

## **Mobb Deep**

### **"Shook Ones Part II"**

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Word up son, word  
Yeah, 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 their self 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

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