

# Mobb Deep, Back At You

(Havoc)

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
stainless steel gats  
never rust big till bust you could touch  
blessed wit the real side of life  
just enough  
you couldn't fight me wit your strongest mic  
layed down niggas eyes visualize bad reception  
maced your interference souped your upperbody section  
I travel like a 2-2 bullet  
throughout your body, repped to the fullest  
Queensbridge representin,  
representin the hollow tip crew  
blue slips, seen ships, you talk shit I follow through  
once the kite is sent  
I might get bent, but still planted  
no second thoughts, cuz my conscience is demandin  
for the bloodshed(bloodshed) I leave that mug red(mug red)  
I'm like cancer cant catch me cuz I done spread(done spread)  
gone now dead, enough said from the scene I fled  
wit the paranoid thoughts runnin round my head  
It's like that war, project niggas strike back it's on  
what the fuck you sick I'll be right back  
wit the gat and temper end your motherfuckin era  
your shortie set you up you betta dead-her  
hunger for the cheddar big ends and better  
Armeretto sours alcohol consumption  
why you runnin we thumpin  
do to the fact the infamous is bumpin  
ice real son you frontin

Chorus &lt;repeat\*4>

It's like that war, project niggas strike back it's on  
what the fuck you sick, I'll be right back

Prodigy

right back to the fact that  
here take that, right back at you  
were goin at to  
already ran through  
wasn't hard to capture, what is it that your goin after  
the forty-fifth will make your clothes damper  
put in the hamper  
the fabulous Infamous is movin stainless  
crime-tainin, to all my niggas hold your bangin  
live in action, if you weere dapped then relax then  
what the fuck you said? I be right back real maxin  
blastin, terrin up your Fila fashion  
give him what he askin feelin aint know what happened  
back at the cabin, be at the round table plannin  
spread team across plannin, expansion  
slap a nigga opened handly style something foul  
for tryin to slow down, my cash pile a hundred mile  
I can recall the days, juvenile crime pays  
14 years old, shorty from round way  
brick ass cold, still puffin night to day  
but why did my life have to be this way  
I rock Velour suits, flavors like mixed fruits  
my loot give recoup razors in my suit  
incase you try to troop me to the island  
I known for start whylin  
back in New York, my shortie's got the cash pilin  
peep this on some knowns and teef shit  
so much drama, who the fuck knows who we got beef wit

lift you up off your feet like ski lift  
for packin big fifth  
niggas who riff but nigga you riff  
then Im on the next life gettin bent in the clouds  
on my way down souh for international crowds

Chorus