

Man Down

Mobb Deep

Intro: Prodigy and Big Noyd That's my word, GOD! Kick that thug shit, GOD!

Kick that motherfuckin thug shit man! Word up, man!

(What's up, son? What's up?) Word up, get go

(No doubt, nigga!) Money no represent, know I'm sayin'?

(All the time, baby) No doubt (You know I'm sayin'?)

Who we got here, son? (Shine, baby, shine)

(Look) Look who we have here, yo! (up in the sky... sky) Verse 1: Prodigy

Here come the vultures, the Mobb-laced potent rap shit

Perhaps, kid, make it happen, start the flippin

You fuckin comic, who you kidding?

My nigga's laughing, blood bathin, the world's greatest

In-famous crime-zanous

To interfere would be dangerous

Plane descent, stand clear, save your strength

You couldn't do the limp if you was coked up

by my z'd up, whatever the fuck, who gives a fuck? You get fucked

My coalition specialises in collision

The clash of the cliques, the duel o' the iron mac, spit

and leave ya half-split

You'll be missin much more than a fraction

when it's time for action

Hit em while a man down, make that nigga backspin

Trapped up, a? madman

We blastin you're collapsin, heavily light my gold Mac 10

Get imprisoned with dem raps they have you relapsin

You get castin the Mobb, deaf and assin

We face splashin, dope fake's ice-pick stabbin

He slow leakin, he 'ternally bleedin for speakin

outta place, niggas get placed back indecent

Live at the main event may I present

Screamin out loud for any squad that's deaf

My Infamous Mobb, ya heart throb, hold ya breath

It's KO from dead arm rights and hard lefts

Another satisfied consumer who got blessed

Single out ya army til there's no man left

Chorus: Man down (Man down, down, down, down...)

repeat x3

Lay the fuck down! Verse 2: Havoc Infamous cartel, visible evidence

We scarred well, associated team benevolent

Never hesitant, opposition get settled here with

sharp shit that'll rip thru

one hundred layers of Kevlar, sharp like the jim star

Exiled, son, he get sent far
 He's the foulest, QBC gat bust the loudest
 Below profile, peep style, thirsty prowlest
 Catchin court cases, pay for your legal aid
 Son, that's money wasted, I ain't got time for that
 Invest third place on my best sold rap
 On the scrap from the ignorant cats
 It'll be dead in a few... just like that
 Couldn't bust his gat right (Yo, y'know what?)
 But now you bucked your own man, amatuer ass
 Homeboy take that ass to class
 but you cut in, duckin a reality blast
 You catch a D minus fuckin with New York's finest
 The conversation from them outsiders
 Dick riders, connivers bomb ya camp
 We know survivors, push you off guard, got homicidin
 We analysin, tell you up front ain't no surprises
 We take you down first round, give ya man pound
 ChorusVerse 3: Big NoydCheck it out, dun,
 them niggas ain't ones
 to be blowin off the top and shit, I'm tired of shit
 Dun, I'm about to dot the bitch and leave him stiff
 Toss me the fifth so I can bless the GOD with gift
 Yo nigga Noyd, what's the topic? Yo, the topic is this
 Let me start from the beginning at the top of the list
 First of all them tight niggas with that space-down shit
 I stick a rocket up in they ass and give em a lift
 My marvellous Mobb is tonic, intoxicant, bee-swee
 Morphine raps, you get dope from inner mind-see
 Shit fienin, now get your fix cos you need it
 Fuckin up your intravenous, the Infamous Mobb top secret
 The only way you weakin is if you beakin this
 Sneak devy niggas mischevius
 'knowledgin the GOD behind the scene on some snake shit
 The vultures, water from their mouth but we can taste it
 We just waitin with patience
 Yo, dun, check the cross-examination these niggas fakin
 So you can scream, you can fiend, you can dream for the bacon
 or you can snatch the Mac for the faggot, ai!
 Bang em up, fuck em up
 ChorusLay the fuck down, down, down, down...
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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