

Big Noyd, Recognize and Realize, Part 2

Havoc:

Yo its the real, son you know how it go
Ass out like a child get blown you on the streets though
Regulatin s.o's, eternal banger leave your jug vain hangin
You want beef, it aint bangin
Foul memories, you was bent but you remember its the infamous
Never took our shoes off when we handle
Stash gash gortex
Swimmin hennee leave the floor wet
Stormed out, man down make leakin on the compound
To all you fake crooks, stay shook, frontin with those thug looks
Get yo mug cooked and plus your thug took
You overlook the fact that shit was real
Now I got to take that ass to school for real
My click did pussy niggas down with the quick
My peeps guzzilin while your crew was takin sips
Set the vault lampin comin through comin through
Q B in this muthafucker what you wanna do

Big Noyd:

The trife life of living famous bustin' shots live it's dangerous
In midnight we do it right in broad light
The trife life rough wearin' handcuffs like bracelets 25 to life we faced it
Got on the run and got wasted
Mad agony havin me more vexed
Got me pullin' out techs on opposite sex
The cream got me fiend for masterville scheme
Like doin' drivebys in stretched limozeens
I got tons of guns my niggas on the run pack the nickel plated ones
Get the cheddar however dun cause niggas got dreams
Painted king the drug sling got they brain drained
Just to sling cocaine continusly seriously
My brain blunted the lye done it
We makin' hundreds that's all we wanted
To see my ill mean team seein cream
The Infamous comin outta Queens
Yo check it check it

Prodigy:

Yo it's the Pee me and the N.O.Y.D.
We put the chedda togetha so we can double the o.z.
It grows like some family trees and beanstalks
Some hustlers naturally born with street smarts
Yo Karate it's you and Gotti y'all lift the weight
Me and Noyd attempt staring down at the plate
The Mobb niggas living wild inside of New York state
The five gates is a nigga is shook let him shake
While the coke back
Chef trip cook a boulder over the shoulder
With the wonders with they hands in pot holders
Soloist get rolled over
Rappin' Noyd takin' over you crossed over
Then you bucked in October
November, December came out the hospital keyed up
Paralysed from your feet up now slow ya speed up

Hook:

Got my click ready ready to murda mad shit, mad shit
You pop mad shit whats the verdict
Humbly stumble on infamous just be runnin on your weak click
Get mad bent, lay back we peeps ya
Cookin material, what gat we scratch serial
You leary though, we 'liver you to your funeral
Assumin that you got the heart to bust back, im in the cut with not one

But two gats

Prodigy:

Yo its the P realisticly speakin, get left leakin
Reality bites, I strike back, we even
You still breathin make sure his heart stop beatin
You bleed on top the concrete, found indecent
Blank out when I see you, send shots at your cerebral
Go at your throat like a pit bul
Stop and feed you to the vultures, like reek scotchers
Your left limb is from start to finish
Your whole squad get hit hard
I run with a foul type nigs is war scarred
Resembalin Vietnam, infaltries that bomb
Your head nigga, headquarters we take over
My snake niggas crew strike like that of a cobra
Constrict like boas, wrap tight around your soldiers
Enclosed in, trapped within the clutches of madmen

Big Noyd:

Yo whats the verdict about that small cat you coulda murdered
Long back when you used to keep the gat in the engine,
Now rememberin, sayin dont flip, when the mac spits, somebody
Bound to get hit and snitch
You know the shit's been gone for a minute, come on
You still in it, runnin with the team gettin that cream
Do your thing, I respect that, you know that
The guards in charge, whenever you involved, I know the mobb's
On they job
When you creep, I know you go deep, no sleep and more heat
Peal that cap, he nothin sweet it somethin though
You got me serious, now im furious whats next, a cat get clapped and
Offer reflex the thug in the blood for pops, dukes, even my mom too
Held me in the arm felt my doose goose, she said no need to be afraid to
Bleed, Baby please hold the heat with ease, and dont pull it, just squeeze
Ever since I elevated, got my mind situated in due time
Got to get mine, shine they mind, check this chrome nine, Im gettin busy
Lookin spiffy, Im gettin em and hittin em paranoid shittin me

Hook:

Got my click ready ready to murda mad shit, mad shit
You pop mad shit whats the verdict
Humbly stumble on infamous just be runnin on your weak click
Get mad bent, lay back we peeps ya
Cookin material, what gat we scratch serial
You leary though, we 'liver you to your funeral
Assumin that you got the heart to bust back
Im in the cut with not one, but two gats