body quick
Fuck em up bust em down Queensbridge style
Street corner thug my title neighborhood partygoer
Noreaga was my idle (yea)
So what you wanna do nigga
My knuckle game brought me fame in the project
hallways
I got mad props, for killin cops
Little shorty hood, a little nigga no good
My twenty-five weighs a ton so run
I'm cockin back on your black ass B and it's like that

Stomp em out kid, stomp em out (4X)

Throw on my hoodie, when niggaz lit the Phillie
I put a fuckin cap in the neighborhood bully
What now, coward ass nigga - you ain't tough
Fakin jax, I'ma call your motherfuckin bluff
Niggaz that violate get me vexed
Son got the mac, Noyd got the tec
I'm catchin body baggin niggaz like deez up
Town ? the ki's, flippin twenty-three G's
Around the way bustin pills by the fuckin pound
(??) Yeah kid, you know I got dat
Jump in the hooptie, countin up my loot deep
? on my vest in case niggaz wanna shoot me
Niggaz blazin at my ride, but I don't give a fuck
cause I retaliate, with the bullshit two-five
It's only right, that I represent
Sip on the E&J, straight fuck around and get mega bent
Me and my crew, wild for days
Burn up the stage like a motherfuckin heat wave
Learn to maintain, less stress on the brain
Niggaz try to front, but they know my motherfuckin
name

Straight from the Bridge, yeah, you know my style kid
I have you shook like a twenty-five to life bid

[ragga chatta - can't make it out]

[Big Noyd]

Blowin niggaz out the frame, yes it's part of the game
If your style ain't fit, you need to flip the script
and get on it, you might think it's all about that bullshit
But shit get real, with a mac and two clips
Niggaz with a hoodie, hmm, somethin's up
Thought you heard a scream, and next I heard a buck
Bow, I knelt down, one knee on the ground
I pull out the glock and Twin pull out the four pound
Shit is real sprayin rocks on the block
If you wanna carry G's you got to carry a glock
and go all out, get down for your crown, don't fuck
around
Nigga tried to front, believe me get beat down
and turn around get popped with the glock in a sec
while your man got the tec to his fuckin neck
You know my style kid, you know I'm wild kid
Don't try to front that make me flip and catch a damn
bid
Representin from the 'Bridge, you know how it is
My name is Big Noyd, stomp em out kid

[Mobb Deep chorus while Big Noyd speaks]

Knowhatl'msayin? Big Noyd in the motherfuckin house
Representin from the Queensbridge housin
My man Big Twin, knahmsayin, Vic Nice
?? like that
Keep it goin keep it goin keep it goin
Keep it goin keep it goin keep it goin
Keep it goin keep it goin keep it goin
Keep it flowin check it out
Shout out to my motherfuckin Goodfella
We got my man ?, Rapper G
??, knahmsayin? Stomp em out, stomp em out, stomp
em out

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