

# Hell on Earth (Front Lines)

Mobb Deep

Yo, the saga begins, beget war  
I draw first blood be the first to set it off  
My cause, tap all jaws lay down laws  
We takin what's yours we do jerks rush the doors  
Here come the deez tryin to make breeze and guns toss  
In full force, my team'll go at your main source  
We're not tourists, hit bosses and take hostage  
Your whole setup, from the ground up we lock shit  
Blood flood your eye, fuck up your optics  
Switch to killer instincts for niggaz pop shit  
Yo nigga Noyd what's the topic? Nine pound we rocked in  
Ninety-six strike back with more hot shit  
Illuminate my team'll glow like, radiation  
With no time for patient, or complication  
Let's get it done right, my click airtight  
Trapped in a never ending gunfight so niggaz lose stripes  
Or lose life, jail niggaz sendin kites to the street  
Over some beef that wasn't fully cooked, finish em off  
Well done meat, that said twenty-two slug to your head  
Travel all the way down to your leg

R: Aiiyyo it's hell on earth, whose next or gonna be first  
The projects is front lines, and the enemy is one time  
I ain't gotta tell you  
It's right in front of your eyes  
(2x)

We wreck the QBC, nigga rep yours it's all love  
Milli stacked down, heavenly guarded by hollow tip slug  
Then crack down, on wannabe thugs adapt to gat sound  
And bow down, slow the fuck up, see how my foul now  
Articulate, hittin body parts to start shiftin shit  
Never hesitant, it's the crack game unlimited  
Summon rasta we can do this, forever infinite  
Then reminisce, twenty years later how we was gettin it  
Either with me go against the grain you better hit me  
Leggin me or robbin me niggaz better body me  
Cause it's a small world and niggaz, talkin like bitches  
Bitches singin like snitches, pointin you out in pictures  
Cause she rep the QBC faithfully, playa hatin me  
All that bullshit, is just makin me  
More the better, then concentrate on gettin chedda  
If shorty set you up you better dead her, I told you  
Shape and mold you, Sun you, then I hold you  
Like a pimp mind control you double edge blow you  
It'll be I, like I'm supposed to, the click is coastal  
International to local, Bacardi mix physically fix  
Hit you with shit, that'll leave a loose nigga stiff  
Probably thick, Son I solved em  
Pulled him in my world then evolved him to chaos  
Walk the beat like, around the way cops the average pitstop  
QBCity GodFather Part III, Gotti Gambino  
And Ty Nitty, Scarface rest in peace

R:

Yo, the heavy metal king hold big shit, with spare clips

You seein clips when the mac spit your top got split  
Layin dead with open eyes close his eyelids  
Turn off his lights switch to darkness, cause deep in the abyss  
Is street life, blood on my kicks, shit on my knife  
Youse the wild child, kid cold turnin men into mice  
I was born to take power leave my mark on this planet  
The Phantom of Crime Rap, niggaz is left stranded  
Shut down your operation, closed for business  
Leave a foul taste in your mouth, like Guinness  
POW niggaz is found MIA  
We move like the special forces, green beret  
Heavily around my throat, I don't play  
Shit brand new, back in eighty-nine, the same way  
The God P walk with a limp see, but simply  
To simplify shit, no man can go against me  
Test me you must be bent G, don't tempt me  
I had this full clip for so long, it needs to empty  
The reason why it full for so long, cause I don't waste shit  
You properly hit, blood in your mouth, so you could taste it  
Quiet as kept, I lay back and watch the world spin  
I hear thugs, claimin that they gonna rob the Mobb  
When they see us, I tell you what black, here's the issue  
It's a package deal, you rob me, you take this message  
Along with that, I ain't your average cat  
Fuck rap, I'm tryin to make CREAM and that's that  
Whatever it takes however it gots to go down  
Four mikes on stage a motherfuckin four pound  
Speakers leakin out sound and niggaz leakin on the ground  
I could truely care less the God will get his  
Regardless blow for blow let's find out who wear hardest  
This rap artist used to be a stickup artist  
Sometimes I test myself see if I still got it  
A live nigga stay on point never diss  
Regard shit or forget the essence, from which I emerged  
P is sick, so save that bullshit for the burbs  
Live up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin in herds  
We flush through your click get purged