

Quiet Storm Remix (feat. Lil' Kim)

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
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(the real... hip-hop)

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>