

# Mobb Deep, Can't Fuck Wit

(feat. Raekwon)

(Intro: Havoc, (Prodigy))

Yeah... yeah... yeah (Let it go... let it go)  
Yo, that's right (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (That's right)  
Oh, yeah (Check it out, tell 'em, dunn)  
Oh...

(Chorus x2: Havoc)

Y'all niggaz can't fuck wit the niggaz I fuck wit (uh-uh)  
Really don't wanna fuck wit niggaz I fuck wit (uh-uh)  
Y'all niggaz minor league in my eyes for real  
Y'all niggaz wanna pop shit? See me when ya get a record deal

(Havoc)

Yo, if I sat at wrote a verse for all the niggaz I hated  
Most definately, if not you, kill somebody belated  
Sound foul with a subject, dunn, no women or kids  
Dump you up under a bridge in a cardboard box  
I'm like nothin to do wit it, believe it or not  
I'm washin my hands to get bent with Henney or rock  
Up in the rep bangin my chest off, pealin my socks  
Niggaz do it to death, I sleep with my 6 cocked  
Like Henney rock, one sip, ya love it a lot  
While you sleepin, I'm creapin wit the intricate plot  
Cuz picture me up in the morgue, way before my time  
Picture you tryin to get my while I'm still tryin to get mines  
Asshole, have ya brain lookin like Castro  
Dunn, I heard you wanted me (be careful what you ask for)  
Bitch, if I buck you, damn Short snitched  
The nigga just mad cuz he can't cop crisp

(Chorus x2)

(Raekwon)

I observe the dread, winter time, big shot in my leg  
Blood barrels, a big thick Benneton keg  
Razor glass full, salute all teflon, shoot wit the left arm  
We sleepin wit nukes, the blood is shed warm  
High-voltage guns, nuns wit jums in the gums  
Razors, lazars, bulletproof blazers  
Yo, remind what the team chanted  
They bought the jewel from a don wit a king-sized hat on, slanted  
Kangol wit Bentol, ya mental, mid-war  
Spill Hen' in the store, that's for the own'  
Blaze wit a bent 4, yo these laws is your's  
When we pour gasoline all in ya pours and draws  
So decievin, flow speed change, lay him down, empty breathin  
Instead of these leaks, we leave the weak weapin  
Operation: apparatus, spray shots through ya grey Stratus  
Straight up status for maggots

(Chorus x2)

(Prodigy)

Soldier boys stay on ya toes, be on ya P's and Q's  
Keep ya eyes bright comin out ya buildin, duke  
You might bump into a bullet or stumble on ya death  
Niggaz slumber, I put 'em in a deep coma  
I keep guns cuz it's like that, you figure it out  
I got an arson for niggaz tryin to figure me out  
You ain't a killa, you just talk more, runnin ya mouth

The type of nigga, we'll stomp out and bloody down  
Look, we a Mobb for real, don't let the LP's twist it  
Cut me a cheque cuz I don't talk business  
Drop anthems worth millions and spend millions  
Take trips with my niggaz to the Keys on the weekends  
Serious jewels, pissy off the fruits  
Dunn, we move like the marines, move when we come through  
Seduce bitches dizzy, half they friends and they moms wanna hit me  
Y'all know my stiggity

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: Havoc)

Yeah, yeah...