

## **Mobb Deep**

# **"Shook Ones Part I - Original Version"**

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Hey, yo, to all the killers  
And the hundred dollar billers  
For real, niggas who ain't got no feelings  
Check it out now

I got you stuck off the realness  
We be the infamous, you heard of us  
Official Queens bridge murderers  
The Mobb comes equipped with warfare

Beware of my crime family  
Who got 'nuff shots to share  
For all of those who wanna profile and pose  
Rock you in your face  
Stab your brain with your nosebone

You're all alone in these streets, cousin  
Every man for theirselves in this land we be gunnin'  
And keep them shook crews runnin'  
Like they supposed to  
They come around but they never come close to

I can see it inside your face, you're in the wrong place  
Cowards like you just get they're whole body laced up  
With bullet holes and such  
Speak the wrong words man and you will get touched  
You can put your whole army against my team and  
I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathin'

Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor,  
we're major  
You all up in the game and don't deserve to be a playa  
Don't make me have to call your name out  
Your crew is featherweight, my gunshots'll make you  
levitate

I'm only nineteen but my mind is older  
And when the things get for real, my warm heart turns  
cold  
Another nigga deceased, another story gets told  
It ain't nuttin' really, ay yo dun, fuck the Philly

So I can get my mind off these yellow backed niggas  
Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure  
Meanwhile back in Queens the realness is foundation  
If I die, I couldn't choose a better location

When the slugs penetrate, you feel a burning sensation  
Getting closer to God in a tight situation  
Now, take these words home and think it through  
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you

Son, they shook  
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
Scared to death and scared to look  
They shook  
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
Scared to death and scared to look

Livin' the live that of diamonds and guns  
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds  
Some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns  
Cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones, shook  
ones  
He ain't a crook son, he's just a shook one

Throw you hands up, throw your hands up  
Throw you hands up, throw your hands up

For every rhyme I write, it's 25 to life  
Yo, it's a must the gats we trust safeguardin' my life  
Ain't no time for hesitation  
That only leads to incarceration

You don't know me, there's no relation  
Queens bridge niggas don't play  
I don't got time for your petty thinking mind  
Son, I'm bigga than those

Claimin' that you pack heat but you're scared to hold  
And when the smoke clears  
You'll be left with one in your dome  
Thirteen years in the projects, my mentality is what, kid

You talk a good one, but you don't want it  
Sometimes I wonder do I deserve to live  
Or am I going to burn in hell for all the things I did

No time to dwell on that cause my brain reacts  
Front if you want kid, lay on your back  
I don't fake jacks kid, you know I bring it to you live  
Stay in a child's place, kid you out of line

Criminal minds thirsty for recognition  
I'm sippin', E&J, got my mind flippin'  
I'm buggin', think I'm how bizarre to hold my hustlin'  
Get that loot kid, you know my function

'Cause long as I'm alive I'ma live illegal  
And once I get on I'ma put on on my people  
React mixed to lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up  
When I roll up, don't be caught sleepin', 'cause I'm  
creepin'

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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