

## Shook Ones part I

Mobb Deep

The most violent of the violent-lest crimes we give life to  
If these QueensBridge kids don't like you  
We bring drama of the worst kind of enemies  
Your first time would be your last earth memories  
It's only your own fault  
I gave you fair warning... beware...  
Of killa kids who don't care  
Unaware fools who be dealt with in time  
It ain't a mystery  
Hop on the words and rhyme  
In nineteenth hundred and ninety square  
All shook niggaz is supposed to have fear  
Trying to get a piece of this pie we don't share  
Prepare for the worst cause I been there  
Try tah, keep a positive mind and walk a straight line don't work  
So niggaz is forced to do dirt  
And God made...  
So this jerk wouldn't hurt  
If I listen to the lessons and the rules I learnt  
On the streets for nineteenth years  
And not leaving  
My first priority is to reach twenty one breathing  
Forever beef  
Nobody would ever be even  
So I grab the heat before breathing  
Lost in this foul mind state  
I can't keep straight thinking  
But I keep my eyes on the earth without blinking  
It's hard to be a man in this land of the venom  
Any man try to front  
He get slugs in him  
Because...

He ain't a crook son... son, he just shook one... shook one...  
We live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And numerous ways that we choose to earn funds... earn funds...  
Some niggaz get shot, locked down and turned nuns  
Cowardly hearts send straight up shook ones... shook ones...  
He ain't a crook son, he just a shook one... shook one...

For every rhyme I write  
Is 25 to life  
To all my peoples in the Bridge  
Know what I'm talking 'bout, right  
Ain't no time for hesitation  
That only leads to incarceration  
You don't know me, there's no relation  
Cause Queens niggas don't play  
I don't got time for the he say, she say  
I'm bigga than dat  
Claiming that you packing gats  
But you scared to get locked  
Once you get upon the Island  
Change your ways and stop  
Thirteen years in the projects, my hard times of living  
Wake up in the morning  
Thank God I'm still living

Sometimes I wonder, do I deserve to live?  
Or I am going to hell for all the shit I did  
No time to dwell on that  
Cause my brain reacts  
Front if you want nigga  
Lay on ya back  
I don't fake jax  
Kid, you know I bring it to ya live  
Stay in a child's place, kid you outta line  
Criminal mind thirsty for recognition mission  
I'm strictly sipping E&J like got my mind flipping  
I'm buggin diggin... over hustling  
Get that loot kid  
You know my motherfucking function  
Cause as long as I'm alive  
I'm a live illegal  
And once I get it  
I'm a put it on my people  
React quick to lyrics  
Like macs I hit...  
Your dome up  
When I roll up, don't get caught sleepin'  
'Cause I'm creepin'...

... You just a shook one

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Yeah...