

Mobb Deep, Creep

(feat. 50 Cent)

(Intro: Havoc)

thats that creep
creep mode baby we in creep mode
come around here baby
shinnin like that

(Havoc)

its crazy on this side, come thru gun thru
ohh ya man live out here Dont go and get comfortable
Dont know what he told you, aint sweet around here
and i dont care what he told you it aint sweet around here
see me ridin in that infiniti, now thats not fair
whats that a two thousand and six? okay
playboy we got bombs detinate all day
and you comin straight thru the hood, straight ??
we takin medium rare, grill to bakin us
Lettin that ?? not ?? for the bait
Oh You ment, you a local Guess what she bait
She dont know right now but trust me the bitch bait
Im gonan get all in her business cause shorty is madd cool
My mans was diggen that and she a little bit national
first time we catch you comin out of the buildin we snatchin you
And takin whats your, first thing we askin you is...

(Chorus: Havoc)

Fuck brought your ass round here
Like you somebody lookin like you the playa of ?? boy
Fuck brought your ass round here
This Queens little homie Get caught around here yah
Fuck brought your ass round here
Comin thru for these bitches, shit happen around here yah
Fuck brought your ass round here
Like niggas got somethin to live for round here

(Prodigy)

You ask me, all these rappers is bums
Hav show me the flow and i ran wit it dun
I mean really, you gotta be the most worst
rap shit i ever herd, compare to a P verse
We emerge on the scene, everything seen
than stop... watch as they bling bling
nigga wanna swing swing, they must show
And once we get in they ear, thats a rap broo
Our songs good to go, straght to the radiOO
Flex easy on the palm, let the niggas here the flow
of americas most, dangerous to have fans
new york new york, we the kings of the thang
party too much, smoke too much grass
and we never see the bright side, we only see the bad
Fuck all that, thers a lot of niggas dead
And i wont let em get me how they got them

(Chorus: Havoc)

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(50 Cent)

yeah cock that, aim that, squeeze that, shoot the steal
cadillac coop deville, wood grain on the wheel
cocain in the pot, baking soda, water hot
when the ice cubes drop, look at that, thaaaats craaack
bag that, nigga stack, black hoodie, fitted hat
grimey nigga wit a gat, screamin where the money at
my hood, southside, riders ride, thats riiight
ya yoooo he know, banks know, buck know
shit it aint about the dough, i aint really wit it yo
camouflaged on the low, ridin round with the heat
I aint say whats up to you, nigga you dont know me
im on the griiind all time, heavy shine and the nine
clip filled to the tips, stunt ill get on some shit
different day different bitch, old hooptie new kicks
oldsmobile fuck that, no rims, hub caps
keep my eyes open for the niggas i done buck that!! grrrrrrr

(Chorus: Havoc)

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