Mobb Deep, Give It Up Fast

Verse 1: Nas

Got out the airport, the Mobb pick me up in the truck
Jury junkie like fuck, I ain't scared to get stuck
So what's the deal poppy?
You heard the feds almost got me
I had the Cuban posse all up in my room and lobby
Negotiatin like an Illuminati network
Don't catch a body experts and retrospect till the foul connect
When I lost but back then was my fault
Now it's time to floss
Eye For An Eye what's mine is yours
I need a suite with the flowers
complentary at Trump Towers
Sit at the table we can build for hours
on gettin riches, a cinch, take a glimpse
The World Is Yours written all over the blimps
Here's a toast to my foes, it's like a whole new beginning
From ??? and prima, loads of women rockin linen
I got a plan to blow the Hiroshima, Japan
Movin niggas out tha hood and just divide em with fam
Ay yo, the bitches like G Money said to us, man
about the dick like the horse with the cowboy brand

Chorus 1:

Give it up fast, quick and not slow
Not goin to the tables if it's not about dough
Son you know Mobb Deep is runnin this shit
QBC, nigga grab your click

Verse 2: Havoc, Big Noyd, Prodigy

Yeah son, I'm feelin it
Opposition want me dead, concealin shit
Four gats got me livin, kid
Rushin thru my pyramid
You secondary, go against the grain then you adversary
Had to bury niggas on my side, that snitch
ran his mouth like a bitch
now he's layin in a ditch
Daily dug for himself
On his grave I had to piss
Scud missile never miss you
Hit you, scratch you off, we left Jim Star rip thru
You metal deeper, you ain't havin it me either
It's drama, ain't got time for no breathers
Rapper Noyd make these niggas into believers

Huh, huh
Hey Noyd, what up this cat right here, man
Word up!

The tough guy strong me
I guess he got plans to ruin me
He want ta do me slowly but surely
I beat his fast ass a bit early
Grabbed the biased raid, the shit was curly
Put the drome to his dome
Let him know it's never early
You can slide before I snatch the heat from his side
Saw the devil in disguise by the look in his eyes
He was surprised I snatched him up
Regulated his gat and backed him up

Stepped to the side, P blast em up

Hey yo, cannons are rough
You got strucked up, ya strokes slit
So rapper nigga playin thug try to pro shit
(Yo, kill that nigga, man!)
All I remember was I shot for his throat G
You see big guns and 3-D is haunting
It gets deep, fuckin with these Chi-nese
Thai weed burnin my hip from hot gats
Burnin my lips from roach clips
Catch me on 40th and Bootlegger in the a.m.
These *?R-tape meridiam?* cats, insomniacs
Four in the mornin we throwin back some Cognac juice
Lettin gats loose in the blue van blitz-thru
These kids too couldn't find the pistol
Ay yo, I got the Lexus, holdin my necklace
I'm bent off some next shit
Gasoline wick, a kerosene twist
Stumblin, place of my gun right, it's slipped down its calibre
Lookin for chicks that he can stab now
Numbed up for my fiery cup
I held juice of sin's nectar
Saints found they youth
Mega-action, bitches all around ready to fuck
Big asses, you bought all the shit, pressin ya luck
My pipe games like a night train
top speed thru ya warm piece
??? to say the least

Chorus 2:

Give up the pussy fast, quick and not slow
Not goin to the cell if it ain't a freak show
Said you know Mobb Deep is plannin this shit
QBC, niggas grab their click

Chorus 1

Outro: Prodigy

(And that's how it go)
And that's it nigga
(If it ain't a freak show) It ain't a freak show
Y'knowhutI'msayin?
(Don't give up, don't give up, don't give up)
Don't go
(Y'know the deal)
Rapper Noyd, rapper P, Nas, Havoc
To the exit, niggas we out!
What up!
(The Infamous)
It's over baby
(Fuck 9-6 to 9-7)
Tell the rest of the crew