## Mobb Deep, Creep (Feat 50 Cent)

(feat. 50 Cent)

(Intro: Havoc) thats that creep creep mode baby we in creep mode come around here baby shinnin like that

## (Havoc)

its crazy on this side, come thru gun thru ohh ya man live out here Dont go and get comfortable Dont know what he told you, aint sweet around here and i dont care what he told you it aint sweet around here see me ridin in that infiniti, now thats not fair whats that a two thousand and six? okay playboy we got bombs detinate all day and you comin straight thru the hood, straight ?? we takin medium rare, grill to bakin us Lettin that ?? not ?? for the bait Oh You ment, you a local Guess what she bait She dont know right now but trust me the bitch bait Im gonan get all in her business cause shorty is madd cool My mans was diggen that and she a little bit national first time we catch you comin out of the buildin we snatchin you And takin whats your, first thing we askin you is...

(Chorus: Havoc)
Fuck brought your ass round here
Like you somebody lookin like you the playa of ?? boy
Fuck brought your ass round here
This Queens little homie Get caught around here yah
Fuck brought your ass round here
Comin thru for these bitches, shit happen around here yah
Fuck brought your ass round here
Like niggas got somethin to live for round here

## (Prodigy)

You ask me, all these rappers is bums Hav show me the flow and i ran wit it dun I mean really, you gotta be the most worst rap shit i ever herd, compare to a P verse We emerge on the scene, everything seen than stop... watch as they bling bling nigga wanna swing swing, they must show And once we get in they ear, thats a rap broo Our songs good to go, stragiht to the radiOO Flex easy on the palm, let the niggas here the flow of americas most, dangerous to have fans new york new york, we the kings of the thang party too much, smoke too much grass and we never see the bright side, we only see the bad Fuck all that, there a lot of niggas dead And i wont let em get me how they got them

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## (50 Cent)

yeah cock that, aim that, squeze that, shoot the steal cadilac coop deville, wood grain on the wheel cocain in the pot, baking soda, water hot when the ice cubes drop, look at that, thaaaats craaack bag that, nigga stack, black hoodie, fitted hat grimey nigga wit a gat, screamin where the money at my hood, southside, riders ride, thats riiight ya yoooo he know, banks know, buck know shit it aint about the dough, i aint really wit it yo camoflauged on the low, ridin round with the heat I aint say whats up to you, nigga you dont know me im on the griiind all time, heavy shine and the nine clip filled to the tips, stunt ill get on some shit different day different bitch, old hooptie new kicks oldsmobile fuck that, no rims, hub caps keep my eyes open for the niggas i done buck that!! grrrrrrr

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