

Havoc f/ Nyce, Prodigy

"Set Me Free"

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[Havoc] It's all, ready in motion, you cowards getting laid down Soundscan looking weak, at a high escape now Play around, lay around, niggas getting left out Dudes trying to steal the kid swag like a klepto Won't be satisfied until I let the tech blow Ride through your hood, with no problemo Creeping on you niggas, don't get caught sueno Yeah, you know it's nothing for me to clap the metal Mobb etched in stone, we heavy in the ghetto I've been trying to tell 'em, way before the label shelved them Get your weight up first, and then talk to me You not caked up, your whole team booty Ya'll done say shit, I react with the toolie I know your history, you can't fool me Table for them groupie niggas can't fool me [Chorus: Nyce] I'mma keep on banging, til they set me free I'mma ride til I die, head to the sky, til he set me free Still riding on til the Lord give me greens I'mma ride, homey, til the Lord give me greens I'mma ride, homey, til the Lord give me greens I'mma ride, homey, til the Lord give me greens Two guns up, label me a fucking king [Prodigy] Amen, ain't nothing popping off over there, but your mouth P the newest shit cracking like them niggas down south H keep making these beats for me to kill Our studios like a morgue, cuz songs get bodied I shoot up your bass, stab up your drums P keep writing that shit that you could feel And reach out and touch, cuz this shit real I pity the fool that ain't hit the Mobb Deep You niggas is food, we vultures, we gon' eat We show you how to move in a room full of lions Infamous, can't nobody stop our glory Whoever said they could, they was telling stories This is not a fable, these our the facts Prodigy and Havoc leave you bleeding on your back When Prodigy and Havoc come to catch a little wreck I break ya little neck and take ya little shine You dumber then a mule, you fucking with some dons Hav is a don from way beyond P is a don P, like the Don Perigion Catch a nigga slipping, pop bottles when they gone [Chorus] [Nyce] I see me in a casket, niggas touching my corpse Going down in history, as the king of New York And BK the Unit, we the new Supreme Team Dream team machines with a beam blow ya spleen Out

ya Maskeen jeans, you green fiend Uh, nothing but
cash, is what I'm hearing Getting money now, so I
dump the cannon out the Phantom Fuck the fan, I keep
the strap both sides of my hip When I'm squeezing, the
only time I ghost ride the whip Dump dump reload, the
wrong fire strength Uh, eyes bloodshot, ride let the sub
plot Die from a blood clot, try to make this thug stop My
enemies scared and they panicking Remember me?
Leave this nigga stiff like a mannequin, homey It's
over, nigga back on the stretcher AK's and max with
the all black oppressor When a nigga die, bury me with
a beretta So when I get to hell, man, I got a vendetta
And that's how it's going down, it's thug life forever
[Chorus]

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