

# Mobb Deep, Shorty Wop

Yeah-h-h-h, one two one two  
Yeah, okay, now  
You know who we got up in this bitch  
M.O., M.O.B.B.B.

(Chorus: Prodigy)

(Boy) Lil' shorty wop (wop) young thuggin in the street  
Ever front on him (yeah) that's how you get popped  
(Girl) Lil' shorty wop (wop) fatty and she hot (hot)  
Young thuggin in the street, givin up the crotch (crotch)

(Havoc)

And we don't give a fuck (fuck) like you don't give a fuck (fuck)  
Them hammers'll buck (buck), ashes ashes dust dust  
Death toll addin up, them razors we let 'em rust  
Them haters we clap 'em up, countin cash, that's us  
Catch me in that GT Coupe, with the flat screen drooped  
in the driver's seat souped, cause it's a Bentley  
When I pass by, have you stuck, S.U.'s, black 'em up  
Twenty-four, black rims, tires gotta fatten up  
Whips, go to AutoSport, stash spot, sorta for my mascots  
that pop off, buck buck  
Sick 'em Fido, let the car idle, I ain't never been there  
Shit can happen have yo' ass, disappear in thin air  
Shit real, y'all not, get robbed in a car lot  
You bitch you call cop, you snitch and that's off top  
My biscuit is gonna pop, whether you like it you not  
ever gonna play me motherfuckers get shot (boy)

(Chorus - repeat 2X)

(Prodigy)

Yo yo yo yo dunny you comedy with tragedy nigga  
You go 'head, keep smilin, we ain't laughin my nigga  
We dead serious, you niggaz is livin jokes  
We don't game around, these bullets'll eat through your bones  
Y-y-y-yeah, that's right you heard me nigga, reach for your chrome  
When you see us, better bleed us off the top of the dome  
Meanin you better get to squeezin cause our reason is gone  
Meanin that shit is out the window, we won't give it a thought  
And we don't give a loud motherfuck about who you are  
What's your set that you rep, you can get 'em involved  
(\*BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM\*) is all you hearin when you go at the Mobb  
(\*BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM\*) is all I'm sayin if you tryin to talk  
We what you would call, niggaz that talk it walk it and live it  
Your music is not "Murder," you an Infamous mimic  
You what we would call, niggaz who suck dick for a living  
Get off our balls, or we'll take chances for prison

(Chorus - repeat 2X)