

Mobb Deep

Lupe Fiasco

Yeah, yeah
That's what it means, what it means, what it means
Uh-huh
Rhymen Shop #2
Uh, for the Clubhouse view, you understand?
Yeah, uh-uh

I endure certain artistic approaches
To obtain a, auspicious hypnosis
Let's call it vibe, October 1995
Have faith in being big
Notoriously, we've been that way since we was kids
Who? Me and my fat street crew
Let me drive, you can take the back seat too
On this ride, but if you need the tre' say to live another day
Or maybe keep health, lord willing there will be seatbelts
If you stay inside, we just talking, walking
Laying stride, this the type of texting that's
Saving lives, word to my favorite side
Spaghetti west
Where big hearts steadies the heavy chest as we
Carry the buried shooters, once married to Larry Hoover
Pause, moment of silence
They put the onus on us of, promoting the violence
We was just open and vibrant coping
Noticing hybrids, oppression and ambition mixed
You know, different shit
Acting as if it was normal, born into ridicule
Formed in the formidable, ghetto
Uh, it's young L-O that's the beginning and end
All these alterations had me penning the hymns
That you you could call voodoo doll
How I be moving y'all using scroll
Noose removing nuisance
Gnaws tooth and too I'm chewing fall
Truant students stupid? Nah, superhuman suits involved
Lucent hue in lieu of stars
Moving balls like two Gasol's
We can do it, Aww
You been hooping dawg
They was duping, we was juking too enthralled
Cooped in coupes and cars
Shoulda been alley-oop'ing the movement cause
For loose and stupid stalling and goofing off
Uh, assistance
Then at a distance
Prodigy from Chicago
Profiting from the potholes
Yachting above the Ott Rose
Poverty with my Vatos
Gobbling up the nachos
This fool
Bars feel like Whittier boulevard full o' cars
You just focus on getting to the paint
I'll focus on the lobs
We call that there, "doing our jobs"
Alley on purpose, never off odds

Jumping out the gym, landing on the stars
Shout out to the mob