

# Quiet Storm Remix

## Mobb Deep

In broad daylight get right.  
Just been through it all man  
Blood sweat and tears  
Niggaz is dead and shit { \*music fades in\* }  
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.  
I put my lifetime in between the paper's lines  
I'm the "Quiet Storm" nigga who fight rhyme  
P yeah you heard of him but, I ain't concerned with them  
Nigga I pop more guns than you holdin them  
Make my route while the sun's out and scold your men  
Unload ten, in broad daylight, get right  
Fuck your life - hop on my ninety-eight dirt bike  
You try to stop mines from growin, I'll make your blood stop flowin  
Take affirmative action, to any ass if he askin (yeah aight)  
Now here come the mack 10  
You're a dick blower, tryin to speak the Dunn language  
What the drilly with that though? It ain't bangin  
You hooked on Mobb-phonics Infamous-bonics  
Lyin to the Pop Dog like you got it  
You ain't no wildin out for the night fist thrower  
Rusty shank holder, we live this shit  
Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (the real)  
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you bump this  
(hip-hop \*echoes\*) Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut  
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough  
It's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (the real)  
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you bump this  
(hip-hop \*echoes\*) Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut  
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough Yo the P rock forty inch cables, drinkin white label  
My chain hang down to my dick, my piece bang glass tables  
Diamonds and guns before the fame Duke  
A nigga like me hold tecs, are you the same too?  
Goin through the emotions, of gun holdin  
Long shotguns down my pants leg limpin  
Killer bee who still livin, even my pops too  
He taught me how to shoot when I was seven (yup)  
I used to bust shots crazy

I couldn't even look because the loud sound used to scare me (POW!)  
I love my pops for that, I love my nigga D-Black  
I'll take the life of anybody tryin to change what's left  
And through all of that a nigga ain't scared of death  
All y'all brand new niggaz just scared to death  
I spent too many night sniffin coke, gettin right  
wastin my life, now I'm tryin to make things right  
Grand open some gates, invest, in Iraq business  
Do things for the kids (the little Dunns)  
Build a jungle gym behind the crib, so they can enjoy youth  
CBR's and VCR's  
ATV's and big screen TV's, nigga please  
Don't make me have to risk my freedom  
We worked our whole life for this, you get your shit beat in  
For real. (yo)Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit  
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you bump this  
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut  
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enoughIt go one, two, three to the fourth  
That nigga P-Double got that shit  
for y'all's peoples to rock to, stirrin up pots of brew  
in hell's kitchen, I chef the impossible  
To serve hot plates all across the unified states  
Sit down and sup with top rap reps  
We the streets that's watchin boy move diligent  
You better walk like a nigga on the tight rope Duke  
Infamous first infantry, first division fourth mission  
First assignment -- give em that shit they been missin  
My new edition's way bitch  
Those that listen, get addicted to my diction  
Fuck rhymes I write prescriptions, for your diseased  
generic rap's just not potent like P's  
One-thousand one-hundred CC's on the throttle  
I peel off chest naked on Katanas  
Spaghetti head Mobb niggaz is full bred  
Fully blown melanin tone, I rock skeleton bone shirts  
and verses, but thirst for worse beats  
So I can put, more product out on the street  
Get respect and love, all across the board  
We've been adored, for keepin it raw, nuttin less or more  
I score everytime for sure  
while the rest of y'all niggaz just nil  
(To the real)Cause it's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (hip-hop \*echoes\*)  
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you bump this  
Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut  
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough  
It's the real shit, shit to make em feel shit (the real)  
Lump em in the club shit, have you wildin out when you bump this  
(hip-hop \*echoes\*) Drugs to your eardrum, the raw uncut  
Have a nigga OD cause it's never enough

(the real... hip-hop)

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

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