

## **Mobb Deep**

### **"Shook Ones Pt. 1"**

Visit "[Shook Ones Pt. 1](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The most violent of the violent  
lest crimes we give life  
to

If these Queens Bridge kids don't like you  
We bring drama of the worst kind of enemies  
Your first time would be your last earth memories

It's only your own fault, I gave you fair warning  
Beware of killa kids who don't care  
Unaware fools who be dealt with in time  
It ain't a mystery

Hop on the words and rhyme  
In nineteenth hundred and ninety square  
All shook niggaz is supposed to have fear  
Trying to get a piece of this pie we don't share

Prepare for the worst 'cuz I been there  
Try tah, keep a positive mind and walk a straight line  
don't work  
So niggaz is forced to do dirt and God made  
So this jerk wouldn't hurt

If I listen to the lessons and the rules I learn  
On the streets for nineteenth years and not leaving  
My first priority is to reach twenty one breathing  
Forever beef nobody would ever be even

So I grab the heat before breathing  
Lost in this foul mind state I can't keep straight thinking  
But I keep my eyes on the earth without blinking  
It's hard to be a man in this land of the venom  
Any man try to front he get slugs in him because

He ain't a crook son  
Son, he just shook one  
Shook one

We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds,  
earn funds  
Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones, shook

ones

He ain't a crook son  
He just a shook one  
Shook one

For every rhyme I write is 25 to life to all my peoples in  
the Bridge  
Know what I'm talking 'bout, right ain't no time for  
hesitation  
That only leads to incarceration you don't know me,  
there's no relation  
'Cuz Queens niggas don't play

I don't got time for the he say, she say I'm bigga than  
dat  
Claiming that you packing gats but you scared to get  
locked  
Once you get upon the Island change your ways and  
stop  
Thirteen years in the projects, my hard times of living

Wake up in the morning thank God I'm still living  
Sometimes I wonder, do I deserve to live?  
Or I am going to hell for all the shit I did  
No time to dwell on that 'cuz my brain reacts

Front if you want nigga lay on ya back  
I don't fake jax kid, you know I bring it to ya live  
Stay in a child's place, kid you outta line  
Criminal mind thirsty for recognition mission

I'm strictly sipping E and J like got my mind flipping  
I'm buggin' diggin' over hustling get that loot kid  
You know my motherfucking function  
'Cause as long as I'm alive I'ma live illegal

And once I get it I'ma put it on my people  
React quick to lyrics like macs I hit your dome up  
When I roll up, don't get caught sleepin' 'cuz I'm  
creepin'  
You just a shook one

He ain't a crook son  
Son, he just shook one  
Shook one

We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds  
Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones, shook

ones

He ain't a crook son  
He just a shook one  
Shook one

We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds  
Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones, shook  
ones

He ain't a crook son, crook son  
He just a shook one  
Shook one

Yeah

Visit [Mobb Deep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.