

# Mobb Deep, Shit hits the fan

Feat - G.O.D. Part III

[Godfather Pt III]

god damn, nigga left bleeding with his head in his hands  
wishing that he never crossed fam  
and but still niggas like that get left slain  
found days later on the ave in a can  
we used to dance all night my main man  
we used to give each other pounds wit da webs of our hands  
its a click thing, yall niggas wouldnt understand  
we used to get off loose cracks and bag grams  
hold each other down, duckin the blue van  
the d's on the roof, plus the 6-Y cab  
who'd ever thought u was a snake in the grass  
one of my stash whip and keys to my lab  
you wanted me shot dead, some things you can't have  
I pulled out the 8, when you almost got stabbed  
we followed the same path, cryed and shared laughs  
now I can't wait, for the day to see your bloodbath  
plug dat, fill you up wit slugs rat take that...

[chorus]

they never think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
they don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
they never think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit them

[Prodigy]

I'm in a benz for stealth, thinkin on plans  
stopped at a red light, the birds like damn  
I saw one whisper to the other, thats him  
that MOB nigga I think he platinum  
pulled to the next corner hopped out and asked them  
if they knew directions to rhode island  
we was in East New York, they thought I was wildin  
its a click thing they wouldnt understand  
meanwhile I looks to my left and see some niggas frownin  
as if they was go flip now peep this  
I'm writin shorties math on the trunk of the Six  
the bitch wanna blow dick cause its deep dish  
these niggas wanna twist me because of my necklace  
I'm calm though you know I got the stash in the whip  
I clap though, these niggas better blast very quick  
they coming towards me, I sat in the passenger seat  
reached underneath, grabbed the big Fifth  
acting like I'm not knowing whats happenin  
I'm still havin conversation with these hens  
I'm bout to have a confratation with these mens  
I know I'm going home wit my chain and my head  
yall wont dead me, I sleep in my own bed (pop pop pop pop pop)

[chorus]

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niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
they don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
they never think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit the fan  
niggas don't think shit stank, till shit hit them