Mobb Deep, Perfect plot

Feat - Big Noyd
[Chorus: Havoc]
Uh huh, uh huh
The Mobb comin' through, no doubt kid
Schemin' in, layin' with the (Perfect Plot) (Perfect Plot)
We the first one's awoke and the last one to sleep
And that's why we go the drop (Got the drop)
Rip shows, hit hoes
I'm the type of nigga that have your baby father vexed
Whatever you say bounces of me and right back to you
And if it get back to us then we clappin' you (What Duke?)
[Verse 1: Prodigy]
Born to be wild, push to the front of the crowd
Top of the piles, state of the art, rhymes a 100 miles
I layed on chocolate clouds
Then pull out and blow on any clown
Listen to the glow go round
Cut my silencer, the most powerful weapon yet found
Hold it down, my tongue that is, to bring the biz, keep it tight
My mouth piece dispense my clips
Fuckin' wit me, the scenery get highly intense
Intelligent, gun buckers, duck fucka, you get bent ova
I'm not signin' out soldier, rocket launcher
Shank musketeer, face carved up
But you need down shit for slow down kid
Or get surrounded or pounded out, real quick
Aiyo check out what the storm blew in...
[Chorus: Havoc]
[Verse 2: Big Noyd]
Check the main attraction of these raps shit
The infamous slapped some shit
On the track and get, the whole atlas wide open
Is stuck on it, you need to hang it up like I wanted
You shit borin', rappin' pourin' on your head like its stormin'
Hell fire, Vietnam your whole outfit, get re-rounded
Yo you bout it bout it, though I doubt it doubt it
While your girl scouted, I be repin QB drownin'
Box is the Heineken's, Gin bottles with handle
Rubber handles and crack paper
Get flipped and stack paper
The beats flavor, make your pile more greater
Fuck y'all Mobb haters
We got y'all wives on the bed'er, while you playin' wit her
We makin' her loose and turned on
She loves when thugs is glowin', she get aroused
When I walk around with the gun showin'
The Mobb steady blowin' with this 9-8 shit
Before I had my clip, before I had my cake
A nigga wasn't shit
Y'all niggaz wasn't feelin' this shit
Now y'all hearin' it, get of my dick
Y'all niggaz sick like a virus
I wish one of y'all niggaz try this...
[Chorus: Havoc]
[Verse 3: Havoc]
The Mobb got it locked down
Still heavy weights racin it's the V.I
New niggaz were shook, ain't it ill how we can? vettias?
No stoppin' this, it's approximate that you would be copin' this
Head lockin' shit bring it back where its suppose to be
Take a dose of this, guarantee cats will be stuck
Check the QBC just to cop from us
M O B B, make no mistake it's us
Though it was hav shit, spread the shit that was laced with death

You all fucked up, should bring, no one to trust
Walk in the street with the bag'acho and it's still Dutch
Rep the 41st side and hold the title with pride and when it's on
Use the infrared for guide, aim at yo renta
I'm like liquor in the winter, keep it warm, but make things
Extra high when you enter, fuckin' faggot
Have you hoppin' like rabbits for carrots
No need the name, yo we already established
[Chorus: Prodigy X2]
The Mobb comin' through, no doubt kid
Schemin' in, layin' the (Perfect Plot) (Perfect Plot)
We the first one's awoke and the last one to sleep
And that's why we go the drop (Got the drop)
Rip shows, hit hoes
I'm the type of nigga that have your baby mama wet
Whatever you say bounces of me and right back to you
And if it get back to us then we clappin' you (What Duke?)
[Chorus: Havoc]