

Prodigy Of Mobb Deep, What U Rep

(Prodigy)

Wha, what the f**k yo? F**k yo?

Is it real? Really? ..

Teach y'all niggaz how to rap yo

Show y'all niggaz how to expose a sound

(Noreaga)

Spit on these cats nigga, spit on these cats what, what?

(Prodigy)

F**kin dickblower.. (thug like what?)

Yo (yo!) At ease! Back where you supposed to be

P put it back where it's supposed to be

Supposedly, niggaz comin close to me

Trash rap niggaz can't f**k with the...

... exulted, affluent life style I kick

calm shit that make your livest rep wanna harm shit

Don't be alarmed when the guns bang (why?)

It's only natural for my dunns to hurt some-thang

Cop a squat though, you might learn some-thang

We givin out back braces and arm slings

Reality rap, the only song I sing

Nuttin fugazi, strictly the real thing

Live in the flesh, my niggaz fresh out the pen

(When you see dem) When I see you dunn, new guns, money ain't a thing

(Money ain't a thing, nigga what, what?)

You could catch me in the clique, in the spot everyday

Nore guzzle the Crist', I down Chardonnay

Pardon me, 'fore you get knocked out the way

Everyday it's like a title fight take place (no doubt)

Aiyyo Nas - f**k that nigga just say? (What he say, huh?)

Aiyya Noyd, tell Manny P. to pass me the shank (shank nigga)

I think it's time to take 'em to the hood, let's play

Ese, I like it when it get that way

Chorus: Prodigy + (Noreaga)

So what you rep dunn?

(Iraq, where niggaz burst guns

and everybody on the block pump junk

So what you rep dunn?)

Dunn the infamous, Q.B. houses

Where niggaz stand out all night, and make thousands

What you rep?

(Iraq, where niggaz get buried

And we fight dirty, and stay hungry

So what you rep dunn?)

Q.B., we like to blow faces

And pop slugs in your illest nigga's rib cages

(Noreaga)

Aiyyo, yo

Stick it to you, black magic like voodoo

They can't f**k with us, 'cause y'all cats straight doo-doo

(You niggaz stink like shit)

I'm from Iraq, home of the snakes

Niggaz ain't got love for the jakes; do whatever it takes

Climbin down terraces, and the fire escapes

Yo we move money, money move me

Yo I'm usually, livin it up (livin it up nigga what?)

Gettin my dick sucked

Bone a bitch in the butt, make her say what-what

(Prodigy)

Now gun talk, do you speak the same language?
For your sake, I hope so, let's rap a taste yo
My shit spit like a retard, and plus boss
I drool for the day me and you could face-off
It gets gangster, when my clique step in the room
We blow torches, and celebrate good fortune
This is for my dunns who rest in coffins
I wish y'all was, wish y'all was here

(Chorus)

(Noreaga)

Yo what the deally P? Iraq, can buy out Q.B.
And you know we smash the industry, negatively
So f**k a good boy, I always been a foul hood boy
Yo as a youth I had ring-worms, and all that shit
A lil' dirt ball nigga, throwin dirt at ya clique
Cause me an Aknel nigga ain't packed no bags
We rather, be in the streets, sellin yellow mesc' tabs
Cause where we from, muh'f**ker yo the game don't stops
Or we was, out thuggin yo we had chicken-pox
Me Mus', Maze, Outlaw, +Final Chapter+ brigades
It definitely get real, on stage
I ain't the Madd Rapper, but I'm mad at rap niggaz
They're sellin records yo, actin like they clap niggaz
Cause me and P. get money like L.S.G.
While them cats small change like a E.S.3.
Yo I'm still the same cat, that I used to be
Often, I'm on tour with my rosaries
Coastin, always hit 'em with the thug potion
Look at you now, now you just full emotion
Prankster height, my peoples like the gangster-type
Queens niggaz like to shoot, ain't afraid to fight
While y'all niggaz wear Pampers like the cradle type
Mainly hype, thugged-out, shined with light

(Chorus)