

# Quiet Storm

## Mobb Deep

In broad daylight get right.  
Just been through it all man  
Blood sweat and tears  
Niggaz is dead and shit  
What the fuck else can happen yo?  
We done seen it all, and been through it all yo  
Let y'all niggaz know right now  
Word to mother, for real, for real  
That shit is the truth  
I'm not lyin.  
Blowin niggaz wit rusty ass German things  
Keepin it thorough is our motherfuckin claim to fame  
Throw on your wetsuit, when it rains, it pours and all  
Hit em with the four  
Don't even know him from a hole in the wall  
Get at me, niggaz wanna clap me, snitches wanna rat me?  
Put it right where they back be  
Keep my Dunns close to me, enemies even closer  
Sendin kites with the Motorolas, yo  
Give 'em the cold shoulder with a hollow-tip to match  
Bad apple outta the batch, obsessed with gats  
Since a little dude, eatin niggaz food, buck-fifty's  
Niggaz can kill me but they comin wit me  
How about that, send the Queen Bee to attack  
Only a fly bitch like that can leave em and laugh  
Rock em to sleep, make em think the drama is dead  
Yo I smile up in your face though I'm plottin instead  
Uhh, uhhYo it's the real shit, shit to make you feel shit  
Thump em in the club shit  
Have you wildin out when you bump this (hip-hop )  
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut  
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough"Hot damn hoe, here we go again"  
(Lyte as a Rock) bitch, hard as a cock bitch  
This shit knock for blocks through hardtops  
in the parkin lots, where my nigga Rock like to spark-a-lot  
My Brook-lyn style speak for itself  
Like a wrestler, another notch under my belt  
The embezzler, chrome treasurer  
The U-N-O competitor, I'm ten steps ahead of ya  
I'm a leader, y'all on some followin shit  
Comin in this game on some modelin shit  
Bitches suck cock just to get to the top

I put a hundred percent, in every line I drop  
It's the Q to the B, with the M-O, B-B  
Queensbridge Brooklyn and we're D-double-E-P  
What? Y'all wish I lived the life I live  
Aiiyyo Prodigy, tell em what this is Dunn  
Uhh, uhh  
Yo, I could never get enough of it, yo that's my shit  
I need that shit, to boost my adrenaline  
Yo rock that shit, that real life shit  
Makes bitches wanna thug it, makes the projects love it  
We come through like, "Fuck it"  
Y'all want problems, persue it, let's do it  
Infamous Mobb bosses, check out the portrait  
at the round table, my Dunn speakin with his Twin ghost  
It's gangsta how we rock, while you watch  
Attracted to our style, this is how we get down  
wit big jewelry and big guns  
We get busy, it get grizzly, beat niggaz bloody  
Twist niggaz frontin, get to runnin  
'fore the mens get to dumpin, the fans get to thumpin  
M-O-B-B, got the whole spot jumpin  
When my niggaz step in the place  
Damn, you gotta luv it  
It's the real  
Hah, it's the real baby, hip-hop hip-hop hip-hop.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>