

# Great Spitters

Prodigy

Rapping is my religion  
Brings me the finest women  
Gives me them eight figures  
Cause we some Great Spitters

Respect that M O B B  
D Double E P  
Real rap, real shit, real spit  
Niggas pray when they see me

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It's that real conversation, my mu'fuckin' occupation  
Hitman I body that with a contiac, with a track, I slay it  
With a little bit of grass, little bit of class  
Little bit of brashness I mix it up, till it's just enough  
To have me on that best rap list  
It's that empire state shit, where we love the entire nation  
Niggas that want to stunt on us, they deserve to die, don't try my patience  
Paint prov, like a bass kick, thank God, I erase this, big boy to head boy  
Take that as a fuckin' favor  
I know, I know, I know, you niggas think P be poppin' shit  
And probably don't know that everything P be poppin' is  
Louder than words, my niggas ain't clowns, we not herds  
I bounce yo head off that curb, I'm just a rhymin' expert  
What you niggas want me to be, your Grim Reaper see?  
I can see through you snake ass eyes  
And you know misery loves company, and they hate when they see me shine  
See these dimes, see this cash, see me on tour with the infamous  
I'll see you in hell, my gun ring bells, puts all that bullshit to rest

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I've got niggas on lock, doin' time  
Cleanin' Mac's, right off the block, movin' dimes  
Who wanna ride, where to?  
Chicks told me I'd be there in a year or two  
Goin' at the mall, corners appear poof  
Death is just around the corner, it's here too  
Got a little brother, I'mma give a better life  
Beautiful little girl's I'mma put to bed at night  
I was 12 in the kitchen, when they let in white  
R.I.P. my nigga Beretta Mike  
I'm affiliated with the renegades  
I don't got juice, pop you, now I'm Minute Maid  
In the bucks we trust, when they lust me  
I'll be givin' a fuck to dust into disgust we bust  
My mother, she was too young, she would've kept me  
Still wouldn't be able to run, bad-ass loud tell a nigga to hum  
Dessert too hot nigga eat with ya tongue  
Unless you're Mobb Deep I ain't sayin' little, I'm done  
Like Charlie, see me have a gun  
Tell an old girl, party with a nigga til' one  
She got a body, harder to beat on a gun

I got keys to the spot with a G and a Pump  
D's on the block just screamin' to jump  
P tell 'em stop 'fore I be in the front  
When niggas get caught, catch me if you want

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