

Mobb Deep, Outta Control (Remix) (Feat 50 Cent)

(feat. 50 Cent)

(Intro: Havoc) (50 Cent)

It's the Infamous Mobb, M-O-B-B (Ha Ha)

We can't be touched nigga can't you see (G-Unit!!!)

(50 Cent):

You do you man cause me I'm 'gon do my thang (You know I do my thang)

I'm a get my drink on and party like it's ok

(Verse 1: 50 Cent)

Trust me man it's ok bounce with me in slow mo

When they hear the kid in the house it's like oh no

50 got 'em locin again, they open again

Got 'em sippin on that juice and gin

You could find me in the background burnin that backwood

Stylin and stuntin doin my two step frontin

Now I'm a tell you What Em told me homey

Just lose the parental discretion's advised this is grown folk music

Now blend in with me, as I proceed to break it down

It's always off the chain man when I'm around

I play the block bumpin, it was all for the dough

I get the club jumpin, cause I'm sick with flow

You know it's sold out, like wherever I go

I jam packed the show man that's fo' sho'

I got the info you already know

Man I get it poppin in the club everybody show me love let's go

(Chorus: 50 Cent)

You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control

Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now shorty let's get into it

You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control

Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now homey let's get into it

(Verse 2: Havoc)

You wanna search me than search me but hurry up cause I'm thirsty

I need that, grind in my system P, on my side twistin

In club today for the chick to go both, ways let me see that ID just for proof

With the drink till the burn is gone, hit the dancefloor like a scene from soft porn

Before it pop, make me sign a disclaimer

Try to get me on some pop shit these chicks will frame ya

But, in any event, keep fuckin with 50 it make cents

Cents, into them dollars, the hoes wanna holla

But you lookin at a nigga that done came from the squalla

Now my buddy so gone I can pop ya collar

Now follow same nothin let me see you swallow

In my crib got the co-ed back the new problem

In the club feed them liquor of the wise I'm starvin

So much green gettin twisted like Botanical Garden, let's go

(Chorus: 50 Cent)

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(Verse 3: Prodigy)

You already know how it go I bang I shine

I play I stay I'm goin for mine

I'm young I'm black I'm rich and yes

I'm ghetto than the motherfuckin project steps

I'm cool I'm calm you lookin real stressed

I'm strapped I'm armed kid hold your head

I'm known for Gat poppin, when I got problems

I don't run, I just gun you all up
But we ain't come here to start no drama
We just lookin for our future baby mamas
With money with face with style and body
I cook I clean I swear that mami
Just as long as you don't go off and tell nobody
I go down low, I'm lyin I'm tryin my best to let you know
Sugar pop get at P The Doc beat make it easy to get 'em in the bed sheets

(Chorus: 50 Cent)

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