

# 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

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Im in the cut with not one, but two gats