

# Mobb Deep, Put Em In Their Place

(Prodigy)  
Yeah, yeah..  
Payback..

(Hook: Prodigy) - repeat 2X  
Infamous up in this, you know how we get down  
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style  
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist  
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place

(Prodigy)  
Yo, I was schooled by the hood, raised by the wolves  
Trained by the pain, adopted by guerillas  
Gotta tank for a car, ice for a arm  
Got tattoos wit' skin and scars from brawls  
Gotta buildin' for a crib, Manhattan for a backyard  
Skyscraper ladies, they fuck me when they man gone  
Kings of New York, I'm one of the few of those  
Difficulties to come, it's gon' be funerals  
You get a quiet spot in the shade, for a grave  
I get paid, 'cause I got murder 'fore sixteen  
And I'm so much rich, I got a condo for a piggy bank  
So much stash, I just laugh at yo' face  
Blow a stack on David, 'cause I'ma pyro  
Maniac from carriage, wit' the Rolls Gold  
I was told by the O.G.'s like my Pops  
If you can't whip they ass, then niggaz get shot (shot, shot)

(Hook) - repeat 2X

(Havoc)  
Waist.. yo, I was raised by the block and new to the sound of the gun shots  
Hustled by the bus stop, aged to the front stop  
Block party departed, somebody got bodied  
Right before I snatch this little number from my hottie  
Yeah, young dude wit' jewels and barrel lens  
Heavy bones on the deuce, flickin' it up in the mix  
Fast forward to '06, gettin' head in the '06  
Have a chick, feelin' like she workin' out on that Bow-Flex  
I'm focused, looked through my lens, see my vision  
Surprise myself and came through without one spool missin'  
From that hallway kissin', there was room in the Carlton  
I can smell it in the air, P in that next room sparkin'  
Me, I let that heady flow, meet me at the tele' hoe  
You don't do the tele', oh, fuck it bitch you gotta go  
Workin' wit' a lot of dough, and a little bit of time  
Bitch I wanna fuck, I don't wanna know what's on ya mind

(Hook) - repeat 2X

(Prodigy)  
Yeah, I know you can't believe it.. WHOO!  
We still soakin' it all in ourselves  
Hollywood Hav' (yeah nigga), V.I.P. (yeah)  
It's our means.. Curtis.. "Billion Dollar Budget" Jackson  
Go 'head be mad at that man, he the one made us rich  
You ain't the only millionaires on the block no more  
Ya money is old nigga.. smell that? That's new money nigga  
We filthy rotten rich.. (yeah) and we taken advantage (let's do it)  
G-Unit, Infamous Mobb Deep {\*Prodigy making gun noises\*}