

# Mobb Deep "Perfect Plot"

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(feat. Big Noyd)

[Chorus: Havoc]

Uh huh, uh huh

The Mobb comin' through, no doubt kid

Schemin' in, layin' with the "Perfect Plot" ("Perfect Plot")

We the first one's awake and the last one to sleep

And that's why we go the drop (Got the drop)

Rip shows, hit hoes

I'm the type of nigga that have your baby father vexed

Whatever you say bounces of me and right back to you

And if it get back to us then we clappin' you (What

Duke?)

[Verse 1: Prodigy]

Born to be wild, push to the front of the crowd

Top of the piles, state of the art, rhymes a 100 miles

I layed on chocolate clouds

Then pull out and blow on any clown

Listen to the glow go round

Cut my silencer, the most powerful weapon yet found

Hold it down, my tongue that is, to bring the biz, keep it tight

My mouth piece dispense my clips

Fuckin' wit me, the scenery get highly intense

Intelligent, gun buckers, duck fucka, you get bent ova

I'm not signin' out soldier, rocket launcher

Shank musketeer, face carved up

But you need down shit for slow down kid

Or get surrounded or pounded out, real quick

Aiyo check out what the storm blew in...

[Chorus: Havoc]

[Verse 2: Big Noyd]

Check the main attraction of these raps shit

The infamous slapped some shit

On the track and get, the whole atlas wide open

Is stuck on it, you need to hang it up like I wanted

You shit borin', rappin' pourin' on your head like its stormin'

Hell fire, Vietnam your whole outfit, get re-rounded

Yo you bout it bout it, though I doubt it doubt it  
While your girl scouted, I be repin QB drownin'  
Box is the Heineken's, Gin bottles with handle  
Rubber handles and crack paper  
Get flipped and stack paper  
The beats flavor, make your pile more greater  
Fuck y'all Mobb haters  
We got y'all wives on the bed'er, while you playin' wit  
her  
We makin' her loose and turned on  
She loves when thugs is glowin', she get aroused  
When I walk around with the gun showin'  
The Mobb steady blowin' with this 9-8 shit  
Before I had my clip, before I had my cake  
A nigga wasn't shit  
Y'all niggaz wasn't feelin' this shit  
Now y'all hearin' it, get of my dick  
Y'all niggaz sick like a virus  
I wish one of y'all niggaz try this...

[Chorus: Havoc]

[Verse 3: Havoc]

The Mobb got it locked down  
Still heavy weights racin it's the V.I  
New niggaz were shook, ain't it ill how we can?  
\*vettias\*?  
No stoppin' this, it's approximate that you would be  
copin' this  
Head lockin' shit bring it back where its suppose to be  
Take a dose of this, guarantee cats will be stuck  
Check the QBC just to cop from us  
M O B B, make no mistake it's us  
Though it was hav shit, spread the shit that was laced  
with death  
You all fucked up, should bring, no one to trust  
Walk in the street with the bag'acho and it's still Dutch  
Rep the 41st side and hold the title with pride and when  
it's on  
Use the infrared for guide, aim at yo renta  
I'm like liquor in the winter, keep it warm, but make  
things  
Extra high when you enter, fuckin' faggot  
Have you hoppin' like rabbits for carrots  
No need the name, yo we already established

[Chorus x2: Prodigy]

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Duke?)

[Chorus: Havoc]

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