

Mobb Deep F/ Cormega

"Crime Connection"

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[Havoc] Stupid You can't fuck with this, y'know I know
Bring your whole team kid Yeah dunn Yo, I love my
niggas for that We strike back, handle business, test
the realist Stay focused and keep the enemy near us
Niggas is careless, slipping up, switching up teams
Crossing over and getting stuck for their cream
Fronting like their skills is superb and got the nerve To
get knocked the fuck out, then kicked to the curb That's
for you and your whole click, you roll thick More the
better, so like a thick bitch you getting whipped Shitted
on, scuffed off a Mobb Deep song Take your thug off,
you had it on a bit too long Tuck your chain in, you
getting gat for you fourteen karat slum gold cubic
zirconian {?} Talk about it, be about it, you ain't been
doing it So don't start, matter of fact keep it moving
When it's on, accumulate like cancer cells With
advanced shells, leave a snitch dead, son he can't tell
Like a Viking we striking, reconstructing maps Planting
QB flags, son we want to visualize picture Analyze,
situate another better patient A cardiac arrest state of
mind You must be out your motherfucking mind Put you
out of misery, short your lifetime expectancy, didn't
even reach twenty-three First class shot, special
delivery No doubt you wanna leave before you wet your
own crib Talk out the ass at your own risk And won't
give one fuck, two mysterious Chevy trucks Filled with
black cats, crossing your path, that's bad luck Everyone
has a destiny, so we destine To make the best outa life,
crime connection [Prodigy] Yo, I send shots to any man
who come too close Niggas get folded like a letter then
shipped across coast Who goes to go against my
militant crime militia? Like these street niggas sending
missiles to hit ya Up from the ground up son, you get
the picture If not, write it down, take a picture Botanical
exotic shit keep me lifted, something retarded You
fucking up my high beefing, don't get me started Too
late, I'm already on your ass Beat the fuck out anybody
with you, and anybody that grab me Move back, we
attack like pits locked in basements Hungry for blood,
deranged this The craziest type of shit you ever seen in
your life Nigga bled to death, standing up holding his

life Applying pressure to his wounds tryna stop the
blood loss Found laying in a pool of the shit, his own
fault It's P the exulted from NYC You get extremely cut
the fuck up by Scar thee Who can't recognize? Do I
have to prove all the time? And get up close and
personal in front of your eyes See me dipped in down-
low, ready for action, crept slow Moved on your
enterprise and crash your stock Put a hold on your
assets and dug your pop National Geographic niggas
is known for flipping This animal wildlife surround me I
live in And flow through the jungle at night on
expedition I gotta jump for that live shit Survivors of
block wars and crime niggas know what I talk In a black
Tahoe, throw it in four-low to blow the scene dancing
Doing bout a hundred all the way to Queens [Cormega]
It seems like getting ahead lead being dead or in the
feds I kept a Glock in my shoebox under my bed And
had dreams to bag ki's and fill duffel bags with mad
Gs Parley in a condo with a warm breeze and palm
trees My projects is like a fucking Vietnam scene And
my team be repping, setting it with shit that'll rip
through vests, flexing Diamantes When it's on I
regulate shit the calm way Yo I'm smooth like a drop
top Benz with fat rims I made moves in war gear and
black Timbs And laid low, cause I was tryna stay paid
yo Pumping minerals to criminals called yayo The drug
blocks, full of unseen riches and snitches, guns blast to
cops flashing pictures Son asking, can he get a packet
And took a loss when a new task force snatched him
Nine's and Tec's, my hollow-heads outlined your vest
My only fear twenty-five years and death [Outro] {X2}
Ill minds connected, crime connection Never bring beef
in my direction kid Cormega and Mobb Deep supply
your section With the infamous realness, don't try to
test it

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