

Ana Gabriel

"Shit That He Said"

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Chorus/Intro: Mobb Deep

Shit that he said, shit that he spread
Led to this fucking four fifth to his head
Shit that he spread, shit that he said
If he relies on the streets, gone leave your ass dead
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[Verse One: Big Noyd]

Ay yo, if you scheming, I hope your team's tight
My dogs bite, never cocking it twice
Hitting you up, making you sleep tight
You never sleep, dig what I mean right
You here, we prepare for machine gun fights
So don't dare to ever, cross hours or get ready and
prepare for the monsters
Bringing static with these automatics
Fuck revolvers, there is no team mobber than ours
True thugs, ask around about us
It's MD, repping QB nigga for life
Check it G, if you don't believe
Go and ask your wife
Cause she trife, nigga P hit it once
And Hav hit it twice
You wanna join the party, Noyd will hit you up right
Dunn, I'll be precise, hit you with that hot shit
I'll have your faggot ass jetting through the block, little
bitch
I know what time it is, you drop diamonds
It's the feds, now I gotta go and put one up in your
head

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[Verse Two: Big Noyd]

Yo, it's time to drag the phones in the home
It's time to be alone, I'm zoning
The only thing in the back of my mind, shit is blowing
Either blowing on beef, blowing these cats up in the
street
Or shorty blowing me while we roll in the Jeep
Dunn that aint hard to see, it be that true life story
The young arm from QB, picture me being corny
Been hot since I stepped up, God forbid I ever fall
down
I'm just gone get up, and keep it moving
I keep it reppin, with fully automatic weapon
Make them bleed for the cheese, no question
Keep stepping
My glock's cock, what
I pop shit, what
Y'all cowards is butt, fuck around and get stuck
Before you fools make a move, I know you dudes
better think
Cause I light that ass up, as fast as you can blink
With one life to live, kid I'm living with a venge
After dark, when the guns spark
Sage begins, begins what

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[Verse Three: Big Noyd]

You ready for war, yo nigga it's war
Say no more, I'll be at your front door
With the chrome four four,
Squeezing, leaving
Your fucking whole house bleeding
And dead, cause of the shit that you said
And the shit that you spread, got you filled up with lead
And leaking, cause your monkey ass wasn't thinking
You fucking with this black, half Puerto Rican
Like I said in my last song, nigga don't get it wrong
I'm a bugged out, thugged out, crimy
Nigga going all out, slugged out, and grimy

52 pick up, nigga check this here
It's a stick up
And that tech on your neck, making sure you don't get
up
Went from rocking Benneton, to being a don
Now it's way Kenneth Cole, with Timberlands
(pronounced Timbalons)
Stray street don, my moms must have knew it was on
Since the day she gave birth, and named me Tahwan
Let's get it on

[Chorus/Outro: Havoc]

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(x2)

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