

Mobb Deep, Nobody Likes Me

(Prodigy)

Uh Hu

Uh Hu

Lines pop like bottles of Mo, Bonin ya ho

Leave 'em open like a 20 a blow

Fiening to cop more

Rhymes rusty like nails

Spit 'em catch lock jaw

Cook shit, spit it up, sit it on the floor

To prevent lop side I never slam the door

To never get shitted on, don put my faith in whores

Never let my information leak thru my forewall

They say I'm all to sick cause I screen my calls

No matter if I'm in the right, I'm a probable cause

Keep my stash ??? while your guns get tossed

Niggas live by the law then they die by the law

Then I live by the gat and I'm a die by that

Dun I used to be the tunnel now we regular ?spress?

Son it's strictly dom bitches never catch me with rats

QB where I took my first H we rep

Never leave the projects and ya'll know the rest

(Chorus)

Nobody likes me everybody hates me so I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones small ones sneak 'em into clubs dun if you ever catch me run

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(havoc)

A yo you ran, started feeling numb in your hand

Felt something dripping looked down seen your arm leaking

You get excited and start to panic

Lucky for you, ya had your track shoes on and blew it

My arch louder than a Doberman bark

Sober you up, challenge your heart, see where its at

I caught this on dude tried to shank me

Stupid fuck frankly I pulled out and left his ass soggy

Keep rhyming on the Ragu can't seem to shake it

Ruger on the left side of my hips for maitnence

I fix all your problems, handle it bitch

Use a maytag nigga and ya won't do shit

After you shot you got all emotional with mommy

Laying in emergency throw the ?dease? on me

Squeeller I thought you was a drug dealer thug killer

but at the end you kept it realer

That's why..

(chorus)

(Prodigy)

A yo I leave a last impression when my shit gets scared

Tying to hang with the elite but a nigga got bought

When it's time to mello out stare straight into stars

Then I sabotage your brain with these last 8-balls

With your ice grill making me laugh on your behalf

Have a nigga skin graph I'm talking out of the ass

Play you like the ab getting bent off, credit from poppy

Nock niggas down when I get like that

So start me

(Havoc)

I'm putting holes like the pores ??? with bacardi

My gun dun step aside the place and make heads spin
Are shit, it go to mobb nigga keep your distance
Fake fucks keep coming out using infamous
I'll say it for the last motherfucking time bitches
Come with your own shit or get stomped and shot
By Queens bridge at the next industry convention

That's why...
(chorus repeat till end)