

Yea, Yea, Yea

Mobb Deep

Yeah, uh huh, you know how we do it cousin
Yeah, I don't know how many more times I gotta tell you

Yea, yea, yea, yea (uh huh, okay)
I said yea, yea, yea, yea

Come on
I let them bleed, squeeze until the hammer wheeze
In pursuit they be gaspin' for air
I see it in the eyes of my enemies their eyes be
Bloodshot, puppy-faced, like who the f*ck shot me?
See, a lot of y'all murderers do the things sloppy
Right on the block when every window got eyes
And got the nerve to wonder why niggas doin' the football
See hoes plottin' on your wife, tellin' you (?)
That's one thing that them faggot police good for

(adsbygoogle = window.adsbygoogle || []).push({});
Hope I don't have to kiss (?) with the nine
Cause these faggots will try
And try you they will
Like a six man jury, sixteen rounds of juice
That I keep in the clip and my whip up on me
Put it through your brain (?)

Yea, yea, yea, yea
We just sittin' back countin' our dough spittin' our flow
I said yea, yea, yea, yea
That's how we like it keep it comin' there bro
I said yea, yea, yea, yea
Ain't nothin' up but our chips and songs that's it
I said yea, yea, yea, yea
That's how we like it keep it poppin' bitch

What the f*ck is gangster rap without Mobb Deep?