

Stole Something (feat. Lloyd Banks)

Mobb Deep

Wooh, yeah, you can get with this, or you can get with that
I don't got to tell you hoe, you know I got that crack
Three for the price of one, you know I have you comin' back
You can have me a P.O. absolute, and it's a rap
It's a fact, niggaz know, fuck with us you gettin' clapped
No I won't, say your name, cause it just put you on the map
And I ain't, into lettin' niggaz eat, no never that
Shorty love the way I swing my game, I got a better bat
Know I'm lethal with this rap shit, c'mon baby holla back
Cut that juggler, you bleedin', no there ain't no stoppin' that
I don't sleep, my eyes open, maybe a good powernap
Spit a verse, then I eventually watch the cheddar stack
I'm shittin' on niggaz, shittin' like it's a??
This a standin' ovation for homey, with a Tek clap
F that, we takin' over baby, and that's that
Catch me fuckin' with a bitch that can't stand rap
I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me
Gunpowder resi' on the sleeve of my Pelle

I had to burn my leather, and toss (My Buddy)
Two hundred calls comin' in on my celly
I had to cut the ringer, like "Fuck e'rybody"
Drive the bulletproof all the way to Cali
Lay low for a month or so - gettin' very
High - where I'm goin' it gets my mind of the bones
Back on the East Coast I bury
Now I'm partyin' with Halle Berry
This Hollywood shit'll catch you slippin' if you let it
So niggaz started grillin' me
Like they was gon' take my things, so I assumed I had to set it
Now it's blood splashed all on the ice in my jewellery
They don't know who did it, cause I did it smoothly
Take my ass back to Queens
It's not like I look for trouble, it seems trouble always finds me, then
Look, I got tons of old beef, and a brand new forty
A hardcore groupie that would take a bullet for me
A high-priced lawyer, just in case a nigga snap
And can't take a joke, and pop a nigga over rap
A horrible splatter in a matter of a second
Dead over a record, shit he sound like he meant it

My crew greater, yeah I'm talkin' to you hater
I'm too major, two-tone blue gator
New blazer, big gun, little razor
So raise up, that ain't how your momma raised ya
They wire-tappin' to hear somethin', they ear-hustlin'
They won't bust him, why they came in and handcuffed him
It's nothin', there's more 'mati's (automatics) at the spot
One flat tire's gon' matter if they pop
I pop up tomorrow with the wagon off the lot
Stashbox, with the nine magnum with a wop
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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