What, what Uh, uh What, uh

What, yeah Uh, yo Yo, what Yo, uh Yo, uh

Say Mobb Deep, niggas go sorry Niggas might rob me See niggas we ball with car figures Papers dial mine, clothes custom figure Matchin' Jon Gotti to roll through customs nigga Roll the custom built shit, I bust them clips Niggas trust my lips, while they suck they dicks Plus the Kiss be the Long Goodnight Murderous bitch be the wrong in spiked-typed, what Price right, be that song, the right type But only if Havoc and P spittin' wit' me And they say they gon' see that C.B. nice wit' it Hinnesy and Rimmy, and give me some Ice wit' it Shake down, niggas'll throw some dice in it Put your Money on Chuck or in 9-9, you're fucked Try your luck, stress this red-head I mix blood in my dye, like my family ties

When you in the mix with this shit, bitch Skin and bones, nothing but Infamous Do your hard beat, rapper lay a bid Other dogs posted up over here

Niggas fuckin' up, where my niggas at huh? Niggas be frontin', where my bitches at what? Yo they don't want it This is live nigga rap Scared, get back nigga, but if not, it's cool Cause right here is where it's at

Yo, when I foul out on lab mouse
One nut and I'm out
Ain't tryin' to stick around, let a nigga catch me out of bound
Don't give a fuck about a rumor
Know how I get down
Let my man's do it, he gots to right to it
Known Jay come through the door, still like they "Who this?"
Don't got beef, but got niggas, serious ones
Make sure a nigga here, plus lasted wars
And stay countin' all that cash when I'm fuckin' wit' 'Un'
Fuck around with my funds, got a bring a gun
Please don't make me have to puncture ya lungs

Cause we the ones rockin' 'em, the ones toppin' 'em Gold bars unpredictable, like Mr. Cal' shockin' 'em We heavenly like BIG, Pac and them Mobb Deep and Charli Baltimore, who's toppin' 'em?

Who's lockin' 'em, who's hotter then them?

It's like a dice game and Crack Tito trotterin' them

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Yo, all and together we gon' rush the front door Get at them They dumpin' our songs, so now it's on Infamous, my niggas pop clips to this And fight to it Niggas respect it, it's like we magnetic It's like the last thing you want is drama Go at the girls, have a good time, don't make it a problem While we pop bottles of Mo' Burn down bottles of 'dro Smack that ass of models and ho's Rappin', all ya'll some rag old bunnies Ready to jump off I'm on the side fondlin' this Marcy Black car be gone, Q.B. bitches ready to brawl Charli Baltimore payin' dues, got it 'em balled At the bar slashin' bitches Over some niggas From a Wayne cell, we stuff back in '96 Spaid like... swallow the Gin, we musclin' in Play ya card kid, don't be a talkative Marvin

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