

# Mobb Deep "Creep"

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**(feat. 50 Cent)**

*[Intro: Havoc]*

thats that creep  
creep mode baby we in creep mode  
come around here baby  
shinnin like that

*[Havoc]*

its crazy on this side, come thru gun thru  
ohh ya man live out here Dont go and get comfortable  
Dont know what he told you, aint sweet around here  
and i dont care what he told you it aint sweet around  
here  
see me ridin in that infiniti, now thats not fair  
whats that a two thousand and six? okay  
playboy we got bombs detinate all day  
and you comin straight thru the hood, straight ??  
we takin medium rare, grill to bakin us  
Lettin that ?? not ?? for the bait  
Oh You ment, you a local Guess what she bait  
She dont know right now but trust me the bitch bait  
Im gonan get all in her business cause shorty is madd  
cool  
My mans was diggen that and she a little bit national  
first time we catch you comin out of the buildin we  
snatchin you  
And takin whats your, first thing we askin you is...

*[Chorus: Havoc]*

Fuck brought your ass round here  
Like you somebody lookin like you the playa of ?? boy  
Fuck brought your ass round here  
This Queens little homie Get caught around here yah  
Fuck brought your ass round here  
Comin thru for these bitches, shit happen around here  
yah  
Fuck brought your ass round here  
Like niggas got somethin to live for round here

*[Prodigy]*

You ask me, all these rappers is bums

Hav show me the flow and i ran wit it dun  
I mean really, you gotta be the most worst  
rap shit i ever herd, compare to a P verse  
We emerge on the scene, everything seen  
than stop... watch as they bling bling  
nigga wanna swing swing, they must show  
And once we get in they ear, thats a rap broo  
Our songs good to go, straght to the radiOO  
Flex easy on the palm, let the niggas here the flow  
of americas most, dangerous to have fans

new york new york, we the kings of the thang  
party too much, smoke too much grass  
and we never see the bright side, we only see the bad  
Fuck all that, thers a lot of niggas dead  
And i wont let em get me how they got them

*[Chorus: Havoc]*

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*[50 Cent]*

yeah cock that, aim that, squeeze that, shoot the steal  
cadillac coop deville, wood grain on the wheel  
cocain in the pot, baking soda, water hot  
when the ice cubes drop, look at that, thaaaats craaack  
bag that, nigga stack, black hoodie, fitted hat  
grimey nigga wit a gat, screamin where the money at  
my hood, southside, riders ride, thats riiight  
ya yoooo he know, banks know, buck know  
shit it aint about the dough, i aint really wit it yo  
camouflaged on the low, ridin round with the heat  
I aint say whats up to you, nigga you dont know me  
im on the griiind all time, heavy shine and the nine  
clip filled to the tips, stunt ill get on some shit  
different day different bitch, old hooptie new kicks  
oldsmobile fuck that, no rims, hub caps  
keep my eyes open for the niggas i done buck that!!  
grrrrrr

*[Chorus: Havoc]*

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