

## **DJ Clue F/ Mobb Deep**

### **"The Professional"**

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[DJ Clue] \*echoing\*

New shit, Mobb Deep featuring Noyd (like this dunn)  
The Professional, used from my nigga Vic  
Haha

[Prodigy]

Yo you catch chills, P stimulates your eardrum  
Tastebuds, more higher than drugs, my song take all  
I blastoff on the track law  
My shit is pure satisfaction, what more could you ask  
for  
Wit facts like an ?ansaw?, I pour fire on earth, I been to  
hot raw  
Do Queens tires get burnt, let's peel through the real  
Slide through my terrain, take a ride wit me  
Check out my lifestyle, it's a off-road course  
I stay challenged, but that's a good thing  
Cuz it creates balance, Infamous wild life federation  
My congress, sit down and conversate ya fate  
Derate barracks, don't get yourself embarrassed  
My click savage, y'all niggaz is average  
I'm handling your Most V.P., put em in P.C.  
Nigga, it's the I-M-D nigga (CLUE)

Chorus 2x

Chorus [Havoc]

Cuz we plottin, leave the cats wit one option  
Start hoppin, cuz when it's on we ain't stoppin  
The click'll get the message when shit start droppin  
Don't got a gat stashed, you better start coppin

[Havoc]

Now you can talk about a nigga, criticize my faults  
But in New York, got it locked wit bolts, blow the vote  
Overdose, while you cop block and cut throats  
Me and my click's champagnin, and campaigning  
While you rhyme about your jewels, and sniff that shit  
up in your nostrils  
I'll be plottin on your life, to put one up in your fossil  
Niggaz think they gully, on the inside sweet like honey

Niggaz want the bitches, we just want the money  
Federal notes, flipped blue, keys of coke store frontin  
watchin his dough  
Tourin the coast, pardon wife due, gettin babies drunk  
Call me foul, deep down, you gotta admit, you like my  
style  
Put holes in your Polo, I know your M-O, you half homo  
Joinin my team, that's a no-no  
Say what you want, don't let it talk for you  
And that's my word, I'll have this hollow tip stored for  
you

Chorus 2x

[Noyd]

One time nigga, two times nigga yo  
I dig the way Clueminatti got the beats rollin through  
the body  
The type of tracks, got me killin these cats  
Twenty-one and black, mental inner city minds be exact  
When niggas in the hood ain't no good, carry gats  
And leave you on your back in a hurry  
Especially, dealin wit the money  
Rockin Pelle fuckin wit the Spanish mami cheffin up by  
dellis  
Now we got the guns pumpin jums out the back of a  
deli  
Really, these chumps gettin slummed on the daily  
Forty days, forty weeks, either these raps are back in  
the streets  
Stackin cracks up in the fleece, so Hav blaze the bees  
And pass that to me, and I'll bless piece  
So this way the whole fam eat  
Be the Infamous of this shit, pioneers of this  
Survival of the Fittest, nobody's fuckin wit this  
So fuck around wit Hav, you fuck around wit me  
You fuck around wit me, then you fuck around wit P  
You fuck around wit us, then you fuck around wit three  
Mothafuckers from the NYC, what nigga uh, what nigga  
Clueminatti

Chorus 2x

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