

# Mobb Deep, What's Ya Poison

Prodigy

Yo my rap taste good in my mouth like Deer Park  
For your ears to list-this  
You don't wanna miss this dun  
Don't be a statistic  
Keep your rhymes to yourself, we make fools out of niggas  
And write shit that would certainly move ya'll niggas  
PEACE to my summer villains with pink houses  
>From Red Hook to QB you know the routine  
We need a movie to show how our life is so ill  
Every Summer in the projects we partied on the benches  
Few gallons of gin and pepsi  
Remember Party wars, that was back in like 90  
We use to roll o-wees now we stuff dutches  
Kids rushing, whats your discussion  
Ya'll niggas talk alot of shit heard you on your tape fronting  
I fake nothing, Fuck around and push the wrong button  
I dedicate my days to seeing your drip blood  
I will always love Gambino and ScarFace  
Killa Black no man can fill your shoes, Now whats bad news  
It couldn't get no worse, So what ya'll niggas know about the turmoil  
What ya know about your blood soil, Clothes and little Ho's  
And the legs of pant slugs that crack the shin bone  
The Other shot blasts through your left clavical  
Melt swizz suits and paint the avenue's

Havoc

How you want it? Bent Scheme or straight blunted  
Many are rare, rore, Havoc has just over done it  
While you sitting there whispering like a little girl  
Fuck, waiting around till the dutchy gets twirled  
We going at you, not cause we want to but cause we have to  
To avoid the situation that you couldn't last through  
If I can't have it at all I don't want it at all  
Off top serious dogg, I'm out for the raw  
Back to the world, the shit that I kick will dazzle your girl  
Handle your bitch, can't then take her for pearl  
Get him with the pink slip, get him bent to he hurl  
Hennessy got my mind locked, tight in a curl  
Hold it down like Saddam you can't search my click  
Even with dirty worms I'm gonna still appear

How you want it, bent scheme or straight blunted (2x)

Cormega

Yo, my pen is sick like a heroin add-dict, Whenever Mega spits  
Exhale preciseness, Drug Dealer Ghetto shit  
Sweat in my hand, plus the finger numb from mesasuring grams  
Gun on my waist, In case I see son  
who wetted my man  
I be Gortexing to death, rocking ice with special fx's  
Obvious I was destined to rep  
Yo my persona is the drama, my Infamous Congrommalits  
Considered mad real, niggas feel the Montana shit  
Born official, my niggas that are gone I miss you  
I shed a tear, see ya'll niggas when I get there  
Yo my dun did six years and still didn't hit the strip  
I'm waiting on the day, when Rikers Island ciphers are incomplete  
When I can sleep with no heat, hidden beneath the sheet  
And I can relax with my air max, appearing on my feet  
When I rhyme you enter my mind, Seeing nigga's lead to excellence

I represented then manifested in the beat....Respect this  
Like a lexus jeep  
My technique  
Leaves my enimies stretched for weeks, vexed from me  
Especially they know my destiny, man they scared to death of me  
Can't even question me, I serve them like stretching ki's..please

Havoc  
How you want it, bent scheme or straight blunted (2x)