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Samira ''Man Down''

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Intro: Prodigy and Big Noyd

That's my word, GOD! Kick that thug shit, GOD! Kick that motherfuckin thug shit man! Word up, man! (What's up, son? What's up?) Word up, get go (No doubt, nigga!) Money no represent, knowl'msayin? (All the time, baby) No doubt (Youknowl'msayin?) Who we got here, son? (Shine, baby, shine) (Look) Look who we have here, yo! (up in the sky...sky)

Verse 1: Prodigy

Here come the vultures, the Mobb-laced potent rap shit Perhaps, kid, make it happen, start the flippin You fuckin comic, who you kidding? My nigga's laughing, blood bathin, the world's greatest In-famous crime-zanous To interfere would be dangerous Plane descent, stand clear, save your strength You couldn't do the limp if you was coked up by my z'd up, whatever the fuck, who gives a fuck? You get fucked My coalition specialises in collision The clash of the cliques, the duel o' the iron mac, spit and leave ya half-split You'll be missin much more than a fraction when it's time for action Hit em while a man down, make that nigga backspin Trapped up, a ???? madman We blastin you're collapsin, heavily light my gold Mac 10 Get imprisoned with dem raps they have you relapsin You get castin the Mobb, deaf and assin We face splashin, dope fake's ice-pick stabbin He slow leakin, he 'ternally bleedin for speakin outta place, niggas get placed back indecent Live at the main event may I present Screamin out loud for any squad that's deaf My Infamous Mobb, ya heart throb, hold ya breath It's KO from dead arm rights and hard lefts Another satisfied consumer who got blessed

Single out ya army til there's no man left

Chorus:

Man down (Man down, down, down, down....) *repeat x3* Lay the fuck down!

Verse 2: Havoc

Infamous cartel, visible evidence We scarred well, associated team benevolent Never hesitant, opposition get settled here with sharp shit that'll rip thru one hundred layers of Kevlar, sharp like the jim star Exiled, son, he get sent far He's the foulest, QBC gat bust the loudest Below profile, peep style, thirsty prowlest Catchin court cases, pay for your legal aid Son, that's money wasted, I ain't got time for that Invest third place on my best sold rap On the scrap from the ignorant cats It'll be dead in a few....just like that Couldn't bust his gat right (Yo, y'know what?) But now you bucked your own man, amatuer ass Homeboy take that ass to class but you cut in, duckin a reality blast You catch a D minus fuckin with New York's finest The conversation from them outsiders Dick riders, connivers bomb ya camp We know survivors, push you off guard, got homicidin We analysin, tell you up front ain't no surprises We take you down first round, give ya man pound

Chorus

Verse 3: Big Noyd

Check it out, dun, them niggas ain't ones to be blowin off the top and shit, I'm tired of shit Dun, I'm about to dot the bitch and leave him stiff Toss me the fifth so I can bless the GOD with gift Yo nigga Noyd, what's the topic? Yo, the topic is this Let me start from the beginning at the top of the list First of all them tight niggas with that space-down shit I stick a rocket up in they ass and give em a lift My marvellous Mobb is tonic, intoxicant, bee-swee Morphine raps, you get dope from inner mind-see Shit fienin, now get your fix cos you need it Fuckin up your intravenous, the Infamous Mobb top secret The only way you weakin is if you beakin this Sneak devy niggas mischevious 'knowledgin the GOD behind the scene on some snake shit The vultures, water from their mouth but we can taste it We just waitin with patience Yo, dun, check the cross-examination these niggas fakin So you can scream, you can fiend, you can dream for the bacon or you can snatch the Mac for the faggot, ai! Bang em up, fuck em up

Chorus

Lay the fuck down, down, down, down...

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