

Mobb Deep

"Burn Something"

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It's always somethin' man
It's always somethin' I swear
Hey get started son

Burn something, I'm stressed ready to hurt something
Burn something, I wanna zone while I'm merc'n niggas
Burn something, gotta get my lungs out the shop
Niggas need that, it's happenin' to take me to the top

Yeah burn something, I'm stressed ready to hurt
something
Burn something, I wanna clear my mind
Look at niggas burn something, gotta get my lungs out
the shop
Niggas need that, it's happenin' to take me to the top

They must be jokin' niggas get they face peeled open
Guns we unload 'em, Mobb fixtured omen
Plus, we hit mid-sections up
You wit your kids and your woman boy I'm tearing you
up

You wit your moms, so what I'm airin' the block
When you see my hand reach for my waist you better
hop
And do not fuck wit P, you goin' at me
You better off shuttin' the fuck up, trust me

You got a better chance stickin' that brinks truck
Than pickin' one of us for a hug we properly serve
Reugers pop and whop ya head
Pens go off and drop you dead

Aiyyo Littles what the fuck is the deal my nigga
Fuck all this rappin' shit let's ride on these niggas
'Cause this song ain't for entertainment
This is a street subpoena for y'all niggas bring it

Niggas knows the deal we clap hammers and shit
Bitches love us but niggas can't stand the clique
And dyke women, these motherfuckers running off
emotions

Burn something, I'm ves'd ready to hurt something

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Burn something, I'm stressed ready to hurt something

Whatchu know about two hands three guns pop out
Them city boys that be movin' 'caine down south
I clap for dollars and scrap about it
I been around since Dappa Danns, rap vans

I'm a gorilla man, I know you feel me man
Queens I rep you flow let's do it
Unknown marksman, I see through the scope
Hit your frame and your souls apart and

Number one question A & R's wanna know
Where I stand in the dispute wit' Nas, Mobb and Jay-Z
Fuck you pay me I slid in on you rap motherfuckers
'Cause the block got lazy

I'm from a place cannons burst, police never come
Homie viewed my life, wrote, and got us out the slums
Came home, the Mobb came to scoop me up
Though I rhyme niggas still wanna shoot me up

I'm that gangster, gangster read all about me
In your X X L's, sources my crew is rowdy
When them hammers back out we leave the whole
block cloudy

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Relax my mizzy and smoke that dro
Hold her head motherfucker I'ma fuck that ho
Let the dutch burn niggas get split fuck ya turn
I ain't been givin' a fuck so why should I now

Watch your mouth, nigga I'm grown you just a child
In a man's world nigga actin' like a little girl

It's foul, he don't wanna blow trial, why not?
'Cause up north niggas like him get smacked around

I never turn my back, on you faceless cowards
Talkin' all that shit, don't know a thing about us
I educate 'em with the pretty four pounder
But each and every day we get flagrant and more
fouler

Keep it thorough, don't want that bullshit around us
Moved away from drama but some how it found us
It's a small thing, let that dro burn
Nigga front he gettin' touched that's my word

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