

# Mobb Deep "Rep The Qbc"

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(feat. G.O.D. Part III)

41st side

[Chorus x2: Prodigy]

Prodigy, Rappin' Noyd, H A V O C

"Rep The QBC", eyes on my enemies, exclusive  
'96 introduc'in', (Yea y'all)

The Infamous Mobb, word to God

[Verse 1: Havoc]

To all them niggaz, reppin' they hood, it's all good

It's all good, 'til you step out of line

Went in the dome, out of sight, you out mind

Some like chrome, bag a bitch like phone time

You phoned them, I regulate, who am I?

Havoc and Prodigy, will go back, like go blind

'96 combined, put on all the people, we all shine

Every mother of the clique created

[Verse 2: Prodigy]

Yo, the heavy metal king hold big shit, with spare clips

You see the clips when the mac spit your top got split

Layin' dead with open eyes close his eyelids

Turn off his lights switch to darkness, it's deeper then  
the abyss

Its street life, blood on my kicks, shit on my knife

You'se the wild child, kid cold turnin men into mice

I was born to take power leave my mark on this planet

The Phantom of Crime Rap, niggaz is left stranded

Shut down your operation, closed for business

Leave a foul taste in your mouth, like Guinness

POW niggaz is found, MIA

We move like the Special Forces, Green Beret

Heavily around my throat, I don't play

Shit brand new, back in eighty-nine, the same way

The God P walk with a limp, see, but simply

To simplify shit, no man can go against me

Test me you must be bent G, don't tempt me

I had this full clip for so long, it needs to be empty

The reason why it full for so long, 'cause I don't waste  
shit

You properly hit, blood in your mouth, so you could  
taste it  
Quiet as kept, I lay back and watch the world spin  
I hear thugs, claimin' that they gon' rob the Mobb  
When they see us, I tell you what black, here's the issue  
It's a package deal, you rob me, you take these  
missiles  
Along with that, I ain't your average cat  
Fuck rap, I'm tryin' to make CREAM and that's that  
Whatever it takes however it gots to go down  
Four mics on stage a motha'fuckin' four pound  
Speakers leakin' out sound and niggaz leakin' on the  
ground  
I could truly care less the God gon' get his  
Regardless blow for blow let's find out who hit hardest  
This rap artist used to be a - stickup artist  
Sometimes I test myself see if I still got it  
A live nigga stay on point never diss  
Regard shit or forget the essence, from which I  
emerged  
P is sick, so save that bullshit for the birds  
Live up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin' in  
herds  
We flush through your clique get purged

[Chorus x2: Prodigy]

[Verse 3: God Father Pt. III]  
Yo, see niggaz lookin' at me  
With evil eye, crooked eye  
Dunn I know why  
They despise, see we rise, kill a wise guy  
My enterprise Cartel, we instill  
Black steel on a hill  
With Mobb scale, my whole fleet keep it real  
The raw deal, to bail, destroy, conquer  
Rarely wonder, like the sky, like thunder  
Keep fightin', strike land like lightning  
Increase power, solar, mind controller  
The title holder, upsight when I'm sober  
I stay bent, cherry eye, chocolate scent  
Intelligent, veteren and cheddarin'  
Mostly all time auditin', it's on again  
Stick you with my devil horn again  
Born again, wild hooligan  
Pollutin' in a city near you  
Comin' through, The Infamous Mobb nigga  
Whatchu gon' do?

[Chorus x2: Prodigy]

[Outro: Prodigy]  
Exclusive, '96 introducin'  
The Infamous Mobb, you get robbed  
Exclusive, '96 introducin'  
The Infamous Mobb on their job

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