

Mobb Deep

"Thun & Kicko"

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Verse 1: (Prodigy)

You's a notebook crook, with loose sleeve beef
a backseat criminal that pass the heat
to somebody that blast the heat
Man, it sound bad on the pad, what happened in the
street?
revealing on the vinyl an analog outlaw
alot of gats on your DAT, tape southpaw
you thuggin' when the mic's plugged in
barkin' through the speakers like you got no sense
you wild on the two inch
got your platinum plaques to prove it
your music's been around the World movin'
and it comes right back around on the ground, don't it?
now it's time to face your opponent
Infamous cling to this real shit, stuck where we started
at
fuck that, not because we have to, I want to
I love this shit, the raw is what I live for
to hear the sound of the crowd roar for more
to see the niggas that can't pay rush the door
whylin' on the dancefloor
when they song come on, swingin' they fists, ready for
war
but it's a different type of effect, it's not violence
they're just tranced by the advance
tranked by the sound bank
put under the drum, numbed off of our shit
now who you rockin' wit'? them or us
deep love or cheap lust?, QB 'll bust
Infamous 'till we pass on
you laughin' at the wrong shit, I take ac-tion
defend my confedons
nigga I write bombs that'll shatter your ambitions of
bein' top dog
as we move through the stage fog
I need to bass more
so I can taste it and make ya'll go AWOL
and lose it, say no more, brace your delf, nigga it's on..

Verse 2: (Cormega)

(yo, back up yo..)

Who's tale you tellin'? are you frail or felon?
were you makin' sales or watchin' niggas sellin'?
you exploit niggas lives in your rhymes and then avoid
'em
you never felt the moisture in the air of coke boilin'
you never felt the razor scrapin' your plate
your hands achin' yet you keep choppin' 'cause theres
paper to make
you never felt the power of invincibility
clutchin' a gun like fuck it dun, it's him or me
at your best you was a hand to hand
no more than Three grams
what the fuck you know about a Ki, man?
you never hustled
lets get it right, my nigga Y would've stuck you
stop dry snitchin' in your rhymes, listen
what you tryin' to do? help the guys in Blue?
indight niggas so that can be another rhyme for you?
you a parasite, you never had a life
so you throw other niggas lives in your pad at night
it's clever when you write it
spoken well for a dude who never been indighted
you know the deal mothafucka, the real make the fake
niggas kneel
and lose appetites when you taste niggas steel
my rhymes are what it takes to get a deal and make it
real
I'm like Big, you can't replace the skill
I laced it ill like Cocaine in Scarface's grill
your mothafuckin' flow is basic, chill
I'm Cormega, raw forever
y'all niggas know my steez, I'm reppin' for Queens
you minor league
I'm big time like Mark McGwire's team
your whole team is pussy, when I squeeze vaginas
bleed
my lyrics stay official
I bagged up coke on dishes made of crystal
your niggas, they won't miss you
my Nickel-plated pistol - got Sixteen shots, you can
take 'em wit' you
to the coffin or DA's office
surgery, nurses screamin' "We lost him!"
life suddenly divorced him, fuck it, it cost him
if you want beef say no more
brace your delf, nigga it's on, we spray Four-Fours,
bitch!

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