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Mobb Deep "Kool G Rap - Thug Chronicles (Unreleased Version)"

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(Kool G Rap Talking) Queens shit, we bring the thug shit for real nigga You know how we do, y'all know how a nigga bring it Straight direct at you kid

(Kool G Rap Verse 1) Like a Don from out of Sicily Under the arm is where the pistol be Top of your forehead the kissl will be Plant it ever so soft and gentle but die viciously Hours of torture before the torture apply misery Days before I feel pity to give a guy liberty Seat of his pants shitty and eyes all glittery I'll die a rich man before the F.B.I. figure me 40 storeys up inside a high-rise in Italy No hittin' forces only natural crosses could liver me Gray hairs from the great years the fears never shiver me Reminiscing how we car bombed ignitions And Politicians, Judges strong-armed to listen Men turning up dead or hurt, harmed and missing (forever) Bulletproof cars are driven Teflon edition Bodies cut up in large chunks thrown in car trunks Music inside the bar stunk . . . Gettin surrounded by bitches blowin' some Cons drunk When I'ma stone face goons will make your heart pump Electrocution with cables that make your car jump The yard punks, the sin with the life sentence for sellin hard junk The family, the whole commission Has been around since the days before prohibition Mathematics was good then, no slow addition Some overdose down the coke slope and dope addiction Lookin' back on them days I ran a whole division Some of the jake in the State was tryna throw the mission They caught a chick and brought her to hell with no admission Beyond these tracks . . .

Our life and network of sippin' bourbon and Cognac First version observing the stocks and bonds we stack Thug chronicles these are the days of Don G Rap

(Havoc)
Wit' murder on his mind take it in blood
We takin' that aim at niggaz throwin' shit in the game
(Havoc Hook)
Yo, How it feel when we coming at you
These gats blowing at you
Personally don't give a fuck where you at
And an unfamiliar face you know we like who that
On point nigga it ain't goin down like that
(Kool G Rap Verse 2)
We do our thing under handily still
Tuck a mil for the family will
Mansion and hot wheels in Amityville
Treat a snitch nigga like Sam when he squeel
Break the code of silence just hand me the steel

For every wrong done a man will be killed There's plans to re-build ... Curtains and drapes got the jakes tryna can me for real Until then, be in the backyard with clam on the grill Or catch me laid up in the canopy ill With two mami's handing me thrills Vivica Fox body vanity grills Rubberbanding these bills Tryna duck the fame of the glamor Tryna stay from out the range of the scanners Not tryna get my frame in a camera Avoid tabloids and front pages Bumps get knocked off and bumped for favors Collect Trump papers with pumps and gauges Royal suites when I bunk in Vegas Got homicide searching the city dumped for neighbors Pinky ring with a chunk of glacier Copped a spot with a bunch of acres Some them got their bodies slumped from capers Bossileno had tux and gators Got a crib full of house maids, butlers and waiters My clique from the minor league, jump the majors We gon' rock it 'til we jackpot fuck them haters If we have to run up in City Hall abduct the Mayor Any man against the national plan get bucked wit

craters

(Havoc Hook 3X)

(Kool G Rap Talking) Word, Y'all know what it's about Strictly about the big things, know what I'm sayin' Big money, big cribs, know what I'm sayin' Bitches with big asses, word up Big chains and shit, know what I'm sayin' Everything big kid think big, know what I mean Big Guns and all that, y'all niggaz is big time dick suckers tho' Y'all don't know

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