

Hell On Earth (Front Lines)

Mobb Deep

(Prodigy)

Yo, the saga begins, beget war
I draw first blood be the first to set it off
My cause, tap all jaws lay down laws
We takin what's yours we do jerks rush the doors
Here come the deez tryin to make breeze and guns toss
In full force, my team'll go at your main source
We're not tourists, hit bosses and take hostage
Your whole setup, from the ground up we lock shit
Blood flood your eye, fuck up your optics
Switch to killer instincts for niggaz pop shit
Yo nigga Noyd what's the topic? Nine pound we rocked in
Ninety-six strike back with more hot shit
Illuminate my team'll glow like, radiation
With no time for patient, or complication
Let's get it done right, my click airtight
Trapped in a never ending gunfight so niggaz lose stripes
or lose life, jail niggaz sendin kites to the street
Over some beef that wasn't fully cooked, finish em off
Well done meat, that said twenty-two slug to your head
Travel all the way down to your leg
Chorus: togetherAiyyo it's hell on earth, whose next or gonna be first
The projects is front lines, and the enemy is one time
I ain't gotta tell you
It's right in front of your eyes
(repeat 2X)(Havoc)
We wreck the QBC, nigga rep yours it's all love
Milli stacked down, heavenly guarded by hollow tip slug
Then crack down, on wannabe thugs adapt to gat sound
And bow down, slow the fuck up, see how my foul now
Articulate, hittin body parts to start shiftin shit
Never hesitant, it's the crack game unlimited
Summon rasta we can do this, forever infinite
Then reminisce, twenty years later how we was gettin it
Either with me go against the grain you better hit me
Leggin me or robbin me niggaz better body me
Cause it's a small world and niggaz, talkin like bitches
Bitches singin like snitches, pointin you out in pictures
Cause she rep the QBC faithfully, playa hatin me
All that bullshit, is just makin me
More the better, then concentrate on gettin chedda
If shorty set you up you better dead her, I told you

Shape and mold you, Sun you, then I hold you
Like a pimp mind control you double edge blow you
It'll be I, like I'm supposed to, the click is coastal
International to local, Bacardi mix physically fix
Hit you with shit, that'll leave a loose nigga stiff
Probably thick, Son I solved em
Pulled him in my world then evolved him to chaos
Walk the beat like, around the way cops the average pitstop
QBCity GodFather Part III, Gotti Gambino
And Ty Nitty, Scarface rest in peace
Chorus(Prodigy)
Yo, the heavy metal king hold big shit, with spare clips
You seein clips when the mac spit your top got split
Layin dead with open eyes close his eyelids
Turn off his lights switch to darkness, cause deep in the abyss
is street life, blood on my kicks, shit on my knife
Youse the wild child, kid cold turnin men into mice
I was born to take power leave my mark on this planet
The Phantom of Crime Rap, niggaz is left stranded
Shut down your operation, closed for business
Leave a foul taste in your mouth, like Guinness
POW niggaz is found MIA
We move like the special forces, green beret
Heavily around my throat, I don't play
Shit brand new, back in eighty-nine, the same way
The God P walk with a limp see, but simply
To simplify shit, no man can go against me
Test me you must be bent G, don't tempt me
I had this full clip for so long, it needs to empty
The reason why it full for so long, cause I don't waste shit
You probably hid, blood in your mouth, so you could taste it
Quiet as kept, I lay back and watch the world spin
I hear thugs, claimin that they gonna rob the Mobb
When they see us, I tell you what black, here's the issue
It's a package deal, you rob me, you take this message
along with that, I ain't your average cat
Fuck rap, I'm tryin to make CREAM and that's that
Whatever it takes however it gots to go down
Four mikes on stage a motherfuckin four pound
Speakers leakin out sound and niggaz leakin on the ground
I could truely care less the God will get his
Regardless blow for blow let's find out who wear hardest
This rap artist used to be a stickup artist
Sometimes I test myself see if I still got it
A live nigga stay on point never diss
Regard shit or forget the essence, from which I emerged
P is sick, so save that bullshit for the burbs
Live up to my word, if I got beef, niggaz comin in herds
We flush through your click get purged

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

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