

## Paula Cole

### "Usual Suspect"

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[Big Noyd]

yea, yea, yea, I didn't forget about the Queensbridge  
mothafuckas

Roll the Mobb Deep in this mothafucka, yea, yea  
Mario drop the beat...yea, uh Rappin' Noyd  
'Bout ta destroy any man, woman, man, boy  
I don't give a FUCK, word is bond...

[Hook\*Big Noyd\*]

(check it) Rough Neck, you soldeir suspect  
You hear me boy, Recognize, Rappin' Noyd  
Now Destroy, nothing changed, blew you out the frame  
Was a small thing, I kept you shook  
Cause you know my gat bang

A usual suspect, a soldeir suspect  
You hear me void, Recognize, Rappin' Noyd  
Now Destroy, nothing changed, I blew you out the  
frame  
Was a small thing, I kept you shook  
Cuz you know my gat big

[Big Noyd]

Mr. Untouchable, the unlovable, crimi-nul  
Reppin' Queensborough, the rappers back on another  
level  
Matter fact black, check the gat stats  
I keep access ta the max  
For those who don't know, how ta act  
Get laid on they back, and its a fact  
You bustin' me - Im bustin' back  
So kid dance ta the track or analyze the rap  
Before you get trashed-smacked-clapped and thats  
that  
Im strictly hardcore, even more than before  
When I was shooting up doors in Baltimore, try'na  
score  
Nappy born hustla, the Hennessey guzala  
I been a-black-a-mothafucka  
Don't make me buck ya, the .9 pound I struck ya  
'9-6 you ask about this convict

Niggaz can't harm this, regardless  
Niggaz claiming heartless, Easy for me ta tear  
'Par bitch, you don't want ta start this, Im lethal  
Don't make me jump (?) B.Q. we ain comin' see you  
You best have your mothafuckin' people  
Cuz when Im rollin' in the viga, strapped wit' my nigga  
When I see you, Im leavin' lead in ya liva

[Hook\*Big Noyd\*]

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[Big Noyd]

Now one love ta the thugs on top  
Pushin' rocks on the strip going out, bustin' slugs  
Pumpin' rocks, do ya thing GOD  
Whoevers not involved get rid of 'em, finish 'em  
Im playing too close, snacks cut throat  
G-nota wotes, use intellifent folks ta build blunts  
Control the .9, steady, ready - blow  
Let 'em know, dont be mad at me  
Cuz you aint as mad as me, you gradually grow hard  
And tear shit apart, shit I spark from the start, and  
regulate  
Takin' your body weight, I leave you critical  
The .9's pitiful - blowing brains out  
Even aid they won't el' ver lift the stain out  
I blowing backs out, niggaz ass out  
So watch, what you doing  
In them eyes you be screwing me wit'  
Fuck around, lay around, make me empty my click  
Say the non-sense, I got my click on the Do or Die, trip  
Once I cock it, then I got this, now watch me lock it...  
...No Doubt Kid, now we out

[Hook\*Big Noyd\*]

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[Big Noyd]

Don't, take, it, personal  
If it aint about you, it dont apply - let it fly  
But you guy, I gatta tear you up, from your asshole to  
your gut  
And if your click wanna flip, they gettin' bucked  
Cuz my stealing, scab handeling is outstanding  
I be the thug busting slugs, while you tec gemming  
One in the head, I cant stand it, but I gatta handle it  
though  
Leave you wet though, sweep the .44  
Make you take those and swallow those  
My click a bunch of wild desperados  
Stuck of the hydro, Hennessey rock hard  
We got this shit lock all  
My click strike back hard, an thats my word  
Fuck around and have that ass in the sky  
Wit' the birds, thats my word  
You carry a gat, you think you that nigga please  
You dont wanna feel none of these, hollow tips  
That mack about ta spit, aw shit  
Noyd about ta get up on that buc-wild shit, the  
Infamous Mobb

[Prodigy]

The most Infamous - Scarface - leave ya ass faceless  
Grip 'em, R.I.P. - but you still right here, wit' me  
G.O.D. part 3, Gotti on the mission  
H.A. - V.O.C., the clear vision  
C.Y. N.I.T.T. - Y. I dont know, But ta do time  
An tell Killer Bee - Gambino  
Yo if we dont sell a million, we gonna stick chemical  
banks  
Straight up and down - this is how P. think  
Kicko - long time no see, no doubt wit' outta doubt  
Money long'll, knock 'em all the way out  
Rappin' Noyd, jump the negroh out for premises  
Iller G, my eye-witness, eyes, hes got the dead on, lies  
A gradual lives a survive, we got diamonds - flooded  
up plenty  
Push GOD, civilized GOD - turn of the century shit  
We cant take it, bless me wit' a high note, baby

GOD brothers, Mike Check - crush something kid

[Hook\*Big Noyd\*]

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