

# Mobb Deep, It's Over

(Havoc)

Yeah.. uh-huh

Y'all niggaz ain't ready to die

Why the fuck they frontin like they is?

(Prodigy)

Aiyyo Dunn, aiyyo yo

You could catch P laid back, in triple black trucks

Or catch him swingin pain(?) bottles in the club

Won't catch me with the police without cuffs

Can't press me into no threatenin position

Probably spot me, steppin out the tree spot tough

Catch P fixin his pants, it's cause of his gun

You see the God, big ol' chains, but can't stick him

Cause they know I shoot niggaz like Slick Rick and them

Source at the thug events, y'know we hittin them

Caught him spendin fake hundreds at the bar, we was gettin them

Drugs in my system, all types of shit

Keeps me where I wanna be, don't get me started on that

Just peep how aggressive my niggaz is with this

And check how we set up shop to get our chips

Niggaz study our verse like college kids (word)

We know you love our style, get off our dick

(Yeah that's right, uh-huh)

(Chorus)

(H) Y'all niggaz ain't ready to die

Why the fuck they frontin like they is?

(P) Cause they wanna be like the reals

And be amongst the thugs that do this for real

(H) Y'all niggaz ain't ready to die

Why the fuck they frontin like they is?

(P) Cause you wanna do it like Hav'

And do it like P, but mad shit missin

(Havoc)

Y'all niggaz is pussy, and ain't nothin gangsta in ya

Rapid fire empty the clip, reload and continue

If not anything else the four-pound'll spin ya

And end you where you stand (uh-huh) dead you cause I can

Believe me my hammer don't give a damn what you been through

It's a cold cold world, my whole life was a winter

Never gave a fuck about the cold (nah) draped in thermal

Don't put your nose in things don't concern you

This grown man business, y'all niggaz so childish

I'm in the cut, analyzin while you fools is wildin

Pickin my mark, and I'ma clap my heat off the grip

Murder so clean you can eat off the shit

I'm a paranoid nigga, don't get too close

Or I might think you schemin on me, I'm cockin the toast

The game cutthroat so I killed the ref

Mobb fallin off, baby girl don't hold your breath, breath

(Yeah that's right, uh-huh)

(Chorus)