

# The Infamous

Mobb Deep

Just when you thought it was safe to come out  
Infamous all in your face, in your mouth  
That's right, niggaz best to stay up in the house  
Watch we getting our money, for the two thou'  
Nigga, P back out in the streets, so what now?  
Strictly for the ghettos and hoods, in your town  
Pableek got bundles of drugs in your town  
Like crack, coke and dope - remember me now?  
Queen Bridge motherfucker we'll blow your house down  
We the big bad wolf that'll eat your food clown  
I ain't gotta huff and puff you know my style  
Calm as fuck, I just let my gun wild out  
I got cash motherfucker I could have you touched  
But I rather be hands on with that son  
Certain things, you just gotta perform yourself son  
When I start busting I don't stop till I hitting, c'mon

R: Everybody got gangs everybody got clicks  
But they ain't like this (the Infamous)  
Everybody can't afford to live the lifestyle  
Of the young, black and rich (the Infamous)  
You ain't crazy, don't make me show you  
Why they call us this (the Infamous)  
We own the streets - who basically control  
This rap shit - G-g-g-g-g-g-g-unit!

We got the most gangsta shit, the second most biggest projects  
We sold the most crack, since '86  
We don't handle a lot of pricks, we the most thug  
You think you're dirty over there, but we're more dirtier  
We last more longer than them; more songs than them  
More money for us, more broads than them  
We get the most love in the streets  
I had the most tattoos, ever since thirteen  
P got the most now; our guns are the most loud  
With enough bullets to down mostly the whole crowd  
We drink the most Henny, yeah me and Jake  
We smoke the most weed, that's mostly the haze  
Get the most kicked on a nigga's face  
Gotta be the most idiot nigga on the face  
Of the Earth, to ever let the thought cross your head  
That we're not the most likely to pop off kid

R:

Right now, I change guns with the season  
When I was young I bought Ninja Stars on Jamaica Ave  
Hitting trees then; started hitting trees then  
We ran the train on the girls and on my family dance schools  
We was beasting, little young heaven  
I had the rainbow knife, and when I got my first gun I was cheesing  
I couldn't believe it; I had the power of life or death  
In the palm of my hands, fiending  
But quickly to be scheming; if you choose to front on me  
That leaves me with no choice but to start squeezing  
And I hope they stop breathing  
Because if they do pull through, in the hospital beds

They'll be squealing - talking to these D's man  
They don't waste no time, they want answers  
Even if you're still bleeding  
Homey I'm on the fleezy  
I ain't got no time neither I'm making money off of this - it's too easy!

R: