

# 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 drealm, 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)