

Mobb Deep Feat. Everlast "Shook Ones Pt. II"

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Hold up, son, word
Yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billas
For real niggas who ain't got no feelin's
Check it out now

I got you stuck off the realness, we be The Infamous
You heard of us, official Queensbridge murderers
The Mobb comes equipped with warfare
Beware of my crime family who got 'nuff shots to share

For all of those who wanna profile and pose
Rock you in your face, stab your brain wit your nose
bone
You all alone in these streets, cousin
Every man for they self in this land, we be gunnin'

And keep them shook crews runnin' like they supposed
to
They come around but they never come close to
I can see it inside your face, you're in the wrong place
Cowards like you just get they whole body laced up
With bullet holes and such
Speak the wrong words, man and you will get touched

You could put your whole army against my team
And I guarantee you, it'll be your very last time
breathin'
Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor,
we're major
You all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player

Don't make me have to call your name out
Your crew is featherweight, my gunshots'll make you
levitate
I'm only nineteen but my mind is old
And when the things get for real, my warm heart turns
cold

Another nigga deceased, another story gets told
It ain't nothin' really, hey, yo, dun, spark the Phillie
So I can get my mind off these yellowbacked niggas
Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure

Meanwhile back in Queens, the realness is foundation
If I die, I couldn't choose a better location
When the slugs penetrate, you feel a burnin' sensation
Gettin' closer to God in a tight situation
Now, take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you

Son, they shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway
crooks
Scared to death and scared to look
They shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway
crooks
Scared to death and scared to look

Livin' the live that of diamonds and guns
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds
Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones
He ain't a crook, son, he just a shook one

For every rhyme I write, it's 25 to life
Yo, it's a must, the gats we trust, safeguardin' my life
Ain't no time for hesitation, that only leads to
incarceration
You don't know me, there's no relation

Queensbridge niggas don't play
I don't get time for your petty thinkin' mind, son, I'm
bigga than those Claimin' that you pack heat but you're
scared to hold
And when the smoke clears, you'll be left with one in
your dome

13 years in the projects, my mentality is what, kid
You talk a good one but you don't want it
Sometimes I wonder, do I deserve to live
Or am I goin' to burn in Hell for all the things I did?

No time to dwell on that 'cause my brain reacts
Front if you want, kid, lay on your back
I don't fake jacks, kid, you know I bring it to you live
Stay in a child's place, kid, you outta line

Criminal minds, thirsty for recognition
I'm sippin' E&J, got my mind flippin'
I'm buggin', think I'm how bizarre to hold my hustlin'
Get that loot, kid, you know my function

'Cause long as I'm alive, I'ma live illegal
And once I get on, I'ma put on all my peoples

React mix to lyrics like Macs, I hit your dome up
When I roll up, don't be caught sleepin' 'cause I'm
creepin'

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Scared to death and scared to look
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Scared to death and scared to look
They shook 'cause ain't no such things as halfway
crooks, crooks

Livin' the live that of diamonds and guns
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds
But some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook
ones
He ain't a crook, son, he's just a shook one

Yeah, yeah, yeah
To all the villains and a hundred dollar billas
To real brothers who ain't got no dealings
G-yeah, the whole Bridge, Queens get the money, 41st
side

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