

George Strait F/ Frank Sinatra

"Mobb Deep Freestyle"

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Prodigy:

The illustrious, ashes to ashes and dust to dust
If you fuck with us, it's a must we bustin
If you stand with us, nine times out of ten son
He might get bucked

Is we marked for death? maybe marked for life
Cut by the gem star, razor tight, try to avoid that
Get this money up, live right, then it's put right
Anybody standin in the Mobb way, the hard way
To get his ? feet and the extra ? never lose sleep
Never roll less than two deep
Cause we mobb deep roll silent on this hard street
Talk the ? only eat dog meat we was stompin on
Have your mind baffled like an unknown phenomenon
Chop shit up like it's time for some ?

Havoc:

And all you bitches that you hittin' we done ran through
that
Plus ? that's why the king's stand will crack

Big Noyd:

I die from the causes
Dive in these streets of New York kid
I'm dyin to find who the informer is
You know the fam strictly biz
So what the deal is dude
Think you got a little confused
Comin out of QB not DC
Any problemo then see me
Bring it to the T-O-P
Rapper Noyd baby comin at ya
Holdin it down gettin around
Constantly comin at ya
Right back at ya with thug shit
Sit back relax you'll love this
Slim Jim, brown skin and rugged
Timb's unfastened pants saggin fuck it
We can do it however you want it
Even E&J or either blunted

Catch me sober
Peel a heat out of the holster and mini rover
It's the new Noyd order
I slaughter with Havoc and P
Funk Flex Final Chapter Volume 3 nigga

(Funkmaste Flex shout outs)

Prodigy:
Meditate to this
Celebrate my shit
Here's a toast to the most loved rap cage niggas
Entertain the thought
Of the grain being crossed
And the pain is brought, cuz in vain you talked
This be the rapture they spoke of in Revelations
Reveal the truth to the nations, it's only basic
Public relations so real you could taste it
Bitter to the mouth of those that hate this shit

Calico:
Face off, Jake's tryin to slap me in bracelets
My rap papers is so major
Base a wager that Timax won't pull out first
Calico's verse fire, can I disperse
Max like ? sax and A-blac ?
Dun burn that, put it all in they ear don't hold back
In the Ac with the rest of my type, only my kind
Niggaz that'll take you to war, you outta line

Prodigy:
You crossed the fine space between love and hatred
Entertwined with the rest of my elite clique
Countermoves get plenty steps ahead of you
Men'll do all type of shit just to prove
They militant but get knocked the fuck out the box
quick
They must have forgot how the mobb drop jewels and
take spots
Y'all dudes don't deserve to eat
Mic check nigga, drop it like it's hot and bleed

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