

# 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