

Mobb Deep f/ Godfather Pt. 3

"Shit Hits the Fan"

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[Godfather Pt III] god damn, nigga left bleeding with his head in his hands wishing that he never crossed fam and but still niggas like that get left slain found days later on the ave in a can we used to dance all night my main man we used to give each other pounds wit da webs of our hands its a click thing, yall niggas wouldnt understand we used to get off loose cracks and bag grams hold each other down, duckin the blue van the d's on the roof, plus the 6-Y cab who'd ever thought u was a snake in the grass one of my stash whip and keys to my lab you wanted me shot dead, some things you can't have I pulled out the 8, when you almost got stabbed we followed the same path, cried and shared laughs now I can't wait, for the day to see your bloodbath plug dat, fill you up wit slugs rat take that... Â [chorus] they never think shit stank, till shit hit the fan niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan they don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan they never think shit stank, till shit hit the fan niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit them Â [Prodigy] I'm in a benz for stealth, thinkin on plans stopped at a red light, the birds like damn I saw one whisper to the other, thats him that MOB nigga I think he platinum pulled to the next corner hopped out and asked them if they knew directions to rhode island we was in East New York, they thought I was wild in its a click thing they wouldnt understand meanwhile I looks to my left and see some niggas frownin as if they was go flip now peep this I'm writin shorties math on the trunk of the Six the bitch wanna blow dick cause its deep dish these niggas wanna twist me because of my necklace I'm calm though you know I got the stash in the whip I clap though, these niggas better blast very quick they coming towards me, I sat in the passenger seat reached underneath, grabbed the big Fifth acting like I'm not knowing whats happenin I'm still havin conversation with these hens I'm bout to have a confratation with these mens I know I'm going home wit my chain and my head yall wont dead me, I sleep in my own bed (pop pop pop pop pop) Â [chorus] niggas

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don't think shit stank, till shit hit them

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