

Mobb Deep "Dog Shit"

Visit "[Dog Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Dog shit, I shit you not
You bring that larceny, danger or harm around me
Dog shit, listen to me good
We the grand goons, you just a lickle nickel dime hood

[Verse 1 - Havoc]

I'm the epitome slimeball, f-ck up out my eyesight
F-ck is on your brain dog shit, I'm not the clown type
Die 'fore I let a n-gga play me, like I'm baby shit
Dog shit, you def dumb or blind, I'm the craziest
Most Infamous outta NY, jealous of my shine, the truth
is in your eyes
You wanna be down, I might allow you to work for me
The keywords: "work for me", I put your ass in surgery
Ever step outta line, forget who boat you ride
Forget who train you ride
Forget who flag you fly
Read the name on it, Mobb deep
P and Hav' run this, employees get fire with some gun
fire if it call for it
A thousand n-ggas couldn't stop me once I get to going
You can have a nation of millions, still wouldn't hold me
back
Still wouldn't be leathal as Bun B the Mac
Matter fact...

[Hook]

Dog shit, I shit you not
You bring that larceny, danger or harm around me
Dog shit, listen to me good
We the grand goons, you just a lickle nickel dime hood

[Verse 2 - Prodigy]

Once we get it goings team running over them
Drunk off the drama, aint no way you can sober them
F-ck outta here, you outta so left
Slugs leave a n-gga open like a coke sniff

You nah music, got these n-ggas into dope fiends
No intervention could get them off the OD
Grand goon, all my fans, you seen loyal

Dedicated in the cut, wait weeks for you
And when they finally discover you
They gon need a dental record, you've been dead a
month or two
Post mortem, shirvelled up, how dare us
We penalise traitors and only hail trust
Inhale piff and guzzle white liquor
I dont know you, you don't know me, you's a lie, n-gga
I can see the tears in ya eye, you aint see nothing till
you seen a grown man cry

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nas]

Yo, every gang, every hood's in my veins
It's my thing, it's real, I'm in tune
I chill like the cold side of the moon
Silence you dudes like an empty room
Empty out with silencers
You get murdered like how it was in a saloon
Anastasia that is
Haters can't live, talkin about they putting 8 in my wig
I got my dollars up, try ya luck, you die, no trial for us
Court appointed lawyers as foul as f-ck and I'm too fly
Cause when you're locked in prison, you're clock stop
ticking
Now, you came home, the same age you went in
Mentality wise, get iller when boxed in
Fresh home, and right up top, you get it poppin
Freedom is a vitue, n-ggas hanging way past they
parole curfew
Blwoing on that purple, know my street ties, beef wise
I let three fly over ya head, Welcome home P
Let gets get this bread, Dog shit

[Hook]

Visit [Mobb Deep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.