

## Mobb Deep "Apostle's Warning"

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*[Intro: Havoc]*

Uhh GOD, uhh, y'know what we gotta do son!  
Y'knowhut! 'msayin? Word up!  
Make that millions fam!  
No doubt! It's only there for the takings son  
Matter of fact let me get some of that beer son  
We drunk all that shit, hey yo!

*[Havoc]*

44th Side convention, Queens connection  
The Bridge be rep'tin  
Any party that we step in get they heady-up  
V-S-O-P immediately, extra bent  
Rob then out son is evident  
We stash CREAM, mansions fulfill my dream  
Ice 'reams gleam, spread love throughout the whole  
team  
Dominate the game, let's have a rule, combinations  
No conversation, bring all ya good confrontation  
You hesitatin, ass spittin, that's bad business  
For the game nigga, get out the business  
You waste space, substitute here's the briefcase  
We deface, smack the smile off ya fuckin face  
Tainted taste, send ya home back to vacate  
Get your shit together plus your mind straight

*[Prodigy]*

Yo  
My empire strikes with the strength of poisonous  
snakes  
My entire unit loaded up with snake niggas that hire  
stakes  
We pull off a high stakes, great escapes, expand, shift  
team downstate  
Dreams are growing over and my son'll live great  
Little man I'm plannin to enhance your mindstate  
The rebirth, a nigga who lived an ill life  
The one before me was of an even more trife  
My understandin, I'll raise you with precise plannin

And put you on to the whole game of this planet  
But I gotta survive in order to follow thru plans to live  
lot-o  
Me and my lil' getgo, any man tryin to stop us he get  
wet-o

He couldn't withstand the snake bite, there is no hanky  
Don't you put your hands too close and try to approach  
I won't snap at you I'm goin for throats  
And when you feel my bite 'cha sing high notes  
I peeped you from deep and then you got cut throats  
My formulae-I live life do or die  
Stare into the eyes of a deep wiseguy  
Prodigy turnin niggas to protoges  
My protege I advise ya ass to make way  
Make way...for fully-auto gun spray  
You're small prey, I'll easily bait and trap yea  
This man is half mad scientist-half sane  
Creative rhyme labryinth like poisonous cannabis  
Here take a toke of this daily rare roackalist  
Overpower y'all, tiny noise like locust  
Like sunlight thru a magnifying glass I'll focus em  
Burn a hole straight thru ya brain and leave ya open  
(Oh shit!)

And let the venom soak in  
You start sweatin and goin thru convulsions from dope  
shit I write  
Leavin niggas stuck, I let spit  
Trapped up in a web of a nigga that's sick  
I'll wrap you up in cocoon, you caught up in the midst  
As dangerous as risky business fuckin with this  
Contender number one I put you on top of the list  
You're the best challenger so far I'll give you this  
But peep this (what?) fatal shots that soloplex  
Man down, now who dares to go next?  
Like General Monkmonk orders to chop necks  
I send a message to my whole clique to bomb shit  
Atomic, no time for calm shit  
We hyperactive and it's time for Vietnam bit  
Ya whole alliance gets single handedly bomb-ded  
Take heed to the apostle's warning  
Word up!

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