

# Mobb Deep, Infamous Mobb - Killa Queens

Yeah Yeah, Yeah, grab the pump pump (yeah)  
It's on we 'bout to thump thump

(NOYD verse)

Well if I jump I feel bad luck upon me  
Make me grab my pump and call my Brook-Lyn army  
We buy QB to NC  
Niggas don't want it  
Debate to the G's and the west all on it  
We all flaunt it guns & chicks  
And all my thuns rhyme holding their dicks  
With a nine on their side from hip to hip  
You know the mobb niggas is sick and stay bent  
Twist it get right, me and my guns is tight  
And we both heated when the funds aint right  
Because we know someone getting stuck tonight  
Before I crash I'm a f\*\*k me some ass tonight  
With a pocket full of dough  
The bottle of the dro  
With dreams of f\*\*king some R&B hoe  
They call me N-O-Y-D baby  
From QB baby don't hate me  
We live, I rep Queens

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

NOYD: Queens!  
Godfather: Where niggas they get caught up in between guns  
NOYD: Queens!  
Godfather: Casino cash, cream killa Queens thun  
NOYD: Queens!  
Godfather: Where I live, what I rep  
NOYD: QB thun, Queens!  
Godfather: The Mobb rep  
NOYD: Queens!  
Godfather: You know we rep

(Ty Knitty verse)

I blow dro in Q-boro  
Ain't nothing change same boro  
Just more places now  
I'm tatoed up now  
Still rep 41st, 'til I be put up in the hearst (you heard?)  
Even after that yo my daughter and my son 'gon live on  
7, 1, 8 zip code triple 1, O,1  
A yo its queens, money, whips and fiends  
Bald heads and fades, du rags and waves  
Can't forget about braids  
Niggas don't rock like us

Ain't no hood like us  
A yo I rep QB 'til I R.I.P  
96 buildings 6 blocks in QB  
Everyday is like a movie, so you know we had to pursuit it  
First joint 'murda muzik'  
A yo y'all niggas 'gon feel it  
The hood is running wild  
Every clique 'gon throw it up  
Y'all know what up  
Queens don't give a f\*\*k

(Chorus 2X)

(Twin Gambino verse)

Queensbridge, and thats how it is

If I can't I get you I'm a bring it to your kids  
Your moms, whatever it takes to strike back  
I'll be waiting in your crib with the mack  
Black gloves, no mask so you can see my face  
And realize QB ain't playing no games  
We think long range  
So we can ride for the kids  
And look out for my niggas up north doing bids

(Prodigy of Mobb Deep verse)

Thun we'll stop your shine, we Queens niggas  
Plus my Bed-Stuy niggas will shoot up your medinas  
We the black entrepreneurs we the black mobb  
I told you it was more real than words can muster  
I see you fagg\*ts don't listen wanna bite my shit  
You better walk with security my niggas dump clips  
Catch you with your rap clique, and beat the shit out y'all  
You could have a 30 deep entourage  
You could have guns galore, shanks and more  
We can bang to the EMS come and haul us off  
I could give a f\*\*k for what projects you ride for  
We got dogs out there and we not scared  
Nigga I'm not the one, we not the team  
Matter fact don't even wirt me back see me in the streets  
See me at the next show  
Catch me at the club  
We terrorize y'all niggas thun

(Chorus 4X)