

Mobb Deep, Double Shots

(feat. Noyd)

('celebration' skit continued)

It's a celebration y'all, let's do it!

(Havoc)

Yeah y'all

Bounce, yeah, bounce

YEAH! Aight? Aiiyo..

Cats like, 'Hav', what the deal Dunn?'

Nigga back on his grind, tryin to kill son

A little shorty on some shit, oh she still frontin?

But jumped back on the dick when she saw me thumpin

Straight short nigga oxin niggaz givin 'em doctor stitches

First chance I get, you know I'm shittin

on them fake-ass thugs, stuntin in the club

Don't get scuffed in front of these broads

Homey so pussy, what they do to they broad

Beat them bitches up if they dance to the Mobb

Type of shit is that?

That won't stop her from lettin us blow her back, bounce to that

Homey we got this locked

Like champagne in a wino hand we gon' pop and

Hate on you lame-ass niggaz, we need not

Cause first niggaz hate on us, they get shot

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Just party, don't get yourself shot (uh-huh)

Leave all the drama back home at the block

At the bar double shots goin down, straight chillin

While the DJ, playin what I'm feelin (pimpin them hoes)

(Prodigy)

Yeah, aiiyo

I'm -- permanently bugged, genuinely thugged

I'm hot-blooded, don't have me with the snub

All at you with the bullets that spray pellets, you f**ked

And I'm back up on shorty with the hourglass cut

We got mountains and we gon' have a smokefest son

C'mon, feel like Vegas, we bringin home used paper

Ain't it amazin I'll stretch how we keep bangin

We got thousands to spend on them drinks gangsta

Queensbridge, Mobb Deep like terrorists

We come through, blow shit up, America's

nightmares right here live in the flesh

Our blood and bone be sittin in Ferraris and better

We out in L.A. we drive our own cars, they not renters

And take flights back home to hop up in some next shit

While you tryin to get your hand on some cash

We never gotta touch money again, we got plas-tic

(Chorus)

(Noyd)

Feel that nigga, yeah

Okay yo, aiiyo

Aiiyo we ain't gotta lay, we can bang it out neighbor

Shit, 'til them f**kin flamers empty out player

Cause boy I thought you knew, don't confuse me with the music

I'm on loadin nines up, ridin up, shootin it

I'm hotter than the corner on the ave out in Newark

I'm grimy, you find me where the loot is with Lugers

The bodies, the hotties, the hustlers and the shooters
With dudes that'll cut ya, that's what eatin your food is
Fools know the rules pull out your tools better buck it
Cause niggaz be flaggin and braggin when they cut up your nugget
Knee deep in the grind like 'f**k it'
We gotta keep it real son that's only how the people gon' love
it
And learn to respect the Infamous to the death kid
We on another level, yeah we really on some next shit
Got the techs spittin and makin more connections
Makin more cash and blastin more weapons

(Chorus)