DJ Clue, Pile Raps

(feat. Prodigy (of Mobb Deep))

[Prodigy] Pile raps inside my skull cap Like a brick stack tha kid is back I told y'all niggas '98 list that Yo '99 piss on rap 2000 where ya pistols at dun We be tha men in black fatigues 30,000 dollar chains that swing You'll catch me in tha streets poppin that bullshit Catch a fat lip hoes all over your shit Bust guns like nuts all over your bitch So you's a woman tell me what tha fuck you tryna doin You growlin all over tha tape Forget you when I touch that shit Not only that on the concrete We splash more niggas than the wave pool did Check out my new shit We blood spit you still ice grill Mad cause your clic shit is homo The Mobb stay real Steady playin' the field Nigga you sideline rhyme Customers complain they can't feel You cooked up a half ass meal Its time for me to catch burn on the wheels of steel My shit fill the appetite of the populus We can do it via satelitte just us An show the world how that ass get bust Ever since a little yuke I had this lust To pick up the motherfuckin' pen an just rush Like morphine beats throught the wires of the Eps plus You get penalized tryna rock wit the utmost Get branded for bein weak the most Now be ghost get the fuck outta here Wit that bullshit you tryna shit Wit tha planet you need to be shot rappin I got sickle cell I feel the pain Oh yeah what's happenin Fake thug wanna front like they contractin Numbers on my head thug please i'm here waitin You can't touch me there's no fake love amongst me There's no fake niggas that run wit me Somebody gave y'all the wrong info I ain't ya kitko..nympho Putmeon tha way you ??????? Supposed to taught that bitch much better than that I dwell where the rest of my vets is at From sumnerville to Bx and back To the lab and the dungeon My house of representatives stay starvin be stumpin We unholy cause there ain't a part missin My commission sit at the table like the last supper fucker