

# Mobb Deep, Can't Get Enough Of It

(Havoc)

QBC

About to take over, your area!

YO

Left to right protect the life, guard my castle  
When goin at you, take it to the gats if I have to  
It's the hassle, jealous thugs I suppose squeeze  
turn that ass to Swiss cheese, leave permanent holes  
And to them hoes, you know how it go, no dough  
Cause they subject to wakin with cash and go crazy  
Yeah they bangin baby Havoc representin for them niggaz  
that don't trick, ladyless, just associates  
Appropriate, no doubt, but bust it  
I love this rap shit got me fillin mad clips perhaps it's  
them fake rappers, but they damn good actors  
From population, through the math I subtract them  
You hear no laughter, QBC the thug factor  
You niggaz ain't worth the punch, back snatch ya  
Pitbull attack ya, and half snap ya  
Kodak moments I capture, like an escaped  
convict, Pearl Harbor, bomb shit  
Handle B-I, on some calm shit

(General G)

I can't get enough of it, the rough shit, grenade lyrics  
My appearance is thug, rap slug ritual  
For every dollar gotta nigga's blood chiseled, the slug sizzle  
Pistol-whip tight, night monopoly  
Four 380's in the prophecy, the bigger I got  
Handle B-I, smoke a C-I, snuff a C-O  
Can't You See, I'm the Total, vocals is low blow  
Barely soldierable reinforced the man from Nahwan (Nahwan!)  
Toe to toe complex the next expert, who's in control?  
Episode, ya can't control your fascination  
Hell is the name, two guns that look the same  
Frame of thought change, first we live then we abort  
Cloth Polo Sport, catch a nigga on his sports  
Talk back I'll leave ya jacked, rap format, I'm hostile  
Wild out for snakesness equals foul  
General G, blowin Dutches in the train

Chorus: Mobb Deep

Yo the NYC, M-O-B-B thug shit (and that's my shit!)

I can't get enough of it  
Either fuck with it, or don't fuck with it  
Catch us in a middle of the crowd crazily bent  
When my cats attack you got your knot split, ayyo

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We out to win and that's it!  
We out to win it like this!

(Prodigy)

It's like this kid, ayyo  
We shut it down like the news and blast like fresh tecs  
out the box, we outbox, get suplexed  
Take notes nigga, best check the index  
Look over anything that you might've missed  
You overlooked the part with some unified terrorists

Pirates, straight off the ship, and mad starvin  
Anchored to land and now we runnin wild poundin  
on imbecile niggaz who ain't got they feet grounded  
Precise, astonishin shots split ya skin's top  
We sent pops, catch you from two blocks  
Don't run up on you chargin, with hot shit, he felt it, alarmin  
Shockin, surprisin shit, left you crawlin  
Dangerous, umm, and ready to rock  
This man's hot, your flesh start to boilin hot  
Rhymes solid like a lead pipe, that bleeds your knot  
Knot headed niggaz get knocked out a lot  
Kick down your chain-locked door, we raise spot  
My clique got a deadbolt lock, you rather not Duke  
Stormin through the crowd, hard to see, comin through  
(Watch out, watch out, watch out, comin through comin through kid)  
Spill my over-proof is drippin from my temple  
Lay on the wall and watch all y'all  
You can't injure a ninja who crept and took fall  
Surrounded by crime cats, time for tap jaws  
Leave red stains on clothes, carpets and floors  
Word up

(Havoc)

Aiyyo we bang like the Tunnel and jam like broke gats  
One hundred and oh, nigga go check the stats  
QB, yeah that name hold weight and ring bells  
All you niggaz Shook and It Ain't Hard To Tell  
Major clientele, the Infamous cartel  
Catch a buck fifty, them stars we scar well  
Hard luck, got gassed up and starstruck  
Then got stuck in one stroke, the Mobb clutch  
Laid up, sippin all types of shit, get ya chick bent  
Talk the bitch to death til there's no info left  
Homicidal clepto, like the lye leaf I'm petrol  
Regulate the Metropolitan, niggaz gettin bodied in  
in the lobby-in, lock the door it ain't safe, kid  
Take it how you take it, grab a hold and embrace it

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\*crowd noise to end\*

That's my shit! Yo