Mobb Deep, Gangstas roll

[Intro: Prodigy]
Ha-ha, uh man, y'all runnin' out of steam already?
That's all y'all got man?, c'mon man
We got the illest combination of this right here man
That's all you got man? C'mon man
You gotta be kiddin' me man
[Verse One: Prodigy]
It is all so simple just add it all up
My mail box is on fire, 'cause my checks don't stop
Pockets full of chunky black, can't fuck with these crop
That these niggaz be smokin', straight out the yard
Might catch me in a burgundy chair, my shirt blockin'
Fresh with my bandanna and Timbs, we outta there
Pushin' to the limit like Montana did
Army bags full of money, bullet proof this
And that too, put some in the roof
Niggaz be shootin' from windows, we untouchable
Yea we is rich thugs, that shoot up clubs
Make albums that click more than little drugs
Infamous, 'cause, or if you a blood
You goin' need that bandanna for your head, you go at us
No shit our songs bump, and girls show us love
'Cause they know who big, y'all got love then
[Chorus: Prodigy (Havoc)]
I gotta have the big chain, or the watch yo
(That's how (Gangstas Roll))
I need me a big phatty, straight video hoe
(That's how (Gangstas Roll))
Back sit at the black truck, with the black rims yo
(That's how (Gangstas Roll))
In the club with my gat, what?, we got this shit sold
(That's how (Gangstas Roll))
[Verse Two: Havoc]
Yo you ain't clappin' nuttin', splashin' nuttin', lettin' nuttin' die
Real niggaz never advertise, what the fuck is on they mind?
The real never stop until they get at, bringin' shit to where yo live it
Tell whoever the other drama with, on the floor dyin'
Out of there before the siren, bounce, dismantle your iron
Lost count how many times, I had these bitch niggaz flyin'
Give a fuck, shoot his ass, for the littlest thing
The principal, minuscule, my gun is still ring
You ain't flippin' nuttin', makin' cheddar, y'all niggaz broke
Broke guns, broke dunns, y'all got jokes
Yea I'ma hammer like a fiend, when he need it, let it smoke
When you bitches act up, it relax even more
Pretty sure niggaz know they don't - don't put 'em all
When they finally figure it out, his slow ass gone
Yea you runnin' with 'em, dime with 'em, try to switch teams
And get your motha'fuckin' head blown off clean
[Chorus: Prodigy (Havoc)]
[Interlude: Prodigy X2]
Yea, Infamous nigga, we all up in these set
The girls comin' with us, your money is a bet
We gon' take all y'all money and smoke with the clique
Ga'head and think funny, and we shootin' for you head
[Chorus: Prodigy (Havoc)]