

Mobb Deep f/ The Alchemist

"Make the Hits"

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[Intro: (Havoc) & The Alchemist]

(Uh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, fo' real)

You are now tuned into the sounds

Handcrafted & designed, by the H A V O C

Havoc beats, (fo' real) A-L-C talkin'

[Verse One: Havoc]

You know my name, you know my pedigree

It ain't a game, who could do this better then me?

As far as I'm concerned, niggaz better play that position

Their slugs will be hittin' that target, neva missin'

And - how many times, do I gotta go through that beef

Protectin' my shines, wit nothin' but that big heat

I'm down to Earth, but niggaz wanna to bring it

Up to that next level, swing, don't sing it

But I warn y'all, tear y'all niggaz in new ass off

Compared to Hav', nigga I'm dope, you lactose

Pass the roach; you laughin' I'ma get that last tot

Gangstas to fly bitches, I rap for those

And - layin' it down, just like it's suppose to be layed

Check mate on a nigga when my moves is made

Don't believe? The proof is in the pudding, my nigga

Straight face when I'm pullin' the trigger, you didn't know?

[Chorus: Prodigy]

Yo it's the word, you hate P?

You hatin' on Hav?, the A-L-C?

We gettin' doe, we got the V's

That make your hoe come up out them panties

And - we do it big, we +Make The Hits+

Y'all make the check, like it's come up off the checks

You gettin' broke, we gettin' rich

We got the guns that make a mess, uggghh!

[Verse Two: The Alchemist]

Aiyo it's time, time for me to shock and amaze

The best out, chest out when I'm rockin' the stage

I'm certified, A-L-C claimin' his clout

And I'ma show you what that name's about

And - the +Quiet Storm+ (ssshhh!) blew out the fuckin'
lights
Flood the block and overflow personal
Trained pipes, me and H, yea we the same type
Get the checks in the daytime and bang out in the late
nights
Plus, I'm on the grind, snatch a quarter 'mil from KOCH
'Cause I shook the spot, it went from the bottom to the
top
(Get that) I fake then I'm swingin' the rock
Anyway you cut the cake I get my CREAM off the top
CREAM of the crop, on sideways, leanin' and drop
Top speed 'til the cops give me a reason to stop
Even in the winter season I'm hot
Like Ripley's if you a thug, I don't know if I Believe It Or
Not!

[Chorus: Prodigy]

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