Three

Prodigy of Mobb Deep

[Prodigy and Cormega]
For my G-pack niggas
Right, right
Shooting at cops nigga what
For my G-pack niggas
Fuck the police
N.Y.P.D. - New York Pricks and Dicks
They can't stop our floss
Straight up (for you crackheaded bitches)
For my A.M. niggas (for you crackheaded bitches)
My Ante Meridian niggaz; what up dunn?
Liqour store closed
Hit the bootlegger, let's hit the bootlegger
Straight up, yo[Prodigy]
Yo dunn, we got guns in the grass, it's three at night
I'm about to take the last swallow of the Eases Jesus
Who got fifty on the next tree, we gotta stop at the store
We need D batteries for the theme music
Snatch the biscuits from out the lawn
Fuck a cab, lets take cracked-out Yolanda's Saab
We gave that bitch two wibbles
And skated off with her vehicle for that pillow
All outside the borough, dunn what happened to Queens
Like Supton(?) and 1-2-1, Farmers and 116th
The got us on the B-Q-E, just to get a taste of that greenery
We took our smoke out to Coney Island, posted up by the Himalaya
Pina Colada champales mixed with Dani'
That's St. Ide's in dunn lingo
Spillin it on the floor for our dead people
While I spark the sequel shit; my niggaz got lungs
When we smoke, that shit only go around once
Dogs, we just killin time
Somebody just got they shit twisted on the block fuckin up the grind
So, 'til it pipe down
We just going at these sluts - bitch, we wanna fuck right now
{*overlapped my Cormega's first line*}[Cormega]
Son I'm on a bench high eatin chicken wings and french fries
A crackhead fuck spent his last bucks on six dimes
I'm one gram from big time, a spliff away from overdosin

My heart is broken, my man started smokin again
P, I heard the tunnel open again
I spoke to Flex he said he's gonna let both of us in
Its time to load up the autos and semis
I wish my niggas bank was in a physical form unlike
I got my uptown nikes thugged out and icy
Mad deep, jumpin out the Cocaine white Jeep
Through was strugglin, so I resume hustlin
Rap game or crack game my crew is still bubblin
Yo, three in the morning and the D's on the corna still
Seems we were born to kill, yo P meet me on the hill
So we can jet through Queens in SUV's
Show these motherfuckers how we rep this thang, ya know?

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