

Mobb Deep, Narcotic

(Prodigy)

Come on

Yeah let me touch that son

Yeah that's that Mobb shit right there

(Havoc)

MC behind the mic nigga

You know I spit that fire

(Verse 1 - Havoc)

You know these guns like Narcotics

Youngin put them to sleep

Call me the broom

The way my shorty sweeping every thing off of the street

And any little thing y'all pussy to me

Like ki's in a coke drought, double it chief, you fucking with me

Said you gangsta?

Shit laying dormant or something

Cause you ain't killing nothing, letting nothing die (Not at all)

You that same old nigga getting fucked in your mind

By that raggedy ass bitch that you call a dime

And when it comes to the Mobb you know its beef all the time

Out your rabbit ass mind you know I clap-clap-clap mine

I know the rap's leaving nigga crooked getting out of line (yeah)

If I catch homey looking the wrong way, Good-bye

Cut and slice

Then let your man cut in your life

Evicting your ass out of your life (Get the fuck outta here)

You just a broke ass nigga knowing you don't got it

Better get up off your ass and bump that

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

That yo, that dope, that (Narcotic)

That haze, that dro, that (Narcotic)

Them pills, that cognac (Narcotic)

Getting backed up off that (Narcotic)

(Prodigy)

That's right That's right

Check it out

Hey yo, Its like

(Verse 2 - Prodigy)

Like I said

Come through busting the gauge

Huffing and puffing the haze

Merck something for real

I'm stuck in my ways

Down for the murder and all that so come our way

Down for the slaughter and down to pull a kamikaze

Get nazi on niggaz like Wiley did to grandpapi

You'll mistake me for a beast how I smack beef for lunch

The drama is all a movie

You selling wolf tickets, I'm using guns loosely

I'm not paranoid, I'm very truly

Dangerous, you knock my pimp cup down, I shoot peeps

And snatch jewelry

Murder braids throughly

Fuck what color you flag

I'll blast through your pagely

Get a warning from me

Blood still gotta drip

I don't send death threats

I produce the source bitch

Polka dot skulls and holes through they headrest
They wanna be dope, we give them a fix of this

(Chorus - Starting with "That haze...")

(Verse 3 - Havoc & Prodigy)

Homey must got it confused
Talking about he hitting me up
Sounding like he sniffing that stuff
Running his jib
War with Hav' is like breaking a mirror
Homey it's on for life, fuck what you hear about these seven years
My nine slug will alter your mind state for real
After that party like a nigga home off a pill
You a grown ass nigga you can do what you feel
Can't knock the way a nigga eat his meal

We got garbage bags full of that (Narcotic)
Smoke like the sun splash concert
It's chronic how we kill these beats and run these streets of death
Now finally, we getting our paper, yes
We touched our first millions when we was just kids
But now we 'bout to take this shit to new brackets
GT Bentleys and new Benz's
We gotta O.D. and make them say that shit is..

(Chorus - Starting with "That dope...")