

Mobb Deep

"G.o.d. Pt. Iii"

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Some of that 151, son, yeah, some of that bogus
Aight, ayyo, 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, knahmsayin'?

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
Turn the lights out, c'mon through
Back up, back up, they lookin'

Ayyo, son, I'ma hit that nigga right now, son
Word to Mom, I'ma hit him out the window, son
Yo, you buggin', son, nah, chill 'Zo, fuck that
I'ma hit that nigga right out the motherfuckin' window

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
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, nigga, yeah
Yeah, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, fucker, what?

Pt. III

QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama, we bring, yeah, that's a small thing

G.O.D., Father Pt. III
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing

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 laboratory, here's why your small rhyme bore
me
Store bought rap ain't shit, my category
Is that of an insane who strike back
I draw first blood, it's over with and that's that

You wanna square off, sayin' 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 individuals bound from blind fear
Scared to death niggaz fall to they worst fear
Horror tales 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
Live wire niggaz stay behind me in the rear

Cowardly hearts step aside, stand clear
My bloodthirsty niggaz got they eyes on you
QBC, lime Bacardi, G.O.D. Father Pt. III
On some hashish in Embassy Suite, crash your party

Yo, it's the G.O.D., Father Pt. III
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing

It's the, G.O.D., Father Pt. III
QBC, sip lime Bacardi

Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing

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 it comin' at 'em
Hennessey 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 livin' brought him to his last bread
Life changed around quick to one stead
Face full of fear, conquerin' your ice grill
Tragedies, put him to sleep like 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

Yo, it's the G.O.D., Father Pt. III
QBC, sip lime Bacardi
Heavy on the wrist, cube-link, my ice ring
Drama, we bring, yo, that's a small thing

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What? Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
G.O.D., Father Pt. III, niggaz

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