Mobb Deep Feat. Jadakiss "One Of Ours Part II"

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Okay, one more time nigga, you know the situation like this

Sometimes you know you gotta give back to the community

Gotta show these motherfuckers how to wipe them thangs off y'know?

Teach 'em a little somethin'

Pick you up, off your feet like a forklift but instead it's the four-fifth

Ragu red, your brain leakin' them sauces Like an autopsy leavin 'em nauseous, when I aim at your bosses

Put a pep in that bop that you walk with

When my tec spittin' at reinforcements
I could never be a victim but the streets I endorsed it
Spittin' that real, y'all cowards just cough it
Like fluids in my lungs, motherfucker I'm more sick

You turn them hoes off, I put 'em on so they on this You talk game grammar school, mine's metamorphic Dem fools ain't killin' nuttin' in the club, they all bent My intent is to sober that ass up, leave 'em all drenched

See what a few cups of liquor can offset Got a little paper, I ain't stressin', they all press Ain't sellin' records, they come at me for more press When they realize it's real them dudes out coppin' more vests

Better learn how to

Wipe, them guns off, get that money, money Wipe, a nigga smell, off ain't nuttin' funny Show these motherfuckers, just how hungry you Get, when your feet are touchin', kid a nigga hungry

Wipe, them guns off, get that money, money Wipe, a nigga smell, off ain't nuttin' funny Show these motherfuckers, just how hungry you Get, when your feet are touchin', yeah, he one of ours P gunna, shots stay a come up Out them hammers at light speed, make it a hot summer In New York, New York, a.k.a. Ground Zero The Big Apple with the worms in the middle

The White Castle, the Empire State
The home of that Time Magazine new face
Metropolis of the world, I'll show you where I come from
By how the cash stack and how I make a gun bust

But look past that and listen how a killer be Imagine the concert, they dancin' on they seats Shorty mad, gettin' stained, she damn near about to faint She never saw a grimy dirty nigga like, P

With mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin' hard not to blink

Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing Mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin' hard not to blink Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing, bang

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Wipe, them guns off, get that money, money Wipe, a nigga smell, off ain't nuttin' funny Show these motherfuckers, just how hungry you Get, when your feet are touchin', yeah, he one of ours

My niggaz they can't stop us
Ev'rysince we got our hands on the AR's
The S and the fresh choppers
All of them is filled to the top with the vest poppers
We can get it on with America's Best Coppers

Soon as the lead pop you, whoever don't make it To the funeral or wake can catch you on Ted Koppel I'm a rare thumper, you just a gay nigga With a rainbow sticker on your rear bumper

They say life is short, death is longer That makes it even harder to express my hunger And I don't wanna polly y'all, I'm a zone of my own Sorta like Tom Hanks talkin' to that volleyball

A 'Cast Away', I'll blast away

Fuck if you broke tomorrow, get cash today And even though it's hard, niggaz is on they job It's the Ryders and the Mobb, before my niggaz starve we'll

Wipe, them guns off, get that money, money Wipe, a nigga smell, off ain't nuttin' funny Show these motherfuckers, just how hungry you Get, when your feet are touchin', kid a nigga hungry

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