

Mobb Deep

"Stole Something"

Visit "[Stole Something](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Wooh, yeah, you can get with this or you can get with that
I don't got to tell you hoe, you know I got that crack
Three for the price of one, you know I have you comin' back
You can have me a P.O. absolute and it's a rap

It's a fact, niggaz know, fuck with us you gettin' clapped
No, I won't say your name 'cause it just put you on the map
And I ain't, into lettin' niggaz eat, no never that
Shorty love the way I swing my game, I got a better bat

Know I'm lethal with this rap shit, c'mon baby holla back
Cut that juggler, you bleedin', no there ain't no stoppin' that
I don't sleep, my eyes open, maybe a good povernap
Spit a verse, then I eventually watch the cheddar stack

I'm shittin' on niggaz, shittin' like it's a got to get slack
This a standin' ovation for homey with a Tek clap
F that, we takin' over baby and that's that
Catch me fuckin' with a bitch that can't stand rap

I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me

I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me

Yeah, gun powder resi' on the sleeve of my Pele
I had to burn my leather and toss 'My Buddy'
Two hundred calls comin' in on my celly
I had to cut the ringer like, "Fuck e'rybody"

Drive the bulletproof all the way to Cali
Lay low for a month or so gettin' very high

Where I'm goin' it gets my mind of the bones
Back on the East Coast I bury now I'm partyin' with Halle
Berry

This Hollywood shit'll catch you slippin' if you let it
So niggaz started grillin' me
Like they was gon' take my things
So I assumed I had to set it

Now it's blood splashed all on the ice in my jewelery
They don't know who did it 'cause I did it smoothly
Take my ass back to Queens, it's not like I look for
trouble
It seems trouble always finds me, then

I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me

I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me

Look, I got tons of old beef and a brand new forty
A hardcore groupie that would take a bullet for me
A high-priced lawyer just in case a nigga snap
And can't take a joke, and pop a nigga over rap

A horrible splatter in a matter of a second
Dead over a record, shit he sound like he meant it
My crew greater, yeah, I'm talkin' to you hater
I'm too major, two-tone blue gator

New blazer, big gun, little razor
So raise up, that ain't how your momma raised ya
They wire-tappin' to hear somethin', they ear-hustlin'
They won't bust him, why they came in and handcuffed
him

It's nothin', there's more 'mati's at the spot
One flat tire's gon' matter if they pop
I pop up tomorrow with the wagon off the lot
Stash box, with the nine magnum with a wop

I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me

I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me

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

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