

Mobb Deep

"Clap Those Thangs"

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(featuring 50 Cent)

[Havoc talking]

Yeah we stop fuckin with theses niggaz
It's real... it's real... yo

[Verse 1: Havoc]

This money done got a nigga like me in trouble
I made it niggaz hated leave me dead they beloved to
Mommy before I walked up out that door I should've
hugged you
Who's my real friends seems I'm livin in a bubble
For cryin like a bitch nigga get your fuckin firearm
Got me blowin hollow tips right at your Teflon
Nigga stick and move if you ain't gettin stepped on
No heat? That's like a cop without his vest on
We buggin constantly thuggin we ain't showin no lovin
Ice griller than slugin face the repercussion
Niggaz stomach is touchin it's real not for nothin
Keep fakin and frontin you know it's gonna be somethin
They say you live and you learn niggaz never will learn
Burn heavily burn when streets and music merge
Niggaz comin at me sideways
Nigga get your hammer and let's do this the right way
for real

[Chorus: Mobb Deep] + (Havoc)

You know we pop those thangs
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
You know we pop those thangs
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
You know we pop those thangs
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
You know we pop those thangs
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

If you scared nigga get a gun, don't go get a dog
Got a .44 long to put your ass in a morg
You peace talk with your pistol I send niggaz to get you
Ten grand to hit you the shells are sure to split you
You chrome spot...DROP, gun in the stash... BOX

Get your bitch ass... SHOT, standin around here
The flow so... HOT, they say I got it... LOCKED
Hold on a second homey let's get this clear
The wrist stay... ROCKED, the ruger stay... COCKED
I hope you smoke a lot 'cause I supply a weed... SPOT
Now I got a question and I need the answer on the spot
That bitch you with she like you or she like what you got
It's 50 Cent and M-O-B-B breath easy
We ain't finna kill nothin we just chillin nigga
But look dog don't go actin loco
You in Queens you a long way from Kansas?

[Chorus: Mobb Deep] + (Havoc)

You know we pop those thangs
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
You know we pop those thangs
(yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
You know we pop those things
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
You know we pop those thangs
(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)

[Verse 3: Prodigy]

Ay yo
Why dudes walk around with those on the hip
The pocket or the box nigga wherever they fit
You know we done been through the worst of the shit
All we know is how to survive y'all niggaz eat a dick
Eat it quick eat your food through the I.V fuckin with P
Need a plastic bag attachment to shit?
Y'all make us so real ice grill faces before them guns
popped out
Now you look like you seen death
You ain't ready for murder don't play with these kids
Upgrade to a set of wings fuckin with my clique
Basically be a cold case fav real quick
People that enjoy life they don't come to our set place
your bets
Your favorite rap is sex I swell up niggaz heads
Frail niggaz is dead better get your weight up yeah
You heard what we said bird niggaz ain't deaf
Fuck y'all wanna do about it huh? Straight up

[Chorus: Mobb Deep] + (Havoc)

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(Yo, you scared get it dog, you gully get a gun)
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