

# Mobb Deep, Click Click (Feat Tony Yayo)

(feat. Tony Yayo)

(Havoc)

We get that paper baby boy, it's easy  
You want to be who? You can't be me  
Shorty gave me that ass on GP  
Rollin' in a G-500, or the Porsche, roof open  
And I know that you're hopin' that I fall real soon  
But I ain't goin' nowhere, hate to bust your balloon  
And there ain't that much room for all us  
Limited space, the game like a tour bus  
I won't break, I just take, take and take  
Rape and rape, the game til there's no more cake  
Snitch ass niggaz givin' up identities  
Ain't my fort makin' pennies  
They soft like ice cream, sweeter than Ben & Jerry's  
Like ??, leavin' nowhere to be found but buried  
The gun won't fail me, the money won't leave me  
Stop schemin' on me baby, it ain't that easy  
Niggaz leave prints cause their palms so greasy  
Their mind read easy, I see right through 'em  
The AK'll do em, like nobody ?? 'em  
Stop, it's best that you keep it movin', you'll get shot

(Hook: Havoc - 2X)

We ain't lickin' niggaz, we ain't bustin' shots in the air  
No warnin' shots, the fuck out of here  
Oh man homey, hate to do you like this  
Oh man homey, when the tooley go click, click, click

(Tony Yayo)

It's the young high-roller, the talk of New York  
David got my neck lookin' like a lightning bolt  
I'm in that two-door Range Stormer  
My truck plush, and the wheels are the size of rims on a school bus  
I need that Bill Gates money, that's fifty-one billion  
Six hundred ki's, that's fifty-one million  
Me and 50 in Hollywood, with Quincy Jones  
Since the Feds bought Nextel, I trashed my phone  
Listen homes, everything glisten homes  
Yeah my gun and my rims both sit on chrome  
You move your weight in the car, I move weight by the carload  
I dropped in Marcy in a Murcielago  
My connect is a Cuban named Flaco  
With my aim, you a human taco  
Meetin' shells, yo the feds tryin' to peep our sales  
My daughter grow up, she in Harvard and Yale, yeah

(Hook: Havoc - 2X)

(Prodigy)

You see me rollin', Mack-10 showin' out the window  
When you catchin' me shootin' out the coup, then switch your lane  
You don't want me creepin' two miles an hour, with my seat low  
Cause I'll hop up out the roof with fully-autos and embed it in your brain  
It's like fee, fie, foe, fum, I smell the blood of a jealous ass punk  
One, two, three hundred shots  
Fittin' to ring off them things off, and cook the block  
Old people, the pets and the kids  
Whoever in the way, them strays gon' hit  
And we don't give a fuck about the police nigga  
This ain't Manhattan, this Queens nigga  
We're immune to the violence, it's nothin' to me  
Fuck 'em - they don't give a fuck about P

If they could kill me, believe me, they would  
That's why I set it off, and I get 'em real good  
When them street, lights, come on nigga  
You best, have, your gun on nigga  
Cause tonight we ride (Growl) and you die (Growl)  
As soon as I walk up, or drive-by

(Hook: Havoc - 2X)