Man Down

Mobb Deep

That's my word, GOD! Kick that thug shit, GOD!
Kick that motherfuckin thug shit man! Word up, man!
(What's up, son? What's up?) Word up, get go
(No doubt, nigga!) Money no represent, knowI'msayin?
(All the time, baby) No doubt (YouknowI'msayin?)
Who we got here, son? (Shine, baby, shine)
(Look) Look who we have here, yo! (up in the sky...sky)

Here come the vultures, the Mobb-laced potent rap shit
Perhaps, kid, make it happen, start the flippin
You fuckin comic, who you kidding?
My nigga's laughing, blood bathin, the world's greatest
In-famous crime-zanous
To interfere would be dangerous
Plane descent, stand clear, save your strength
You couldn't do the limp if you was coked up
By my z'd up, whatever the fuck, who gives a fuck? You get fucked
My coalition specialises in collision
The clash of the cliques, the duel o' the iron mac, spit
And leave ya half-split
You'll be missin much more than a fraction
When it's time for action
Hit em while a man down, make that nigga backspin
Trapped up, a ?? madman
We blastin you're collapsin, heavily light my gold Mac 10
Get imprisoned with dem raps they have you relapsin
You get castin the Mobb, deaf and assin
We face splashin, dope fake's ice-pick stabbin
He slow leakin, he 'ternally bleedin for speakin
Outta place, niggas get placed back indecent
Live at the main event may I present
Screamin out loud for any squad that's deaf
My Infamous Mobb, ya heart throb, hold ya breath
It's KO from dead arm rights and hard lefts
Another satisfied consumer who got blessed
Single out ya army til there's no man left

Man down (Man down, down, down, down....)

Lay the fuck down!

Infamous cartel, visible evidence
We scarred well, associated team benevolent
Never hesitant, opposition get settled here with
Sharp shit that'll rip thru
One hundred layers of Kevlar, sharp like the jim star
Exiled, son, he get sent far
He's the foulest, QBC gat bust the loudest
Below profile, peep style, thirsty prowlest
Catchin court cases, pay for your legal aid
Son, that's money wasted, I ain't got time for that
Invest third place on my best sold rap
On the scrap from the ignorant cats
It'll be dead in a few....just like that

Couldn't bust his gat right (Yo, y'know what?)
But now you bucked your own man, amatuer ass
Homeboy take that ass to class
But you cut in, duckin a reality blast
You catch a D minus fuckin with New York's finest
The conversation from them outsiders
Dick riders, connivers bomb ya camp
We know survivors, push you off guard, got homicidin
We analysin, tell you up front ain't no surprises
We take you down first round, give ya man pound

Check it out, dun, them niggas ain't ones
To be blowin off the top and shit, I'm tired of shit
Dun, I'm about to dot the bitch and leave him stiff
Toss me the fifth so I can bless the GOD with gift
Yo nigga Noyd, what's the topic? Yo, the topic is this
Let me start from the beginning at the top of the list
First of all them tight niggas with that space-down shit
I stick a rocket up in they ass and give em a lift
My marvellous Mobb is tonic, intoxicant, bee-swee
Morphine raps, you get dope from inner mind-see
Shit fienin, now get your fix cos you need it
Fuckin up your intravenous, the Infamous Mobb top secret
The only way you weakin is if you beakin this
Sneak devy niggas mischevious
'knowledgin the GOD behind the scene on some snake shit
The vultures, water from their mouth but we can taste it
We just waitin with patience
Yo, dun, check the cross-examination these niggas fakin
So you can scream, you can fiend, you can dream for the bacon
Or you can snatch the Mac for the faggot, ai!
Bang em up, fuck em up

Lay the fuck down, down, down, down...

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!