

# Mobb Deep, Know Da Game

(feat. M. O. P. & Noyd)

(Mobb Deep)

Shit is real on the muthafucking hill, God  
Times is hard, visions blurred kid, I can't see far  
Thinking will I be the next nigga deceased  
Over some bullshit beef I pack heat  
Son it's '96 and I ain't going out like that  
Never roll a dollo cuz my crew got my back  
And it's a fact, niggas don't know how to act  
Till I cop back, react, leave 'em laying on they back  
Sometime I try to maintain and chill  
Stop my brain from thinking, restrain from grabbing my steal  
I'm stressed out, trying to live right on the wrong route  
Thinking of ways to get loot in large amounts  
So I chill on the block, nigga respect mines  
A giver wit the mac and the motherfucking tech nines  
So pack steel if you come through, front if you want to  
Before you do, so let me warn you

We more infamous, crime shit, take it to the gat  
Fuck the rhyme shit, you reminded of what the nine did  
Remanded, QBC, then left stranded  
We cock cannons, punishing and back handing

(Chorus) - 2X

(M.O.P.)

In order to survive the game  
Know the game  
Hold your name  
And let them niggas know  
The way to win the war  
Attend the war  
End the war  
And let your hammer go

(Kool G. Rap)

Yo, I'll leave your whole body twisted when you get lifted  
And police'll have to fist rumblistics on a bisket, another statistic  
I try to chill but you insisted coming all in my district  
I don't know why the fuck you risk it  
I be more deep, walking the streets, packing the heat  
Bring the cowmeat, you'll lifted off your feet  
and leave you sleeping on the concrete  
Get blown at home or whatever is on your bone  
Get to flown to your dome, blow chromosomes out your flesh and bones  
Hitman for hire, who's the next one to expire  
Shoot it up in black attire, hit you wit the rapid fire  
The stainless bisket will leave your brain smoking  
Your whole frame broken and clothes soaken, head blown the fuck open  
Try to step inside my fort and get caught  
Wit the trey pound shorter left on the sidewalks of New York  
The decompose, blood flows are holes in your clothes, eyes closed  
Body be frozed, posing for pictures with a rose  
Head to your toes, look like you got wetted with a hose  
The road you choose got your brain drain through your nose, nigga  
So who be committing crimes, dangerous minds, put two to your spine  
Lay you behind enemy lines  
When we cross it and leave you like a broken faucet  
The underworld production family can reinforce it

(Mobb Deep)

Yo, when shit get real, it ain't what you expected

Me and kikos are known to get hectic  
Only to wreck shit, many slugs in all directions  
Make you see the light when my shot makes connections  
Niggas get their face split in section  
Shooked, using ice grilled looks for they protection  
We absorb everything you fear  
And indulging in crime-filled atmosphere  
This shit ain't nuttin' new, it's only things that we used to  
We used to stick niggas on the F through to  
The E train, when it's time to recruit  
I humble on the D train, see my man D  
Don't need to purchase my cocaine, word to my newborn seed  
A nigga gotta make loot to support greed  
On the wildside of the fence, the shit is on the verge of explosion  
It's so cold, you might get frozen  
If you leave yourself vulnerable and time lasping  
Fools collasping and caught up in gun clapping  
No matter who you are if you know many faces  
I don't discriminate, my shot bleed all races  
And coaches, we sorts like vultures  
Eating your insides like ulcers and pour niggas closer nigga

(Chorus)