

# Mobb Deep, One Of Ours Part II

(feat. Jadakiss)

You know, situation like this

Sometimes you know you gotta give back to the community

Gotta show these motherfuckers how to wipe them thangs off y'know?

Teach 'em a little somethin

[Havoc]

Pick you up, off your feet like a forklift, but instead it's the four-fifth

Ragu red, your brain leakin them sauces

Like an, autopsy leavin 'em nauseous, when I aim at your bosses

Put a pep in that bop that you walk with

When my tec spittin at reinforcements

I could never be a victim, but the streets I endorsed it

Spittin that real, y'all cowards just cough it

Like fluids in my lungs, motherfucker I'm more sick

You turn them hoes off, I put 'em on so they on this

You talk game grammar school, mines metamorphic

Dem fools ain't killin nuttin in the club, they all bent

My intent is to sober that ass up, leave 'em all drenched

See what a few cups of liquor can offset

Got a little paper, I ain't stressin, they all press

Ain't sellin records, they come at me for more press

When they realize it's real them dudes out coppin more vests

Better learn how to

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Wipe, them guns off, get that money money

Wipe, a nigga smile, off ain't nuttin funny

Show, you motherfuckers, just how hungry you

get, when your feet are touchin (kid a nigga hungry / yeah, he one of ours) \*

[\* changes each repeat]

[Prodigy]

P gunna, shots stay a come up

out them hammers at light speed, make it a hot summer

in New York, New York - a.k.a. Ground Zero

The Big Apple, with the worms in the middle (eww)

The White Castle, the Empire State

The home of that Time Magazine new face

Metropolis of the world, I'll show you where I come from

by how the cash stack, and how I make a gun bust

But look past that, and listen how a killer be

Imagine the concert, they dancin on they seats

Shorty mad gettin stained, she damn near about to faint

She never saw a grimy dirty nigga like, P

With mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin hard not to blink

Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing

Mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin hard not to blink

Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing

BANG!

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss]

My niggaz they can't stop us

Ev'rysince we got our hands on the AR's, the S, and the fresh choppers

All of them is filled to the top with the vest poppers

We can get it on with America's Best Coppers

Soon as the lead pop you, whoever don't make it

to the funeral or wake can catch you on Ted Koppel

I'm a rare thumper, you just a gay nigga

with a rainbow sticker on your rear bumper

They say life is short, death is longer

That makes it even harder to express my hunger

And I don't wanna polly y'all, I'm a zone of my own

Sorta like Tom Hanks talkin to that volleyball

A "Cast Away," I'll blast away

Fuck if you broke tomorrow, get cash today

And even though it's hard, niggaz is on they job

It's the Ryders and the Mobb, before my niggaz starve we'll  
[Chorus]