

# Extortion

Mobb Deep

Yeah...

Time to let these niggaz know Son  
Niggaz don't even wanna motherfuckin understand  
KnowwhatI'msayin? Time to hit em with the third degree  
Yeah you know the QBC, here to drop a G  
Yo...

Look into the eyes, True Lies, your whole click despise  
Especially me, H-A-V-O-C  
Don't want your chick, cuz she's burning third degree  
Plus you snitchin, you ain't got no ties on me  
I keep it strong, while you scream word is bond  
Lying through your teeth swearing on your first born  
Your word is weak, go hold a wake in this  
Hit you up quick strictly shit that I'm livin in  
You walk a line that's thin, you religious well you sin  
Fuckin with the Mobb, Infamous to the end

I hold a nine Ruger, with an infa-spot disc  
Red dot right at your face, so set sail or rock it  
And kept drivin, pull off like the Indy 5 G  
In a four time Ford truck with Speed  
Like the motion picture, this nigga Gone With the Wind  
My crime work, ninja style shit was did  
And got away with, escaped it, the Jakes from tracing  
Anything that lead to the source, you know the boss  
Of the Mobb killing, is like an Unsolved Mystery  
Puzzling, nobody knows, it's all history  
Madness amongst me, I frequently have to get lovely  
Never fails it's always something  
No rest, daily gotta rock my vest  
I shoot at your best man yeah your MVP  
He played the front line got struck down immediately  
I wave a Mobb Deep flag, you hear the sound as it slaps when  
Heavy load my military hold ammunition  
Far from animation, it's real live, you think not  
My crew, changing New York, who taking your spot  
I put the green light on, your whole click, Island shit  
Running through the hoe-house wilding, extorting

(Extortion, hit that up, extortion, hit that up)

Extortion is the key I got the key for extortion  
Spend your fortune, dead your shorty like abortion  
Take precaution, Infamous laws enforced in  
You married to the Mobb, kid take it then divorce it  
Cause I ain't got no time for them domestic disputes  
If you scared get a dog don't got a click then recruit  
You're weak troop, lost the tan in the mist  
On your name my shit, take it like a man you little bitch

I blaze yo britches, P.L.O. extortion, you forcin  
The hand that rocks the cradle, caution before you enter  
This Shaolin representer, carry thirty-six deadly shits  
You fuckin with, top contenders

Official to the bone gristle  
It don't matter if you bust rhymes or bust pistols  
Remember me, burn a nigga to a third degree  
Don't act familiar motherfuckers you ain't heard of me  
Just peep the stee and the rap how it's supposed to be  
Tap the pockets bag the goods like a grocery, we food-shoppin  
On top of that we hip-hoppin, and don't stoppin  
Out-of-state drawers-droppin, the panty-raiders  
Slide on ya like gators, umped that stank bitch back out  
And then played her, but that ain't nothin  
Crossin this dog walkin, native New York and  
Shaolin slang talkin, rap nigga  
Mr. Freeze crowd shiver  
What? Young, black, and don't give a fuck  
If the next crew get the scissor...

(Extortion, extortion, give that up kid, extortion)

Bottom line, what the fuck you wanna do  
You eyin me, at the same time I'm eyin you, punk  
Wanna pop the most junk  
Be the same motherfucker with the most lumps  
Chew on that shit  
Punk faggot (word up)  
Burn his ass like a book of matches  
(Yeah, that's just about it)  
Under pressure like fat bitches...