

# Mobb Deep, Bulworth

(prodigy)

Aiyyo, wordup dunn  
Man you know how I feel  
Gotta be more to it than this, word up

\*doing an impression of scarface\*  
This what it's all about dunn? uh?  
Eating, drinking, f\*\*king, sucking (can't understand)

Whattup, I don't know baby  
Nah man, it's not, it's not yo word up  
I'm tellin you right now  
I know this shit though, aiyyo

Disagreeable, foul energy, tryin to  
Absorb my energy, knowin it's the strength of me  
Take a few to give me a edge  
My green light shine bright, kryptonite type  
Fully operational, my physical cream  
Put the bottles of smoke down, pick up a magazine  
Popped it inside the ar-15  
Put it aside, round up the regime  
While you rely on religion, I hold a nine  
On the mission, to pull fire on your opposition  
Revelation was the vision of this  
Crack the heavens, it's time to bring the business, shit  
My story goes back to them lost pyramids  
I'm seeing things that you won't believe exists  
He use a lunar-tick, suspended in time dunn  
The secondary light got your mind  
You rock the fatigues, to squab until ? popular? guns  
But are you really prepared, for the things to come?

(krs-one)

Check it out  
True underground sound from the boogie down  
Uptown downtown gather round for the showdown, in they faces  
Calling out these racists, at rolling stone  
Spin details and other places, krs is the source  
F\*\*k these magazine leadin hip-hop off course  
You'll print about black mayors, black senators  
Why you ain't got no black editors?  
Everytime I do an interview in rolling stone  
They sendin me a writer that look like he's home alone  
Ignorant, to the culture and the microphone  
This has got to stop -- your whole spot  
Is blown sky high, battle why try?  
My view is bird's eye, scopin with my third eye  
You don't understand, why you're publically banned

Until you recognize the writing skills of a black man  
Black editor, all of us ain't thuggin  
Gossiping over who's homosexual  
Some of us are black intellectuals, up in harlem world  
You can't get with me, so now in midtown  
You wanna stop and talk to me?  
Bitch ass journalist, is this your fake hip-hop publication?  
Look I'm burnin this

(method man)

How many didn't want to see it happen  
Street moves, live from staten, if life is a joke, nobody laughin  
Hate to see a brother do good through legal action

So you sabotage and throw a def in the squad  
Fo'-fo's blastin, keep the po-po flashin  
These dark soul assassins, jake's hate the gods with a passion  
So I keep it movin in an orderly, fashion  
Pedal to the floor -- peep the jim crow law, mind control theory  
Y'all niggaz don't hear me, generation next  
Droppin fast who's next, next to get wet  
By the reign of the tech-knowledgey, follow me  
Open up wide now, swallow me, every calorie  
Is reality the truth, the whole truth and  
Nothin but the truth, taste is the proof  
These niggaz want the juice, and in the crossfire  
Be the youth, who didn't learn to duck when they shoot

(kam)

What kind of party is this, it's that political kind  
Where america's best, most hypocritical minds  
Try they hands at keepin y'all deaf dumb and blind  
And for the right dollar sign, do white collar crime  
Behind suits, and clean shaves  
I confuse em and use em as tools and slaves  
Because my schools is graves and jobs is plantations --  
I robs the damn nation  
So I can live in luxury, you f\*\*ks with me  
You marryin the dirt and i'ma throw in the tux for free  
I tell the people what they wanna hear  
I make em laugh and cheer, and then they re-elect me every year  
So when the coast is clear, I stop duckin  
And start back doin dope, cussin and f\*\*kin  
I kiss the babies, shake hands, wave and smile for flicks  
That's my style, my pol-i-tricks  
Triple-six convicts, lyin is automatic  
In the government, republican or democratic  
F\*\*k freedom, justice and equality  
Nigga just accept my apology and suck this trick-knowledgey