

## U 10 Sils

### "Get Me"

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(Get me) Uh-huh  
(They pretty) Uh-huh  
(Wit me) Uh-huh  
(It's crispy) Yeah!  
Whoo! Uh-huh, uh-huh, yo.

[Havoc]

Y'all just blowin smoke, fan in the fire  
Your wife is gettin curious homie you better hide her  
Keep it gully baby boy, share that  
Easy when you see me, I don't like to get stared at  
Niggaz only mad cause they asses can't rap  
Soup the cowards up, if you want, get your man  
clapped  
Yeah - sealed signed delivered, anthrax  
You got a thousand niggaz I'll do numbers with half  
that  
Catch me whylin out with a mami in Club Black  
Enough on the wheels make me feel like the tunnel  
packed  
Yeah, if it's some'n I'm feelin you runnin that  
And we don't let a thing slide baby, what's up with that?  
Talk on the jack like Feds, got the phone tapped  
Havoc make tracks, didn't know, just hold that  
Career ain't goin so well, I got that  
Slide you some hot shit, nigga it's a wrap!

[Chorus: Havoc]

See the cats in the whips wanna - get me  
But I got the pounds and them .9's - they pretty  
See me on the streets, them gorillas they - wit me  
Bills in the pockets, know them things is - crispy  
Yeah, y'all niggaz pussy son  
Y'all not known for bustin them guns  
So for the .9 I got beef for days  
Y'all want it wit us don't get carried away  
Call the coroner

[Littles]

Yo, a closed mouth don't get fed, that's why I talk to  
him

I'm hungry, niggaz is eatin fo' pounds, I walk through  
'em  
Either you shook or your .9 spray  
You got a row of sixteen and a clip, one in the head  
around my way  
Fuck with my money you be shot the fuck up  
The name Littles got the streets locked the fuck up  
Dumped off the bridge, body mopped the fuck up  
when them Mobb Deep boys creep or pop the fuck up  
There ain't a nigga that can cramp my style  
Fifteen get money, livin frozen out  
You cowards softer than a bitch, get a baby wipe  
'Fore I show you what the .9 or three-eighty like  
Want beef muh'fucker come and get me  
All this rap in the booth, or whassup in the street  
Not a nickel get sold in the park 'less I eat  
Think different the mac'll spin you like the G-Unit piece

[Chorus] - first 1/2

[Noyd]

Aiyyo, hey hey  
Look I walk around with my pound in a glass  
Puffin my haze, missed with that dro and sprinkled  
some hash  
How I roll? Why would you ask?  
Know I'm swingin my piece, pocket full of G's, gun in  
the stash  
I know y'all roll with the boys with the badge  
That's why when you kick that gangsta rap, homie I just  
laugh  
From the ave, where snitches get blast  
They say - no Noyd, you won't blow makin songs like  
that  
I say - homie you sell your soul to glitter, it don't last  
I don't get no bigger, I'ma keep it realer to death  
Fuck is a check if you ain't bustin a tec  
Nigga we countin the scrilla with the gun on the deck  
Countin the gang that snaps, think how many straps  
and vests  
We flash the pound around and knuckle down the rest  
We hate the E-mails and the phones, the spots get  
blown  
It's +Deep+, we can't even speak in certain rooms

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

Nope, you get outta here, fuck outta here.

I'm tellin you it's somethin 'bout them Mobb Deep boys,

they no joke  
They blood-thirsty for that rap music yo  
It's not a song, it's a goddamn bomb fittin to blow  
They not a group, they a muh'fuckin gang for sho'  
More than a gang, we more like a troop and oh  
Let's not forget to mention our jewels is whoa  
All our guns get blown, all my fools is loc  
E'rytime we drop a new one the streets gon' go  
straight berserk, cause we don't play with that there  
They know it's safe to spend they money over here  
E'rytime they cop from somebody else, the shit wack  
That shit there is doo-doo, the shit here is crack  
Get 'em all higher than Scotty could ever beam 'em  
They know it's safe to spend they dough over here  
Fuck that new shit, they high wear off too fast  
Them niggaz got garbage, this is that smack!

[Chorus]

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