

Prodigy Of Mobb Deep, Delt W/ The Bull

(Prodigy)

Dunn it's real like that

(Havoc)

Uh huh yeah

Uh huh yeah(uh huh)

Yeah, ha(solo on that ass ? dealt with the bullshit)

Check me out dunn(yeah)

Check me out now(out yo)

Yo

Feel me on the road, feel me at the shows

Feel me for what I stand for

And I'ma do it til the death til I can't no more

F**k a hoe, it's all about dough

Still, f**k her and still don't love em

That's word to mother

Un-cover the truth, enjoy my youth

It's die or lose

I wonder what if I was sittin in the pen

On the strength that I had to hurt something

'cause my stomach hurtin

I'm a cool nigga, but don't let me start buggin

Love my moms, love my little sis, plus my little dunn

Niggas gotta eat, f**k settling for crumbs

Hell no, me a bum on the streets looking dumb

Til hell freezes over yo y'all niggas better run

(Chorus)(Repeated 2x)

(Havoc)

'cause I done dealt with the bullshit

Lived through the bullshit

So put a clamp on them loose lips

My niggas do kill shit(pow pow, pow pow pow)

(Prodigy)

Guns redundant

My dunns move in abundance

We loose cannons, my rugar will pop somethin

What's all the frontin

Being cavilier will get you nothing

Or maybe touched though

Keep pressing me and we be thumpin like the ? vs. the hawks

When little boy got a foot long stuck in his back

And punctured his lungs

It's very brutal, how the N.I.C. will do you

Yo get KO'ed and pissed on for being rude

Yeah, respect the colors and the flag i wave

Respect the I.M.D. embroidery

My shit is classic and authentic

Blowin dick

Y'all niggas grafting my whole presence

Get your own shit

My voltage, be higher than the wire pole get

King vulture, more flyer than your average rap pigeon

Now, twist up your cheebas

I get deeper in debt

My rap page make niggas throw they reefer at us

Love me, bless me, like you supposed to do

Just don't test me niggas I be toasted up

What(echoes)

(Havoc)

'cause I done dealt with the bullshit and lived through the bullshit

(Chorus #2)

'cause I done dealt with the bullshit
Lived through the bullshit(no doubt no doubt, yeah yeah yeah)
So put a clamp on them loose lips
My niggas do kill shit(pow pow, pow pow pow)

(Prodigy)

My style, identical to guns that burst
I'm like a fourth when I go off, or even worse
It's like an ill box cutter fight where no one backs down
My shit burn, make em far from a clown

(Havoc)

Ay yo, likewise
See a nigga that I can't trust is a nigga I despise
Then I, reply with a cold shoulder
You ain't a gat holder, you just a crossover switchover

Chorus #2

(Chorus #3)

'cause I done dealt with the bullshit
Lived through the bullshit(uh huh, yeah)
So put a clamp on them loose lips
My niggas do kill shit(pow pow, pow pow pow)