

Thug Muzik

Mobb Deep

The infamous all around and you know we get down
So everybody hit the ground before you hear the loud sound
Thug muzik, thug muzik [2 times]

All that's loose leaf, my big game
Scrow foul lives, snake eyes
Ready with steel at any given time
I'm a kill, stone-hearted nigga at will
Done this shit real, riddle in a life appeal
And losing again for real like -Armageddon-
Tech sweating your direction
Your face change applection
My whole life been destined, to show as the moon, shape cressin
Caressing these raps like backrubs and bath tubs
I'm blessed, mics of all types learn their lesson
Live from the strike -deadly-
Like gas chambers and pengas in jail
You know the dreall, QB on the hill where I chill
41 side still real, it ain't gone change
My niggas think long range crack the skull frame
Simple and plain fake niggas want claim fame
Real niggas up north, the Vack Sing Sing
It don't make a diff don, first nigga if done
We hit done, make it so shitting up, run up with my gun up
Nigga you be done up right, QB at the end of the night
Take a serve

What's your position?
Trying to come at me sideways
But they ass backwards, jealousy- that's all that is
I see that shit a mile away, but its all gravy
One little glitch and your plan getting hit baby
I got enough for you butt niggas laying in the cut
Like a pit never give up
Character ass, amateur ass, damage your ass
With a touch of class handle that ass
Two aluminum bats, ruin them cats, to explosive gas
Doing them cats, my crew's in the back
Losing it black, I be that bold cat, shine him with the black gat
Hitting it close to my back, my whole click stay strapped
On some Queens bridge survival shit, we strike like that
Full force, we blast at your main source

As I sit back don, I think about my past
When my moms had no cash, and my first time catching crabs
Or at the time when my brother got splashed
It hurt my ass, to see him pass
But now I gotta keep on moving to get this cash
You better kill his ass, if you wanna pass
The premicise for the minister's kid
Called the infamous
Forgive but we never forget
All that fake snake shit, could I never regret
Cause I learn from mistakes that be guiding my steps
But we pull out and cock twice nigga
When you least expect

It's Murda Muzik, real life situations, placed on the paper
For all you cats rapping acting like it cant happen
Nigga we the most infamous, my team
Glow in the dark and clicks the dullest
Overconfident niggas get punished
Take a number and get in and get on line for drama
You whiling like you was one of my own
That shit don't mix, we clashing
Make moves, handle your biz
Gun po's, take action, reach for those
Long chrome noses -up- my gun blows
Your legs turn noodles, you shot a few going down
I give you that much, you ain't out
Close but no ci-gar, you must be a fucking retard
Extending your arm in my direction
You better squeeze hard, my rank is that of up most respect
You niggas only know what you heard on cassette
Manifest words in a flash, niggas only see the light
After they bleed a few pints
Take your most VP don, leave them like the letter T
You won't see me run, unless its police
Now take these words home and think it through
For the next rhyme we write might be about you don

All you niggas so confuses, this is giving you Thug Muzik (2x)