

Mobb Deep, Tragedy - What's Poppin'

(Tragedy)

Yeah...Get it poppin'...No doubt
Thug shit... for your ear
Yeah...Two-Five

(Tragedy)

It go one for my real niggas, two for the bass
Three for that weight regulated out of state
Four for the guns blowin' getting shit straight
For them bitch ass niggas that hate
And I can tell right now that you really not knowing
When the guns start blowing and your blood stop flowing
You can take it to the heart bitch nigga play your part
All you saw was the spark now you laying in the dark
From the hood that I rep every nigga in my set
Generals to Cadets two-five 'til the death
Inadvertently I know niggas wanna murder me
But can't even analyze G, The Mahdi
Flow so precise, thug paradise, five karot ice
Black Christ living the life
Niggas see the light when they start losing pints
You can die by the gun or the knife

(Chorus: Havoc)

hey yo
Eh yo a nigga ain't stoppin' know I got to get it poppin'
Yo you know a nigga plottin' I rep the dirty rottin', (What's Good?)
Ain't shit tryin' to get these chips
And the first nigga tryin to stop me gettin hit
And you know a nigga poppin that shit when it's poppin'
Had a whole world watching and the whole game boxed in (I'm Good)
Okay with it, talk cause I live it
You appreciate the God like an up north visit

(Havoc)

Thun I analyze these niggas, cause they simple like bitches
And to damn feminine to fuck with this veteran
Stop the rhetoric, you know the led will get hot
You know this metal shit ain't nothing to fuck with
Know I work that steel with a workman's will
Staring so hard don't make me hurt that grill
Apologize nigga dog you ain't that real
Your man got bagged did time you squeeled
Glass slipper wearin' ass niggas get killed
You ain't a grown man 'til you pay some bills
Keep it gully been pimpin' before I had 4 wheels
The pipe game cool, but my talk game ill
Wanna fuck with a nigga cause I know my shit
You owe that bank, I own my shit
Out the gate don't ask, can't floss my whip
It ain't who you know, bitch it's who you with

(Chorus: Havoc)

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(Tragedy)

Yo I settle with, heavy metal shit for my thugs in Connecticut

Murderville nigga how you feel?
Flow so sick, them niggas can blow dick
Better analyze what lies before you trick
In the mix of some Queens niggas tryin to get rich
Any nigga in my way can feel the gun spit
Get your Du-Rag split with long four-fifth
Hand glide thru your hood in the six
Road call for my niggas who you wit? (Thug Shit)
Road call for my niggas who you wit? (Thug Shit)
Let it bang make it pop 'til your heartbeat stop
Know the game don't stop 'til the casket drops
The God run out of shots then they tape the block
Rep to the death for my carnivores on lock
And my dogs in the box meet you back on the block
You know how the team rocks, 'til we reach the top

(Chorus: Havoc)

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