

Mobb Deep, Favorite Rapper

Yeah.. yeah.. aight? Motherfuckers!
Bitch-ass niggaz, faggots
Come through nigga... YO!

[Havoc]

I creep on the tippy-toe, surprisin the enemy
And ain't nobody safe unless you bulletproof E'RYTHING
Clappin at your baby, includin your entourage
Don't be 'fraid of these slugs, they get you closer to God
I'm a homegrown terror, my pops planted the seed
When I wild, don't be mad at me, should blame him
War with us? The start of your end
Beef with these faggot-ass rappers started the trend
P? That's my grimy for life, don't fuck with him
And if word get back to me, I'm buckin you
Know it's on me hammers stuck to the hand just like glue
Like them O.G.'s smokin them trees of bamboo
Shorty thought she knew me so I had to check her
I'm a Gemini bitch, that mean I flip with the weather
I don't know how you talk to them other cats, but I ain't them
(Nah!) Put it in your mouth girlfriend

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

[H] Clap your favorite rapper, gives a FUCK
Gimme a minute I'll crack that ass, whassup?
[P] It's like drugs cause we gettin it back, get it back
like ki's how we get it back, it's a cash explosion

[Prodigy]

Yeah that's right, that's right, that's right
Know we done struck a jackpot Dunn, it's a wrap from now on
Just keep servin these niggaz portions of that raw
And sit back and countin this cash, we gettin off
Knick-knack, paddy-wack, give a dawg more
I won't stop 'til I can match my car with my clothes
And ery'day of the week, I'm switchin up flows
Spend ery'day with my peeps, half in the vultures
Peace to Uncle Imeek, he holdin down the corporates
.. eatin like a Boss Hogg
Clik-clip-BAOW! Don't have me shootin my gun at y'all
Don't have me cuttin niggaz down like the sniper
You had me kill some'n, I'm tryin peel bundles
of that scratch, the thou's to the mills
Paper that our next generation gon' feel
You niggaz gettin your money? Yeah do that for real
Cause niggaz fuck with our money, we set it like the Bush family

[Chorus]