

Mobb Deep

"Can't Get Enough of It"

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(feat. General G)

[Havoc]

QBC

About to take over, your area!

YO

Left to right protect the life, guard my castle
When goin at you, take it to the gats if I have to
It's the hassle, jealous thugs I suppose squeeze
Turn that ass to Swiss cheese, leave permanent holes
And to them hoes, you know how it go, no dough
Cause they subject to wakin with cash and go crazy
Yeah they bangin baby Havoc representin for them
niggaz
That don't trick, ladyless, just associates
Appropriate, no doubt, but bust it
I love this rap shit got me fillin mad clips perhaps it's
Them fake rappers, but they damn good actors
From population, through the math I subtract them
You hear no laughter, QBC the thug factor
You niggaz ain't worth the punch, back snatch ya
Pitbull attack ya, and half snap ya
Kodak moments I capture, like an escaped
Convict, Pearl Harbor, bomb shit
Handle B-I, on some calm shit

[General G]

I can't get enough of it, the rough shit, grenade lyrics
My appearance is thug, rap slug ritual
For every dollar gotta nigga's blood chiseled, the slug
sizzle
Pistol-whip tight, night monopoly
Four 380's in the prophecy, the bigger I got
Handle B-I, smoke a C-I, snuff a C-O
Can't You See, I'm the Total, vocals is low blow
Barely soldierable reformed the man from Nahwan
(Nahwan!)
Toe to toe complex the next expert, who's in control?
Episode, ya can't control your fascination
Hell is the name, two guns that look the same
Frame of thought change, first we live then we abort

Cloth Polo Sport, catch a nigga on his sports
Talk back I'll leave ya jacked, rap format, I'm hostile
Wild out for snakesness equals foul
General G, blowin Dutches in the train

[Chorus: Mobb Deep]

Yo the NYC, M-O-B-B thug shit (and that's my shit!)
I can't get enough of it
Either fuck with it, or don't fuck with it
Catch us in a middle of the crowd crazily bent
When my cats attack you got your knot split, aiyyo

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When my cats attack you got your knot split
We out to win and that's it!
We out to win it like this!

[Prodigy]

It's like this kid, aiyyo
We shut it down like the news and blast like fresh teecs
Out the box, we outbox, get suplexed

Take notes nigga, best check the index
Look over anything that you might've missed
You overlooked the part with some unified terrorists
Pirates, straight off the ship, and mad starvin
Anchored to land and now we runnin wild poundin
On imbecile niggaz who ain't got they feet grounded
Precise, astonishin shots split ya skin's top
We sent pops, catch you from two blocks
Don't run up on you chargin, with hot shit, he felt it,
alarmin
Shockin, surprisin shit, left you crawlin
Dangerous, umm, and ready to rock
This man's hot, your flesh start to boilin hot
Rhymes solid like a lead pipe, that bleeds your knot
Knot headed niggaz get knocked out a lot
Kick down your chain-locked door, we raise spot
My clique got a deadbolt lock, you rather not Duke
Stormin through the crowd, hard to see, comin through
(Watch out, watch out, watch out, comin through comin
through kid)
Spill my over-proof is drippin from my temple
Lay on the wall and watch all y'all
You can't injure a ninja who crept and took fall
Surrounded by crime cats, time for tap jaws
Leave red stains on clothes, carpets and floors
Word up

[Havoc]

Aiyyo we bang like the Tunnel and jam like broke gats
One hundred and oh, nigga go check the stats
QB, yeah that name hold weight and ring bells
All you niggaz Shook and It Ain't Hard To Tell
Major clientele, the Infamous cartel
Catch a buck fifty, them stars we scar well
Hard luck, got gassed up and starstruck
Then got stuck in one stroke, the Mobb clutch
Laid up, sippin all types of shit, get ya chick bent
Talk the bitch to death til there's no info left
Homicidal clepto, like the lye leaf I'm petrol
Regulate the Metropolitan, niggaz gettin bodied in
In the lobby-in, lock the door it ain't safe, kid
Take it how you take it, grab a hold and embrace it

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[crowd noise to end]

That's my shit! Yo

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