

# Mobb Deep, Man Down

Intro: Prodigy and Big Noyd

That's my word, GOD! Kick that thug shit, GOD!  
Kick that motherfuckin thug shit man! Word up, man!  
(What's up, son? What's up?) Word up, get go  
(No doubt, nigga!) Money no represent, knowl'msayin?  
(All the time, baby) No doubt (Youknowl'msayin?)  
Who we got here, son? (Shine, baby, shine)  
(Look) Look who we have here, yo! (up in the sky...sky)

Verse 1: Prodigy

Here come the vultures, the Mobb-laced potent rap shit  
Perhaps, kid, make it happen, start the flippin  
You fuckin comic, who you kidding?  
My nigga's laughing, blood bathin, the world's greatest  
In-famous crime-zanous  
To interfere would be dangerous  
Plane descent, stand clear, save your strength  
You couldn't do the limp if you was coked up  
by my z'd up, whatever the fuck, who gives a fuck? You get fucked  
My coalition specialises in collision  
The clash of the cliques, the duel o' the iron mac, spit  
and leave ya half-split  
You'll be missin much more than a fraction  
when it's time for action  
Hit em while a man down, make that nigga backspin  
Trapped up, a ???? madman  
We blastin you're collapsin, heavily light my gold Mac 10  
Get imprisoned with dem raps they have you relapsin  
You get castin the Mobb, deaf and assin  
We face splashin, dope fake's ice-pick stabbin  
He slow leakin, he 'ternally bleedin for speakin  
outta place, niggas get placed back indecent  
Live at the main event may I present  
Screamin out loud for any squad that's deaf  
My Infamous Mobb, ya heart throb, hold ya breath  
It's KO from dead arm rights and hard lefts  
Another satisfied consumer who got blessed  
Single out ya army til there's no man left

Chorus:

Man down (Man down, down, down, down....)  
\*repeat x3\*  
Lay the fuck down!

Verse 2: Havoc

Infamous cartel, visible evidence  
We scarred well, associated team benevolent  
Never hesitant, opposition get settled here with  
sharp shit that'll rip thru  
one hundred layers of Kevlar, sharp like the jim star  
Exiled, son, he get sent far  
He's the foulest, QBC gat bust the loudest  
Below profile, peep style, thirsty prowlest  
Catchin court cases, pay for your legal aid  
Son, that's money wasted, I ain't got time for that  
Invest third place on my best sold rap  
On the scrap from the ignorant cats  
It'll be dead in a few....just like that  
Couldn't bust his gat right (Yo, y'know what?)  
But now you bucked your own man, amatuer ass

Homeboy take that ass to class  
but you cut in, duckin a reality blast  
You catch a D minus fuckin with New York's finest  
The conversation from them outsiders  
Dick riders, connivers bomb ya camp  
We know survivors, push you off guard, got homicidin  
We analysin, tell you up front ain't no surprises  
We take you down first round, give ya man pound

Chorus

Verse 3: Big Noyd

Check it out, dun, them niggas ain't ones  
to be blowin off the top and shit, I'm tired of shit  
Dun, I'm about to dot the bitch and leave him stiff  
Toss me the fifth so I can bless the GOD with gift  
Yo nigga Noyd, what's the topic? Yo, the topic is this  
Let me start from the beginning at the top of the list  
First of all them tight niggas with that space-down shit  
I stick a rocket up in they ass and give em a lift  
My marvellous Mobb is tonic, intoxicant, bee-swee  
Morphine raps, you get dope from inner mind-see  
Shit fienin, now get your fix cos you need it  
Fuckin up your intravenous, the Infamous Mobb top secret  
The only way you weakin is if you beakin this  
Sneak devy niggas mischevious  
'knowledgin the GOD behind the scene on some snake shit  
The vultures, water from their mouth but we can taste it  
We just waitin with patience  
Yo, dun, check the cross-examination these niggas fakin  
So you can scream, you can fiend, you can dream for the bacon  
or you can snatch the Mac for the faggot, ai!  
Bang em up, fuck em up

Chorus

Lay the fuck down, down, down, down...