

## Mobb Deep F/ 112

### "Full Clip"

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DJ Premier: Big L, Rest In Peace

Intro: samples

--Feel the realness--

--In this business of rep--

--Go ahead--

[Guru]

Fresh out the gate again, time to raise the stakes again  
Fatten my plate again, y'all cats know we always play to win

G-A-N-G, to the Starr's, son

Haters, took this shit too far, son

So thats all for you, I'm whipping out your whole team

I'll splatter your dreams with lyrics to shatter your schemes

The badder you seem, the more lies you tell

The more lies you sell, then by surprise you fell

Into my deathtrap, right into my clutches

Stupid, you know the God must bless every single mic he touches

I've suffered, just so I could return harder

Wanna be the shit starter? Fuck around, make you a martyr

I make ya famous, turn around and make ya nameless

Cause you never understood to me how vital this rap game is

Save it and hold that, you catch a hot one

Rhymes chase a fake nigga down soon as I spot one

Chorus: Gang Starr samples, except where noted

--Full clip--

--Do you wanna mess with this?--

--Gang Starr--

--I'm one of the best yet--

--I'm nice like that--

"It's all good" ---> Noreaga

--In this business of rep--

\*repeat, change last line to: --so I suggest you take a rest--\*

[Guru]

So if you stand in my way, I'm gonna have to spray  
Learn that "if you come against me son your gonna  
have to pray"  
Since back in the day I held The Weight and kept my  
head up  
The wanna see the God catch an L Itz all a Set Up  
I give no man or thing power over me  
Why these niggaz so jealous and lookin sour, over me?  
I'm bolder, G, I'm like impossible to stop  
I'm like that nigga in the ring with you, impossible to  
drop  
I'm like two magazine fully loaded to your one  
Plus I ain't gonna quit spittin, nigga, till your done  
Plus, more than over, I got my whole shit together  
More than a decade of hits, that'll live forever  
Catchin rep off my name? Your bound to fry  
Know how many niggaz that I know, is done to die  
We never fail, and we ain't never been frail  
You niggaz talk crime, but you scared of jail

Chorus

[Guru]

Attackin like a slick Apache lyrics are trigger happy  
Pullin back your wig piece just for the way your lookin at  
me  
Talk back, blaow! I hit you up right now  
I don't know why so many of y'all wanna be thugs  
anyhow  
Face the consequence, of your childish nonsense  
I could make your head explode just by my lyrical  
content  
Get you in my scope and metaphorically snipe ya  
I never liked ya, I gas that ass and then ignite ya  
The flame thrower, make your peops afraid to know ya  
How many times I told ya, "play your position" small  
soldier  
My heart is colder, makes me wanna resort to violence  
Stop beatin me in the head son, nah, I'm not buyin it  
I'm ready to blast, ready to surpass and harass  
I'm ready to flip, yeah I'm ready to get with all that cash  
I hold my chrome steady, with a tight grip  
So watch your dome already cause this one might hit

Chorus

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