

Mobb Deep

"Skook Ones Part II"

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INTRO:

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

[Prodigy]

I got you stuck off the realness

We be the infamous, you heard of us

Official Queensbridge 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 yellowbacked 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

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