

Mobb Deep "Click Click"

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We get that paper baby boy, it's easy
You want to be who? You can't be me
Shorty gave me that ass on GP
Rollin' in a G-500, or the Porsche, roof open

And I know that you're hopin' that I fall real soon
But I ain't goin' nowhere, hate to bust your balloon
And there ain't that much room for all us
Limited space, the game like a tour bus

I won't break, I just take, take and take
Rape and rape, the game til there's no more cake
Snitch ass niggaz givin' up identities
Ain't my forte makin' pennies

They soft like ice cream, sweeter than Ben & Jerry's
Like [Incomprehensible], leavin' nowhere to be found
but buried
The gun won't fail me, the money won't leave me
Stop schemin' on me baby 'cause it ain't that easy

Niggaz leave prints 'cause their palms so greasy
Their mind read easy, I see right through 'em
The AK'll do 'em, like nobody doin' 'em
Stop, it's best that you keep it movin', you'll get shot

We ain't lickin' niggaz, we ain't bustin' shots in the air
No warnin' shots, the fuck out of here
Oh man homey, hate to do you like this
Oh man homey, when the tooley go click, click, click

We ain't lickin' niggaz, we ain't bustin' shots in the air
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It's the young high-roller, the talk of New York
David got my neck lookin' like a lightning bolt
I'm in that two-door Range Stormer
My truck plush, and the wheels are the size of rims on a
school bus

I need that Bill Gates money, that's fifty-one billion
Six hundred Ki's, that's fifty-one million
Me and 50 in Hollywood, with Quincy Jones
Since the Feds bought Nextel, I trashed my phone

Listen homes, everything glisten homes
Yeah my gun and my rims both sit on chrome
You move your weight in the car, I move weight by the
carload
I dropped in Marcy in a Murcielago

My connect is a Cuban named Flaco
With my aim, you a human taco
Meetin' shells, yo the Feds tryin' to peep our sales
My daughter grow up, she in Harvard and Yale, yeah

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You see me rollin', Mack-10 showin' out the window
When you catchin' me shootin' out the Coup, then
switch your lane
You don't want me creepin' two miles an hour, with my
seat low
'Cause I'll hop up out the roof with fully-autos and
embed it in your brain

It's like fee, fie, foe, fum, I smell the blood of a jealous
ass punk
One, two, three hundred shots
Fittin' to ring off them things off, and cook the block
Old people, the pets and the kids
Whoever in the way, them strays gon' hit

And we don't give a fuck about the police nigga
This ain't Manhattan, this Queens nigga
We're immune to the violence, it's nothin' to me
Fuck 'em they don't give a fuck about P
If they could kill me, believe me, they would

That's why I set it off, and I get 'em real good
When them street, lights, come on nigga
You best, have, your gun on nigga
'Cause tonight we ride and you die

As soon as I walk up, or drive-by

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