

Mobb Deep, What's Ya Poison

Prodigy

Yo my rap taste good in my mouth like Deer Park
For your ears to list-this
You don't wanna miss this dun
Don't be a statistic
Keep your rhymes to yourself, we make fools out of niggas
And write shit that would certainly move ya'll niggas
PEACE to my summer villains with pink houses
>From Red Hook to QB you know the routine
We need a movie to show how our life is so ill
Every Summer in the projects we partied on the benches
Few gallons of gin and pepsi
Remember Party wars, that was back in like 90
We use to roll o-wees now we stuff dutches
Kids rushing, whats your discussion
Ya'll niggas talk alot of shit heard you on your tape fronting
I fake nothing, Fuck around and push the wrong button
I dedicate my days to seeing your drip blood
I will always love Gambino and ScarFace
Killa Black no man can fill your shoes, Now whats bad news
It couldn't get no worse, So what ya'll niggas know about the turmoil
What ya know about your blood soil, Clothes and little Ho's
And the legs of pant slugs that crack the shin bone
The Other shot blasts through your left clavical
Melt swizz suits and paint the avenue's

Havoc

How you want it? Bent Scheme or straight blunted
Many are rare, rore, Havoc has just over done it
While you sitting there whispering like a little girl
Fuck, waiting around till the dutchy gets twirled
We going at you, not cause we want to but cause we have to
To avoid the situation that you couldn't last through
If I can't have it at all I don't want it at all
Off top serious dogg, I'm out for the raw
Back to the world, the shit that I kick will dazzle your girl
Handle your bitch, can't then take her for pearl
Get him with the pink slip, get him bent to he hurl
Hennessy got my mind locked, tight in a curl
Hold it down like Saddam you can't search my click
Even with dirty worms I'm gonna still appear

How you want it, bent scheme or straight blunted (2x)

Cormega

Yo, my pen is sick like a heroin add-dict, Whenever Mega spits
Exhale preciseness, Drug Dealer Ghetto shit
Sweat in my hand, plus the finger numb from mesasuring grams
Gun on my waist, In case I see son
who wetted my man
I be Gortexing to death, rocking ice with special fx's
Obvious I was destined to rep
Yo my persona is the drama, my Infamous Congrommalits
Considered mad real, niggas feel the Montana shit
Born official, my niggas that are gone I miss you
I shed a tear, see ya'll niggas when I get there
Yo my dun did six years and still didn't hit the strip
I'm waiting on the day, when Rikers Island ciphers are incomplete
When I can sleep with no heat, hidden beneath the sheet
And I can relax with my air max, appearing on my feet
When I rhyme you enter my mind, Seeing nigga's lead to excellence

I represented then manifested in the beat....Respect this
Like a lexus jeep
My technique
Leaves my enemies stretched for weeks, vexed from me
Especially they know my destiny, man they scared to death of me
Can't even question me, I serve them like stretching ki's..please

Havoc
How you want it, bent scheme or straight blunted (2x)