

Mobb Deep

"G. O. D. Part 3 (remix)"

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Some of that 151 Son (yeah some of that bogus)
("What you got in the trunk?")
Aight, aiyyo Son, yo yo
You think that motherfuckin nigga's out there right now
Son?
(Word, what he doin out here?)
Son we got drama with that nigga
Be tryin to fuckin front last week
(What, that kid out there? Yo, I seen that nigga earlier
knahtsayin?)
Nah fuck that, go, go open the window real quick Son
Open that fuckin window
(You gonna take him from the window nigga?)
Yo hold up
That, there go, that's that nigga right there Son?
Right next to the basketball court?
(Yeah yeah, that's the one)
Oh shit! C'mere c'mere c'mere c'mere, turn the lights
out
(I got somethin too Son, that's how we do)
Turn the lights out, c'mon through
sounds of clips and an automatic being cocked
(Back up, back up, they lookin)
Aiiyyo Son, I'ma hit that nigga right now Son
Word to mom I'ma hit him out the window Son
Twilight Zone in the background
(Yo you BUGGIN Son!)
Heh nahh chill 'Zo, fuck that
I'ma hit that nigga right out the motherfuckin window
(Ga head Son, go head man!)
Hold up (You want somebody go bust him!)
Nah fuck that I'ma hit this nigga out the window Son
(Ga head man!)
Shit shit shit don't blow it up, duck down
(Yo let me do it man, let me do it, go head)
two shots, eighteen shots, seven shots
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah nigga, yeah!
Yeah! (gimme gimme gimme gimme)
two shots
Fucker! (What?)
Chorus: Mobb Deep
(Yo it's the) G.O.D., Father Pt. III

QBC, sip lime Bacardia

Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring

Drama we bring, yeah/yo that's a small thing

(repeat 2X)

Verse One: Prodigy

Awright now, pay attention to the crime rhyme Houdini

P

Keepin you niggaz in perspective

Mobb, representative, call me the specialist

Professional, professor at this rap science

Up in the labratory, here's why your small rhyme bore me

Store bought rap ain't shit, my category

is that of an insane who strike back (what?)

I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that

You wanna square off, forsake and slice that cat

You get splashed, from back of your head, to ass crack

Surgical signs to the end, with iron map

Which bring, apocalypse to this game called rap

Not a game but quite serious and yo in fact

You'll be runnin for dear life so far you might fall off the map

Fuckin with P, you need a gat

At least to have the opportunity to bust back

First shot the motherfucker pack around world premier

Shook individual bound from blind fear

Scared to death niggaz fall to they worst fear

My retail's in braille, for vision impaired

You lookin for P, well you can find him everywhere

In a project near you, I'll be right there

I was brought up and taught to have no fear (now)

Live wire niggaz stay behind me in the rear (now)

Cowardly hearts, step aside, stand clear (fear)

My bloodthirsty niggaz got they eyes on you

QBC, lime Bacardia, G.O.D. Father Pt. III

On some hashish, to Embassy Suite, crash your party

Chorus: repeat 2X

Verse Two: Havoc

Yeah yo, lime Bacardi, gettin bent, crash the party

Handle B-I, bringin it to anybody

Physical damage, crowd control handle cannons

Hittin you ripped, leave your bloodstream contamin-ed

While you actin out of character, we observin

Drillin em down so hard, I know we felt you comin at em

Hennessee raps float like the Phantom

Runnin you up out of the spot in which you standin

Never second-guess a cat who hold gat

Concealed, but easily revealed and fast

Body castin raps to get your back snapped in half

and severed, impossible pain beyond measure

Sheisty living brought him to his last bread (bread)

Life changed around quick to one stead (stead)
Face full of fear, conquerin your ice grill (grill)
Tragedies, put him to sleep like NyQuil (NyQuil)
Givin a overdose of this rap potent
Potentially dangerous, fatally left open
for the roaches, scavengers, that's EMS
Funeral homes, anticipatin your death
That's the dead truth, check in the morgue, you'll find
proof
Enough to make you think and stop before your ship
sink
to the bottom, night owl leave the mark and spot him
You know the routine, face up before I shot him
Chorus: repeat 4X

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