

## Q.U.- Hectic

Mobb Deep

Fuck it kid, whattup Queens in this motherfucker  
(Tell you I'm bangin tonight kid)  
(Yo Shorty got a FATTIE right there)  
Queensbridge in the house, aiiyo wordup  
Aiiyo Ty yo Ty c'mere Son  
(Whattup Boo? Can I buy you a drink or sumpin Boo?)  
Whattup whattup?  
Where Twins and them at yo?  
(The fattie's bangin!)  
I don't know (damn!)  
I think Twins laid up  
Aiiyo Son gimme two Hennessee  
Son I want two Hennessee's yo!  
Straight yo, word up man!

Aiiyo what up with them Queens niggaz man!  
Hey, fuck you!  
What? What the fuck, what?  
Think they killers or somethin man  
Ay fuck you money, whattup kid

I open my eyes to the streets where I was raised as a man  
And learned to use my hands for protection  
in scuffles, throw all my blows in doubles  
I'm coming from Queens motherfucker carrying guns in couples  
And wilding, a Q-U soldier  
From Lefrak to Rockaway back to Queensbridge  
Black it's only crack sales makin niggaz act like that  
Back in the days we could scrap, now you lay on your back  
As things changed with time I traded in my knuckles for a Mac-10  
And rather live the life of crime  
With my Bed-Stuy connection connected in two  
It's live Boo start shit too wild for you  
Peace to, Baesley, Forty-P get down  
And when you outta town represent your ground  
Them niggaz bleed just like us so show em where we come from  
Queens; leavin niggaz done Son

The Mobb gets hectic  
Shit is for real up in Queens we get hectic  
Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic (3x)

As we sling on the corners like we always do  
Son get that loot quick, spending dough like I never had shit  
I'm living large pushin luxury cars  
Though that shit is outta reach, anybody in my wake gets scarred  
Permanently bed-ridden  
And if you're pussy, then motherfucker get in where you fit in  
As I walk around the streets  
Son I got mad beef, I'ma blast you before you blast me  
That's my philosophy cause nowadays you gotta be relentless  
Grab my Mac and slap a nigga senseless  
Don't try to play me if you do you better D.O.A. me  
Son I got em shook grab a little baby for shields  
You got drama run for shelter for real  
Pour some beer for the ill ain't no time to chill  
Hit em up cause I'm quick to erupt like this

Wet em up with the Mac scratch em off my list  
Show em, the real meaning of drama you never had it  
Til you bumped heads with the Havoc  
Ain't nuttin soft or sweat, I lift you off your feet  
When I cock back the heat, whole crews retreat

Ain't nothing soft or sweet, I lift you off your feet  
When I cock back the heat whole crews retreat

We gets hectic  
Shit is for real we abouts to get hectic (2x)

Everything is real inside my mind; these days  
you can't make it if you ain't affiliated with crime  
A lifetime of street living  
Throughout the beef I've accumulated many slugs have been given  
But wilding ain't the way to be living  
You're only gonna end up bloody on a floor shivering  
Or locked up, caught inside the beast  
Meanwhile on the street saying no more peace  
My man, Sto-Bo, kid hold your own  
In a cell locked down not far from home  
And at the same time on the outside I'm representing  
Still packin heat make you cowards keep stepping  
Getting high, it's cause of the lye, I can't lie  
I could move the crowd poppin slugs in the sky  
Why come around if you afraid of what's over here  
My man Havoc put the bug in my ear

On the real, for real, but wait it gets realer  
Real like an innocent child that turn killer  
It's thing like that that only makes things iller  
and makin cream doin sticks if you ain't a drug dealer

(It's) only facts coming out of my mouth feeds  
As far as I can see these streets is getting sour  
Q, U, too much drama to get into  
And niggaz regret when they begin to  
Regardless of your name or what you been through  
Pause for a second, open your eyes and think dude  
Life ain't the game that it seems to be  
Fuck a fantasy I'm leaving in reality  
Caught up in this untouchable mentality  
Hit you up bad, make you loose a few calories  
I need to slow down, movin through life at a high speed  
Watchin all the slow runners pass by me  
I can see through you, due to, my Queens education  
Speaking in behalf of this drug-game nation  
The Foundation, the Queens nation

Up in Queens, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic  
Word up  
Shaolin, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic  
Word up kid  
The B.K., the shit is for real we abouts to get hectic  
KnowwhatI'msayin? (No doubt!)  
And Manhattan, shit is for real we abouts to get hectic  
Up in the Bronx we abouts to get hectic  
Word up, knowwhatI'msayin? The whole world kid  
Shit is over dead, Mobb Deep say party UHH  
KnowwhatI'msayin? Party UHH