

Mobb Deep, Can't Fuck Wit

(feat. Raekwon)

(Intro: Havoc, (Prodigy))

Yeah... yeah... yeah (Let it go... let it go)
Yo, that's right (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (That's right)
Oh, yeah (Check it out, tell 'em, dunn)
Oh...

(Chorus x2: Havoc)

Y'all niggaz can't fuck wit the niggaz I fuck wit (uh-uh)
Really don't wanna fuck wit niggaz I fuck wit (uh-uh)
Y'all niggaz minor league in my eyes for real
Y'all niggaz wanna pop shit? See me when ya get a record deal

(Havoc)

Yo, if I sat at wrote a verse for all the niggaz I hated
Most definately, if not you, kill somebody belated
Sound foul with a subject, dunn, no women or kids
Dump you up under a bridge in a cardboard box
I'm like nothin to do wit it, believe it or not
I'm washin my hands to get bent with Henney or rock
Up in the rep bangin my chest off, pealin my socks
Niggaz do it to death, I sleep with my 6 cocked
Like Henney rock, one sip, ya love it a lot
While you sleepin, I'm creapin wit the intricate plot
Cuz picture me up in the morgue, way before my time
Picture you tryin to get my while I'm still tryin to get mines
Asshole, have ya brain lookin like Castro
Dunn, I heard you wanted me (be careful what you ask for)
Bitch, if I buck you, damn Short snitched
The nigga just mad cuz he can't cop crisp

(Chorus x2)

(Raekwon)

I observe the dread, winter time, big shot in my leg
Blood barrels, a big thick Benneton keg
Razor glass full, salute all teflon, shoot wit the left arm
We sleepin wit nukes, the blood is shed warm
High-voltage guns, nuns wit jums in the gums
Razors, lazars, bulletproof blazers
Yo, remind what the team chanted
They bought the jewel from a don wit a king-sized hat on, slanted
Kangol wit Bentol, ya mental, mid-war
Spill Hen' in the store, that's for the own'
Blaze wit a bent 4, yo these laws is your's
When we pour gasoline all in ya pours and draws
So decievin, flow speed change, lay him down, empty breathin
Instead of these leaks, we leave the weak weapin
Operation: apparatus, spray shots through ya grey Stratus
Straight up status for maggots

(Chorus x2)

(Prodigy)

Soldier boys stay on ya toes, be on ya P's and Q's
Keep ya eyes bright comin out ya buildin, duke
You might bump into a bullet or stumble on ya death
Niggaz slumber, I put 'em in a deep coma
I keep guns cuz it's like that, you figure it out
I got an arson for niggaz tryin to figure me out
You ain't a killa, you just talk more, runnin ya mouth

The type of nigga, we'll stomp out and bloody down
Look, we a Mobb for real, don't let the LP's twist it
Cut me a cheque cuz I don't talk business
Drop anthems worth millions and spend millions
Take trips with my niggaz to the Keys on the weekends
Serious jewels, pissy off the fruits
Dunn, we move like the marines, move when we come through
Seduce bitches dizzy, half they friends and they moms wanna hit me
Y'all know my stiggity

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: Havoc)

Yeah, yeah...