

## **Mobb Deep**

# **"My gats spitting"**

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[Verse One: Havoc]

Is it real like niggaz claimin', "stay to this"  
Let me answer that question while I'm aiming this  
Hear them one good time, is he faking kid?  
Not bleeding like that, he gonna need a shit bad  
Lay the fuck up, suck it through from a tube  
A million dollars won't even put my feet in his shoes  
(check it out)  
Niggaz lose they life, hear as nature  
And niggaz die when...tryin', I'm gangsta, niggaz  
Straight pussy, I can smell that shit  
There's only one way that I can duse that shit  
Slugs comin' through, better move that shit  
He was gangsta but he died tryin' ta prove that shit  
Them QB niggaz, too grimey for y'all  
We stick together, fuck what you heard in the song  
The 41st Side, and that love go long  
Niggaz screamin' out, "dunn"  
And we put y'all on...

Chorus: Havoc (2x)

So fuck y'all niggaz  
Buck y'all niggaz  
Ain't no way you can touch my niggaz  
Try my nigga  
Die my nigga  
All y'all niggaz...my gats spittin'

[Verse Two: Infamous Mobb]

Aiyo  
You feel my niggaz when we come through, thuggin' it  
You lovin' it, the way we at ball like the government  
I'm 1/3 President, the AB, the medicine, we OD  
heavenly  
You fuckin' with veterans who's better than us,  
The In-fa-mous,  
We crush crab niggaz to dust and sweep-o-mop  
When the heat raise up,  
Ain't no ifs, ands, or buts  
The most scandalous, make your blood rush  
Through your body like it ain't never did before

We the mall, and we guarantee the realist of all  
My spirit is torn  
My guns is long  
My team is strong  
We king kong niggaz when the heat is on  
And no matter if I'm wrong or right,  
Believe me, I'm right  
If anything else, nigga prepare to fight  
Like, nuckle up, get your face bowl up  
Or, buckle up and get shot the fuck down  
'cause we got 4 pounds that don't make no sounds  
Real creepy, so be careful when you see me, breathe  
easy  
Believe me, it's far from what you see on tv,  
It's real life drama, you wouldn't want to be me...

Chorus: Havoc (2x)

So fuck y'all niggaz  
Buck y'all niggaz  
Ain't no way you can touch my niggaz  
Try my nigga  
Die my nigga  
All y'all niggaz...my gats spittin'

[Verse Three: Prodigy]

Aiyo,  
There aint no niggaz on the face of the map, fuckin'  
with this  
Infamous, y'all, that dominant mall  
Just park your attention on my dogs, it's us  
We the ones with that dope shit,  
That cold crush  
We burn 'em up, turn it up, it's on  
We gonna do it 'til it death us, fuck yo' thoughts  
Niggaz be plottin' to dead us, they move in veine  
Get they head bust open, it's not a thing  
So rap fo' these niggaz  
My team is tough  
It's not a game, motherfucka  
We cleanin' up  
Gettin' that money, motherfucka  
You king or what  
We use your head, dunn, it's right there  
Get you some  
You lack strength, motherfucka  
Better get you some  
For's me, I'm more than a family, dunn  
And we handles our business  
And continue to bang  
And chump niggaz

Grow and get bigger, flow and get richer

Chorus: Havoc (2x)

So fuck y'all niggaz

Buck y'all niggaz

Ain't no way you can touch my niggaz

Try my nigga

Die my nigga

All y'all niggaz...my gats spittin'

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