

Mobb Deep "Get At Me"

Visit "[Get At Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I saw him, I saw him, there he is right over there
Over there, I see him, okay, I got a message for you
Infamous, you tell that son of a bitch
He's made a big mistake and you tell him personally
From me and stay outta here

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about
Real loaded, in the flesh
An' we know where we aimin'
Check me out

Yo, you'se a baby boy rapper, breast-fed nigga
I'm a quiet murderer, in front the feds type nigga
Do my dirt quicker from my early days swifter
With the gat, I'm like [Incomprehensible] paintin' that
picture

Listen to the word, take it as a jewel
If I'm fuckin' your 'burb, just maintain cool
'Cause I won't take a L
Whether in your crib or the outside world
'Cause the pound clap well, like fan mail

Choose to ignore me? The warnin' that I gave 'em
Get at me, you an' what army?
The fashion-ass niggas, you hang with
Have a plate of grave shift, man
Down nigga, it's the same shit

Niggas like kids an' I don't play with 'em
Go get your father, nigga, the smart decision
An' I'm pickin' niggas off with the sharp precision
Niggas need to see the wis'
Because they heart is missin'

Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be
Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be

Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be
Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be

Yeah, nigga, what's beef? Shotties an' macks
Little two shots, four pounds an' techs, arms an' chest
Bag your strength, nigga, them bombs an' fists
Knives an' forks, ain't no time to think, it's on

Just move on them niggas with excessive force
An' don't stop 'til them niggas don't move no more
Broken hands, knuckles an' gun handles
Dunn got his gunshot wounds through his mantle

Informers tell when snitches snitch
Fuck them, buck more shots, get out that bitch
Cribs is found, careful when the kids is out
Torch your house, stalk your kin, bitches an' friends

It get deeper than deep, dirty an' foul
Fuck liquor, for my nigga, we gon' pour some blood out
It's fucked up how it goes down
Innocent people blown down
My niggas is here, brace yourself

Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be
Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be

Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be
Get at me, niggas wanna clap me
Snitches wanna rap me
Put it right where they back be

Now we all get to know what it's like
When some asshole's gonna step out of the dark
And blow your head off
I want you to know what it's like to live that way

First of all, we the one an' only, infamous
It's a dirty job but somebody's gotta do it
First of all, we the one and only
'Til the name wear out

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

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