

# Shook Ones, Pt. II

## Mobb Deep

Word up son, word  
yeah, to all the killers and a hundred dollar billas  
(yo I got the phone thing, knowmsayin', keep your eyes open)  
for real niggas who ain't got no feelings  
(keep your eyes open)  
(no doubt, no doubt son, I got this, I got this)  
(just watch my back, I got this first, yo)  
check it out now  
(word up, say it to them niggas, check this out it's a murda)  
I got you stuck off the realness, we be the infamous  
you heard of us  
official Queensbridge murderers  
the Mobb comes equipped with warfare, beware  
of my crime family who got nuff shots to share  
for all of those who wanna profile and pose  
rock you in your face, stab your brain wit' your nosebone  
you all alone in these streets, cousin  
every man for theirselves in this land we be gunnin'  
and keep them shook crews runnin'  
like they supposed to  
they come around but they never come close to  
I can see it inside your face  
you're in the wrong place  
cowards like you just get they're whole body laced up  
with bullet holes and such  
speak the wrong words man and you will get touched  
you can put your whole army against my team and  
I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathin'  
your simple words just don't move me  
you're minor, we're major  
you all up in the game and don't deserve to be a player  
don't make me have to call your name out  
your crew is featherweight  
my gunshots'll make you levitate  
I'm only nineteen but my mind is old  
and when the things get for real my warm heart turns cold  
another nigga deceased, another story gets told  
it ain't nothin' really  
hey, yo dun spark the Phillie  
so I can get my mind off these yellowbacked niggas  
why they still alive I don't know, go figure  
meanwhile back in Queens the realness is foundation

if I die I couldn't choose a better location  
when the slugs penetrate you feel a burning sensation  
getting closer to God in a tight situation  
now, take these words home and think it through  
or the next rhyme I write might be about you  
Son, they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
scared to death, scared to look  
they shook  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
scared to death, scared to look  
livin' the live that of diamonds and guns  
there's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds... earn funds  
some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns  
cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones... shook ones  
he ain't a crook son, he's just a shook one... shook one  
For every rhyme I write, its 25 to life  
yo, it's a must the gats we trust safeguardin' my life  
ain't no time for hesitation  
that only leads to incarceration  
you don't know me, there's no relation  
Queensbridge niggas don't play  
I don't got time for your petty thinking mind  
son, I'm bigga than those claimin' that you pack heat  
but you're scared to hold  
and when the smoke clears you'll be left with one in your dome  
13 years in the projects, my mentality is what, kid  
you talk a good one but you don't want it  
sometimes I wonder do I deserve to live  
or am I going to burn in hell for all the things I did  
no time to dwell on that 'cause my brain reacts  
front if you want kid, lay on your back  
I don't fake jacks kid, you know I bring it to you live  
stay in a child's place, kid you out o' line  
criminal minds thirsty for recognition  
I'm sippin' E&J, got my mind flippin'  
I'm buggin' think I'm how bizar to hold my hustlin'  
get that loot kid, you know my function  
cause long as I'm alive I'ma live illegal  
and once I get on I'ma put on, on my people  
react mix to lyrics like Macs I hit your dome up  
when I roll up, don't be caught sleepin'  
cause I'm creepin'  
Son, they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
scared to death and scared to look  
(he's just a shook one)  
they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks

scared to death and scared to look  
(we live the live that of diamonds)  
they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks  
scared to death and scared to look  
they shook...  
'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks, crooks.  
livin' the live that of diamonds and guns  
there's numerous ways you can choose to earn funds... earn funds  
but some of 'em get shot, locked down and turn nuns  
cowardly hearts end straight up shook ones... shook ones  
he ain't a crook son, he's just a shook one... shook one  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
To all the villains and a hundred dollar billas  
To real brothers who ain't got no dealings  
G-yeah, the whole Bridge, Queens get the money  
41st side (he's just a shook one)  
keepin' it real (you know)  
Queens get the money...  
(Talk fades out)

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

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