

The Infamous Prelude

Mobb Deep

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Hold the fuck up

We gonna take this little intermission to listen
To what the fuck I got to say, you know

I been doing this shit for years:
Holding heat, selling
Using, abusing all kinds of drugs;
Robbing niggas, running up in niggas' cribs
You know, the whole shit

So don't ever in your life get me confused
With some of them other niggas that you might see
On TV
Or hear on the radio and such
Know what I'm saying?

I mean, this is me: P
I'm speaking for my fucking self

When you see me:
At the show
Or on stage
Or on the street
I DEFINITELY got the gat on me
You know what I'm saying?

And it ain't like I'm trying to be a tough guy
Or trying to make people think I'm crazy
By sayin' all this shit

But what it is, dat
I know how niggas gets down, alright?
I used to be in the clubs:
The Muse, The Tunnel, whatever the fuck

Niggas get they little drink on
Havin'
Fun with they little crew
(You know what I'm saying)
Start cuttin' shootin' whatever
Things like that
A lot of these so-called "rap niggas"
Ain't never seen no parts of that shit
You know what I'm saying
You dig where I'm coming from?
Word up, yo

And I know a lot of y'all niggas
Matter of fact, all y'all niggas
Is right now listening to this shit
Is like

"We gonna see them Mobb Deep niggas
We gonna see what they about

Know what I'm saying
We gonna see where they head is at"

So yo
I'm gonna let you niggas know right now:
You ain't gotta waste your time
Or your money
On your hospital bills
And if you step to me on a personal level
I don't back down easy
There's a good chance your ass is gonna get
Shot, stabbed, or knuckled down
One out of the three

So don't gamble with your life, duke
Word up
And believe me
I know very well I could get shot, stabbed or fucked up too, whatever
I ain't "Super Nigga", I'm a little skinny motherfucka
It's all about who gets who first, though
You know what I'm sayin?

So therefore, say no more
To all my niggas: Get the money
Frontin' niggas get deceased

And, oh yeah, to all them rap-ass niggas
With your half-assed rhymes
Talking about how much you get high, how much weed you smoke
And that crazy space shit that don't even make no sense
Don't ever speak to me when you see me, know what I'm saying, word
I'ma have to get on some ole "high school" shit
Start punching niggas in they face just for living

Yo, I'm finished what I had to say
Ya'll can continue on