

## **Mobb Deep "Cardboard Box"**

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Verse 1: (Havoc)

41st side nigga, them thirsty side niggas  
number one pick, gutter litter, leavin' 'em bitter  
how the fuck a nigga figure he can come through this?  
with no worry at all and ice on his wrist  
plottin' to get it, poppn' them slugs  
one in the mug, leave 'em in the morgue, keepin' it  
gangsta? we keepin'  
it thug  
makin' albums, washin' that dough made from  
narcotics  
you know the mob brolic, gats we got it  
like a bitch on her period, don't even wanna see you  
unless you got what I need, and we sure not peoples  
only niggas that I fuck wit' could hold what I bust wit'  
a one minute nigga, hit 'em like when I nut quick  
got a bad ass bitch that'll fuck your clique  
ass so fat, make the illest nigga dry snitch  
it's time to stretch on these cats 'cause my dogs is  
restless  
the number one sinner mothafucka, repent this.

Chorus -

Fuckin' wit' us will leave you in a cardboard box  
fuckin' wit' us will leave you leakin', callin' the cops  
with nothin' to bust? we'll leave you in a fucked up spot  
and you don't even wanna be that nigga claimin' a  
spot.  
(repeat)

Verse 2: (The Jackal)

Play stupid, 32 shots nigga, looped it  
64 troopers, Tim boots and Rugers  
show and prover, Q.B. manuever  
pure breed grower, flow gives brain tumors  
holla at ya dog, movin' units  
ain't ready for the onslaught  
try to knock the Don off  
not too much talk, niggas just pop off

got that feelin' inside, who willin' to ride?  
aight here, take this Four-Five  
cardboard box these niggas off sides  
rap nigga live, rap niggas alive  
that nigga high, gangsta stroll, stackin' to the sky  
poppin' his collar nigga, tossin' that dollar  
act up, blood clot his throat, make it hard to swallow  
used to pitch times holdin' trotters  
now I pitch 16's with the culture power saga  
you sorry, don't bother, Q.B. to Carter  
Rucker, Nino, Goodfella, Godfather.

Chorus x2

Verse 3: (Littles)

Came home after 5, stood on my own two  
I learned to seperate Men from Boys and crews  
I toy with dudes, now I'm just annoyed with fools  
I'm a pimp on a track with another Mans food  
I refuse to be whored by another Mans rules  
It's a pimp and ho game, you gotta respect the  
business  
but I only mob with thugs and gangsta niggas  
it seems nowadays snitches get respect  
ya'll don't know a real nigga 'till he's layed to rest?  
ya'll lucky I ain't come home chasin' necks  
arms, legs, chests, blazin' tecks  
'cause I love to snap, crackle, and pop them hammers  
rock bandanas, cop wanna knock and jam us  
watch and slam us, locked up, box and canners  
'cause when I start lickin' all you niggas start snitchin'  
bitchin', little niggas start missin'  
we provide ya'll with the truth and facts  
ya'll don't wanna give me burn with these ruthless raps  
shit, I'll bounce ya'll ass straight off the tracks  
plus I roll with gorillas and I'm true to cats.

Chorus x2

Verse 4: (Nature)

All I need is a kick and a snare, ya'll niggas scared  
my name speaks for itself, it rains as soon as it hits the  
air  
got a wicked stare, one eye crossed  
in Queens fiends returnin' every gun I toss  
every dun I corpse, my religion is none  
I figured once I lay it out niggas 'll run  
I could type it up e-mail  
and give it to you, when you're done you're comin' back

for a refill  
grade A shit, like the taste of the haze and the dro  
I rock the same Guess jeans five days in a row  
see my Thirty-Six waist is now Thirty-Eight  
quick to help a nigga up to the pearly gates  
makin' sure every other live nigga heard of Nate  
guaranteed to boost the murder rate  
if it don't it will niggas, chill just give it some time  
how much pain can a nigga provide?  
ya'll niggas rhyme?

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