

# Mobb Deep "Gangstas Roll"

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[Intro: Prodigy]

Ha-ha, uh man, y'all runnin' out of steam already?  
That's all y'all got man?, c'mon man  
We got the illest combination of this right here man  
That's all you got man? C'mon man  
You gotta be kiddin' me man

[Verse 1: Prodigy]

It is all so simple just add it all up  
My mail box is on fire, 'cause my checks don't stop  
Pockets full of chunky black, can't fuck with these crop  
That these niggaz be smokin', straight out the yard  
Might catch me in a burgundy chair, my shirt blockin'  
Fresh with my bandanna and Timbs, we outta there  
Pushin' to the limit like Montana did  
Army bags full of money, bullet proof this  
And that too, put some in the roof  
Niggaz be shootin' from windows, we untouchable  
Yea we is rich thugs, that shoot up clubs  
Make albums that click more than little drugs  
Infamous, 'cause, or if you a blood  
You goin' need that bandanna for your head, you go at  
us  
No shit our songs bump, and girls show us love  
'Cause they know who big, y'all got love then

[Chorus: Prodigy & (Havoc)]

I gotta have the big chain, or the watch yo  
(That's how "Gangstas Roll")  
I need me a big phatty, straight video hoe  
(That's how "Gangstas Roll")  
Back sit at the black truck, with the black rims yo  
(That's how "Gangstas Roll")  
In the club with my gat, what?, we got this shit sold  
(That's how "Gangstas Roll")

[Verse 2: Havoc]

Yo you ain't clappin' nuttin', splashin' nuttin', lettin'  
nuttin' die  
Real niggaz never advertise, what the fuck is on they  
mind?  
The real never stop until they get at, bringin' shit to

where yo live it  
Tell whoever the other drama with, on the floor dyin'  
Out of there before the siren, bounce, dismantle your  
iron  
Lost count how many times, I had these bitch niggaz  
flyin'  
Give a fuck, shoot his ass, for the littlest thing  
The principal, minuscule, my gun is still ring  
You ain't flippin' nuttin', makin' cheddar, y'all niggaz  
broke  
Broke guns, broke dunns, y'all got jokes  
Yea I'ma hammer like a fiend, when he need it, let it  
smoke  
When you bitches act up, it relax even more  
Pretty sure niggaz know they don't Â– don't put 'em all  
When they finally figure it out, his slow ass gone  
Yea you runnin' with 'em, dime with 'em, try to switch  
teams  
And get your motha'fuckin' head blown off clean

[Chorus: Prodigy & (Havoc)]

[Interlude x2: Prodigy]

Yea, Infamous nigga, we all up in these set  
The girls comin' with us, your money is a bet  
We gon' take all y'all money and smoke with the clique  
Ga'head and think funny, and we shootin' for you head

[Chorus: Prodigy & (Havoc)]

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