

Shook Ones, Part II - Mobb Deep Lyrics

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"Shook Ones, Part II"

Word up son, word

Yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billers

(Yo, I got the phone thing, know I'm sayin'? Keep your eyes open)

For real- who ain't got no feelings

(No doubt, son, keep your eyes open)

(I got this, I got this)

(Just watch my back, I got your front, yo)

Check it out now

(Word up, say it to them real-, check this out it's a murda)

I got you stuck off the realness, we be the infamous

You heard of us, official Queensbridge murderers

The Mobb comes equipped for warfare, beware

Of my crime family who got 'nough shots to share

For all of those, who wanna profile and pose

Rock you in your face, stab your brain with your nose bone

You all alone in these streets, cousin
Every man for they self in this land we be gunning
And keep them shook crews running, like they supposed to
They come around but they never come close to
I can see it inside your face, you're in the wrong place (yo, who that?)
Cowards like you just get they whole body laced up (who that right there? I
don't know, son)
With bullet holes and such (we gon' get 'em though)
Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched (you see him? Aight)
You can put your whole army against my team and
I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathing
Your simple words just don't move me, you're minor, we're major
You're all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player
Don't make me have to call your name out
Your crew is featherweight, my gunshots'll make you levitate
I'm only nineteen but my mind is old
And when the things get for real my warm heart turns cold
Another- deceased, another story gets told
It ain't nothing really, ayo Dun, spark the Philly
So I can get my mind off these yellowbacked-
Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure
Meanwhile back in Queens the realness and foundation
If I die, I couldn't choose a better location

When the slugs penetrate, you feel a burning sensation

Getting closer to God in a tight situation

Now, take these words home and think it through

Or the next rhyme I write might be about you

Son, they shook

'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

Scared to death and scared to look, they shook

'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

Scared to death and scared to look

Living the live that of diamonds and guns

There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds (funds)

Some brothers get shot, locked down and turn nuns

Cowardly hearts and straight up shook ones, shook ones

He ain't a crook, son, he's just a shook one

For every rhyme I write it's twenty-five to life

Yo, it's a must, in gats we trust, safeguarding my life

Ain't no time for hesitation, that only leads to incarceration

You don't know me, there's no relation

Queensbridge and we don't play, I don't got time

For your petty thinking mind, son, I'm bigger than those

Claiming that you pack heat but you're scared to hold

And once the smoke clears you'll be left with one in your dome

Thirteen years in the projects, my mentality is what, kid?

You talk a good one but you don't want it
Sometimes I wonder, "Do I deserve to live
Or am I gonna burn in Hell for all the things I did?"
No time to dwell on that 'cause my brain reacts
Front if you want, kid, lay on your back
I don't fake jax, kid, you know I bring it to you live
Stay in a child's place, kid, you outta line
Criminal minds thirsty for recognition
I'm sipping, E&J got my mind flipping
I'm bugging, digging my ways out of holes by hustling
Get that loot, kid, you know my function (function)
'Cause long as I'm alive I'ma live illegal
And once I get on I'ma put on all my people (yo, yo)
React quick, spit lyrics like MACs, I hit your dome up
When I roll up, don't be caught sleeping 'cause I'm creeping
Son, they shook
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look, they shook (he just a shook one)
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death and scared to look, they shook
(We live the life that of diamonds)
'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death, scared to look, they shook

'Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
Living the live that of diamonds and guns
There's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds (funds)
Some brothas get shot, locked down and turn nuns
Cowardly hearts and straight up shook ones, shook ones
He ain't a crook, son, he's just a shook one
Yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)
To all the villains and a hundred dollar billers
To real brothers who ain't got no feelings, yeah
The whole Bridge, Queens get the money
41st side, keepin' it real, you know
Queens get the money
It ain't nothin', son, it's all good
You know I'm sayin?
Uh, they know where we at

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