

Mobb Deep, Drop A Gem On Em

It's the infamous back in the house once again
Livin the life that of diamonds and guns
and now gems pulls gats
like a basehead pulls on stems
the Mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend
Drop A Gem On Em..

Verse One: Havoc

Take a tire all these fake crooks need to retire
they gotcha gassed takin back and snatch fire outcha
maggot ass Havoc represent for the Q B C
smoke that ass like a lucie..tho I need to quit
f**k it, I love it like a cloud
over the projects your game Im above it
its combat, gats bangers and all that
you're a small cat, whatever you on get off that
I mention, nuthin but the real shit presentin
the hollow tip crew 41st side convention
try for? you half-steppin
like a fresh tec out of the box
yo niggas I'm testin
(There's no question)
bitch ass have you confessin
like a D-T left in state of depression
you under pressure, intact no doubt catcher
the snitch-snatcher tookin wit asthma
you casper, you yell my name
thats only givin me props
plus the fans that you got, wonderin whats got you hot
its too not, knocked out the box and got rocked
got raped on the Island, you officially got
kick that thug shit, Vibe magazine on some love shit
(keep it real kid, you don't know who you f**kin wit)

Chorus: repeat 2X

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Verse Two: Prodigy

Yeah likewise, Im tired of rap guys whose faggots
pure shuteye, and swole up your whole outside
I baptize, niggas get wet, put up your backside
your claptized and set straight, put on your head straight
watch out for,
these upstate cats be leary of you
yeddy niggas wit gats plus the walls on they backs
Rikers Island flashback of the house you got scuffed it in
you would think you gettin your head shot was enough but then
Now you wanna got at my team,
you must of been drunk when you wrote that shit
too bad you had to did it to your own self
my rebellion, I retaliate, I had the whole New York state
aimin at your face
at the gate, bottom line of top soon as you came through
shot through, don't even know the half of my crew
I got a hundred strong arm niggas ready to rock the shit
clocks tick, your days are numbered in low digits

you look suspicious, suspect niggas is bitches
get chpped up, Grade A meat, somethin delicious
and laced back up, 2 G's, one for stitches
then reconstruct your face and learn how to speak again
my Mobb's like a bunch of wild Puerto Ricans
wit bangers the size of African spears
it's warfare in the arena, you turn arenas into house of horrors
its terrodome, when you see my click you need to run behind shit
you gotta gat you betta find it
and use that shit think fast and get reminded
of robberies in Manhattan you knew what happened
60 g's and one for gun clappin
Who Shot Ya? You'd probably scream louder than an opera
New York gotcha, now you wanna use my mob as a crutch
what makes you think you cant get bucked again
Once again, back in the house once again
live the life that of diamonds and guns
and now gems pull gats like a basehead pull on stems
the Mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend
It's the Infamous..