

Drop A Gem On 'Em

Mobb Deep

It's the infamous back in the house once again
Livin the life that of diamonds and guns
And now gems pulls gats
Like a basehead pulls on stems
The mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend
Drop a gem on emTake a tire, all these fake crooks need to retire
They gotcha gassed, takin back and snatch fire outcha
Maggot ass, havoc represent for the Q-B-C
Smoke that ass like a lucie tho I need to quit
Fuck it, I love it like a cloud
Over the projects your game I'm above it
Its combat, gats bangers and all that
You're a small cat, whatever you on get off that
I mention, nuthin but the real shit presentin
The hollow tip crew 41st side convention
Try for you half-steppin Like a fresh tec out of the box
Yo niggas I'm testin (there's no question)
Bitch ass have you confessin
Like a d-t left in state of depression
You under pressure, intact no doubt catcher
The snitch-snatcher tookin wit asthma
You casper, you yell my name that's only givin me props
Plus the fans that you got, wonderin what's got you hot
Its too not, knocked out the box and got rocked
Got raped on the island, you officially got
Kick that thug shit, vibe magazine on some love shit
(Keep it real kid, you don't know who you fuckin wit)It's the infamous back in the house once again
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Songwriters

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