

Big Noyd, Usual Suspect

(Big Noyd)

yea, yea, yea, I didn't forget about the Queensbridge mothafuckas
Roll the Mobb Deep in this mothafucka, yea, yea
Mario drop the beat...yea, uh Rappin' Noyd
'Bout ta destroy any man, woman, man, boy
I don't give a FUCK, word is bond...

(Hook*Big Noyd*)

(check it) Rough Neck, you soldeir suspect
You hear me boy, Recognize, Rappin' Noyd
Now Destroy, nothing changed, blew you out the frame
Was a small thing, I kept you shook
Cause you know my gat bang

A usual suspect, a soldeir suspect
You hear me void, Recognize, Rappin' Noyd
Now Destroy, nothing changed, I blew you out the frame
Was a small thing, I kept you shook
Cuz you know my gat big

(Big Noyd)

Mr. Untouchable, the unlovable, crimi-nul
Reppin' Queensborough, the rappers back on another level
Matter fact black, check the gat stats
I keep access ta the max
For those who don't know, how ta act
Get laid on they back, and its a fact
You bustin' me - Im bustin' back
So kid dance ta the track or analyze the rap
Before you get trashed-smacked-clapped and thats that
Im strictly hardcore, even more than before
When I was shooting up doors in Baltimore, try'na score
Nappy born hustla, the Hennessey guzala
I been a-black-a-mothafucka
Don't make me buck ya, the .9 pound I struck ya
'9-6 you ask about this convict
Niggaz can't harm this, regardless
Niggaz claiming heartless, Easy for me ta tear
'Par bitch, you don't want ta start this, Im lethal
Don't make me jump (?) B.Q. we ain comin' see you
You best have your mothafuckin' people
Cuz when Im rollin' in the viga, strapped wit' my nigga
When I see you, Im leavin' lead in ya liva

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(Big Noyd)

Now one love ta the thugs on top
Pushin' rocks on the strip going out, bustin' slugs
Pumpin' rocks, do ya thing GOD
Whoevers not involved get rid of 'em, finish 'em
Im playing too close, snacks cut throat
G-nota wrotes, use intellifent folks ta build blunts

Control the .9, steady, ready - blow
Let 'em know, dont be mad at me
Cuz you aint as mad as me, you gradually grow hard
And tear shit apart, shit I spark from the start, and regulate
Takin' your body weight, I leave you critical
The .9's pitiful - blowing brains out
Even aid they won't el' ver lift the stain out
I blowing backs out, niggaz ass out
So watch, what you doing
In them eyes you be screwing me wit'
Fuck around, lay around, make me empty my click
Say the non-sense, I got my click on the Do or Die, trip
Once I cock it, then I got this, now watch me lock it...
...No Doubt Kid, now we out

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(Big Noyd)

Don't, take, it, personal
If it aint about you, it dont apply - let it fly
But you guy, I gatta tear you up, from your asshole to your gut
And if your click wanna flip, they gettin' bucked
Cuz my stealing, scab handeling is outstanding
I be the thug busting slugs, while you tec gemming
One in the head, I cant stand it, but I gatta handle it though
Leave you wet though, sweep the .44
Make you take those and swallow those
My click a bunch of wild desperados
Stuck of the hydro, Hennessey rock hard
We got this shit lock all
My click strike back hard, an thats my word
Fuck around and have that ass in the sky
Wit' the birds, thats my word
You carry a gat, you think you that nigga please
You dont wanna feel none of these, hollow tips
That mack about ta spit, aw shit
Noyd about ta get up on that buc-wild shit, the Infamous Mobb

(Prodigy)

The most Infamous - Scarface - leave ya ass faceless
Grip 'em, R.I.P. - but you still right here, wit' me
G.O.D. part 3, Gotti on the mission
H.A. - V.O.C., the clear vision
C.Y. N.I.T.T. - Y. I dont know, But ta do time
An tell Killer Bee - Gambino
Yo if we dont sell a million, we gonna stick chemical banks
Straight up and down - this is how P. think
Kicko - long time no see, no doubt wit' outta doubt
Money long'll, knock 'em all the way out
Rappin' Noyd, jump the negroh out for premises
Iller G, my eye-witness, eyes, hes got the dead on, lies
A gradual lives a survive, we got diamonds - flooded up plenty
Push GOD, civilized GOD - turn of the century shit
We cant take it, bless me wit' a high note, baby

GOD brothers, Mike Check - crush something kid

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