

Mobb Deep Feat. Front Lines "Hell On Earth"

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Yo, the saga begins, beget war
I draw first blood, be the first to set it off
My cause, tap all jaws lay down laws
We takin' what's yours, we do jerks, rush the doors

Here come the deez tryin' to make breeze and guns
toss
In full force, my team'll go at your main source
Ma Torres hit bosses and take hostage
Your whole setup, from the ground up, we lock shit

Blood flood your eye, fuck up your optics
Switch to killer instincts for niggaz, pop shit
Yo, nigga, Noyd, what's the topic? Nine pound, we
rocked in
'96, strike back with more hot shit

Illuminate, my team'll glow like radiation
With no time for patient or complication
Let's get it done right, my click airtight
Trapped in an never ending gunfight
So niggaz lose stripes or lose life

Jail niggaz sendin' kites to the street
Over some beef that wasn't fully cooked, finish 'em off
Well done meat, that said twenty-two slug to your head
Travel all the way down to your leg

Aiyyo, it's hell on earth, who's next or gonna be first?
The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time
I ain't gotta tell you
It's right in front of your eyes

Aiyyo, it's hell on earth, who's next or gonna be first?
The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time
I ain't gotta tell you
Yo, it's right in front of your eyes

We rep the QBC, nigga rep yours, it's all love
Milli stacked down, heavenly guarded by hollow tip
slug
Then crack down on wannabe thugs adapt to gat sound

And bow down, slow the fuck up, see how I'ma found
now

Articulate, hittin' body parts to start shiftin' shit
Never hesitant, it's the rap game unlimited
Summon rasta, we can do this, forever infinite
Then reminisce, twenty years later how we was gettin' it

Either with me, go against the grain, you better hit me
Leggin' me or robbin' me, niggaz better body me
'Cause it's a small world and niggaz talkin' like bitches
Bitches singin' like snitches, pointin' you out in pictures

'Cause she rep the QBC faithfully, playa hatin' me
All that bullshit is just makin' me
More the better, then concentrate on gettin' chedda
If shorty set you up, you better dead her

I told you, shape and mold you, sun you, then I hold
you
Like a pimp mind control you, double edge blow you
It'll be I like I'm supposed to, the click is coastal
International, you local, Bacardi mix physically fix
Hit you with shit, that'll leave a loose nigga stiff
Probably thick, son, I solved 'em

Pulled him in my world, then evolved him to chaos
Walk the beat like around the way cops, the average pit
stop
QBCity, God Father Part III, Gotti Gambino
And Ty Nitty, Scarface, rest in peace

Who's next or gonna be first?
The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time
I ain't gotta tell you
Aiiyyo, it's right in front of your eyes

Hell on earth, who's next or gonna be first
The projects is front lines and the enemy is one time
I ain't gotta tell you
Aiiyyo, it's right in front of your eyes

Yo, the heavy metal king hold big shit with spare clips
You seein' clips when the mac spit, your top got split
Layin' dead with open eyes, close his eyelids
Turn off his lights, switch to darkness, it's deep in the
abyss

It's street life, blood on my kicks, shit on my knife
You're the wild child, kick'll turn 'em men into mice
I was born to take power, leave my mark on this planet

The Phantom of Crime Rap, niggaz is left stranded

Shut down your operation, closed for business
Leave a foul taste in your mouth like Guinness
P.O.W. niggaz is found M.I.A.
We move like the special forces, green beret

Heavily around my throat, I don't play
Shit brand new, back in '89, the same way
The God P walk with a limp see but simply
To simplify shit, no man can go against me

Test me you, must be bent G, don't tempt me
I had this full clip for so long, it needs to empty
The reason why it full for so long 'cause I don't waste
shit
You properly hit, blood in your mouth, so you could
taste it

Quiet as kept, I lay back and watch the world spin
I hear thugs claimin' that they gonna rob the Mobb
When they see us, I tell you what, black, here's the
issue
It's a package deal, you rob me
You take this misses along with that

I ain't your average cat
Fuck rap, I'm tryin' to make C.R.E.A.M. and that's that
Whatever it takes, however, it gots to go down
Four mikes on stage, a motherfuckin' four pound

Speakers leakin' out sound and niggaz leakin' on the
ground
I could truly care less, the God will get his
Regardless blow for blow, let's find out who wear
hardest
This rap artist used to be a stickup artist

Sometimes I test myself, see if I still got it
A live nigga stay on point, never diss
Regard shit or forget the essence, from which I
emerged
P is sick, so save that bullshit for the 'burbs
Live up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin' in
herds
We flush through, your click get purged

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