

Clinton Sparks "Okay Dun"

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["Clockwork Orange" music plays in the background]

[Mobb Deep]

Yeah, check it out like this ya heard? (Woo!)

Yeah son (yeah)

Testin one two one two

That's what I'm talkin 'bout (yo)

That's what I'm talkin 'bout, Mobb Deep yeah

Clinton Sparks! We're about to pop off real fast

This is H right here, got P by my side ya heard?

(Uh-huh) Let's do it like this, check it out

Get familiar - Clinton Sparks dunn, whattup dunn?

Get familiar dunn

[Verse One: Havoc]

Hav' spit it, Hav' live it, Hav' pushin it to the limit

You a gimmick get the shitted smacked out you in a minute

I'll bend and scoop you up where you pivot, the four-fifthed

Or get it, when your monkey-ass pass the line of scrimmage

Reinvented for, harm intended until the endin

I ain't runnin even if the illest repoitire's mentioned

My weapons ain't like yours, my hammers don't wet doors

I come through blocks nigga, set your shit off

The streets and them gloves don't, ever come off

The strong overcome the weak, accept the loss

Mami run to gangsters, she lookin at a boss

Homey front there'll be bodies more

Cause those in my cross you gonna get it catch you in the club split it

While you drink and get up on them Jacob, your man's weapon

AJ feel the new Mobb, your worst nightmare

Trucks wrapped in Kevlars, bitch

[Chorus: x2]

Mobb, Deep, Mobb, Deep

Yeah okay dunn ('kay dunn) 'kay dunn

Mobb, Deep, Mobb, Deep
Yeah okay dunn ('kay dunn) 'kay dunn

[Verse Two: Prodigy]

Aiyyo word to me, niggaz got so much beef
That when you come out, you better bring the police
Better keep one in the head, and turn off the safeties
Learn how to sleep light cause we break in
And tape up your kids and your relatives
Get on some ruthless shit I need sedatives
To calm me down, wind me down
I'ma find you even if it take months on the stakeout
We hittin the club, we out and about
We bound to see you homey, walk wit'cha gun out
Industry nigga, you just like a chick
With her nose up, I squeeze on you and if you live
Dunn... it's over
We comin back, for more of that bullets
And that murder, it be a wrap for you bitch-ass
Infamous Records, Clinton Sparks

[Chorus x2]

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