

## Soundtracks

### "Mobb Deep - Shook Ones"

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Pt. 1

(Prodigy):

The most violent of the violent  
lest crimes we give life to  
If these QueensBridge kids don't like you  
We bring drama of the worst kind of enemies  
Your first time would be your last earth memories  
It's only your own fault  
I gave you fair warning..beware..  
Of killa kids who don't care  
Unaware fools who be dealt with in time  
It ain't a mystery  
Hop on the words and rhyme  
In nineteenth hundred and ninety square  
All shook niggaz is supposed to have fear  
Trying to get a piece of this pie we don't share  
Prepare for the worst cuz I been there  
Try tah, keep a positive mind and walk a straight line  
don't work  
So niggaz is forced to do dirt  
And God made ....  
So this jerk wouldn't hurt  
If I listen to the lessons and the rules I learnt  
On the streets for nineteenth years  
And not leaving  
My first priority is to reach twenty one breathing  
Forever beef  
Nobody would ever be even  
So I grab the heat before breathing  
Lost in this foul mind state  
I can't keep straight thinking  
But I keep my eyes on the earth without blinking  
It's hard to be a man in this land of the venom  
Any man try to front  
He get slugs in him  
Because..

(Chorus / Prodigy):

He ain't a crook son..son, he just shook one..shook one...

We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds..earn funds...

Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones..shook ones...

He ain't a crook son, he just a shook one..shook one...

(Havoc):

For every rhyme I write  
Is 25 to life  
To all my peoples in the Bridge  
Know what I'm talking 'bout, right  
Ain't no time for hesitation  
That only leads to incarceration  
You don't know me, there's no relation  
Cuz Queens niggas don't play  
I don't got time for the he say, she say  
I'm bigga than dat  
Claiming that you packing gats  
But you scared to get locked  
Once you get upon the Island  
Change your ways and stop  
Thirteen years in the projects, my hard times of living  
Wake up in the morning  
Thank God I'm still living  
Sometimes I wonder, do I deserve to live?  
Or I am going to hell for all the shit I did  
No time to dwell on that  
Cuz my brain reacts  
Front if you want nigga  
Lay on ya back  
I don't fake jax  
Kid, you know I bring it to ya live  
Stay in a child's place, kid you outta line  
Criminal mind thirsty for recognition mission  
I'm strictly sipping E&J like got my mind flipping  
I'm buggin diggin ..... over hustling  
Get that loot kid  
You know my motherfucking function  
Cause as long as I'm alive  
I'ma live illegal  
And once I get it  
I'ma put it on my people  
React quick to lyrics  
Like macs I hit...  
Your dome up

When I roll up, don't get caught sleepin'  
'Cause I'm creepin' ...

...You just a shook one

(Chorus / Prodigy):

We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds  
Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones..shook  
ones...  
He ain't a crook son, he just a shook one..shook one...

We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds  
Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones..shook  
ones...  
He ain't a crook son..crook son, he just a shook  
one..shook one...

Yeah...

===

Pt II

Note: During the whole song you can hear talkings in  
the background

(Intro)

Word up son, word  
yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billas  
(yo I got the phone thing, knowmsayin', keep your eyes  
open)  
for real niggas who ain't got no feelings  
(keep your eyes open)  
(no doubt, no doubt son, I got this, I got this)  
(just watch my back, I got this first, yo)  
check it out now  
(word up, say it to them niggas, check this out it's a  
murda)

[Prodigy]

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  
nosebone  
you all alone in these streets, cousin  
every man for theirselves 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're whole body laced up  
with bullet holes and such  
speak the wrong words man and you will get touched  
you can 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 burning sensation  
getting 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

Chorus:

Son, they shook...

'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

scared to death, scared to look

they shook

'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

scared to death, scared to look

livin' the live that of diamonds and guns

there's numerous ways you can choose to earn

funds...earn funds

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...shook one

[Havoc]

For every rhyme I write, its 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 got time for your petty thinking 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 going 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 that kid  
stay in a child's place, kid you out o' line  
criminal minds thirsty for recognition  
I'm sippin' E&J, got my mind flippin'  
I'm buggin' think I'm how bizar 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, on my people  
react mix to lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up  
when I roll up, don't be caught sleepin'  
cause I'm creepin'

Chorus:

Son, they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
scared to death and scared to look  
(he's just a shook one)  
they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
scared to death and scared to look  
(we live the live that of diamonds)  
  
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, crooks..  
  
livin' the live that of diamonds and guns  
there's numerous ways you can choose to earn  
funds...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...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 (he's just a shook one)  
keepin' it real (you know)  
Queens get the money...

(Talk fades out)

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