

# 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 base head, pulls on stems the Mobb got the bomb  
Run out and tell a friend drop a gem on 'em  
Take 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, though 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  
It's 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  
Livin' the life that of diamonds and guns and now gems pulls  
Gats like a base head, pulls on stems the Mobb got the bomb  
Run out and tell a friend drop a gem on 'em  
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 base head, pulls on stems the Mobb got the bomb  
Run out and tell a friend drop a gem on 'em  
Yeah likewise, I'm tired of rap guys whose faggots  
Pure shuteye and swole up your whole outside  
I baptize, niggas get wet, put up your backside

You're claptized and set straight, put on your head straight  
Watch out for, these upstate cats be leary of you  
Yeddy niggas wit gats plus the walls on they backs  
Rikers island flashback of the house you got scuffed it in  
You would think you gettin' your head shot was enough but then  
Now you wanna got at my team  
You must of been drunk when you wrote that shit  
Too bad you had to did it to your own self  
My rebellion, I retaliate, I had the whole New York state  
Aimin at your face at the gate  
Bottom line of top soon as you came through  
Shot through, don't even know the half of my crew  
I got a hundred strong arm niggas ready to rock the shit  
Clocks tick, your days are numbered in low digits  
You look suspicious, suspect niggas is bitches  
Get chopped up, grade A meat, somethin' delicious  
And laced back up, 2 G's, one for stitches  
Then reconstruct your face and learn how to speak again  
My Mobb's like a bunch of wild Puerto Ricans  
Wit bangers the size of African spears  
It's warfare in the arena, you turn arenas into house of horrors  
It's terrodome, when you see my click you need to run behind shit  
You gotta gat you betta find it  
And use that shit think fast and get reminded  
Of robberies in Manhattan you knew what happened  
60 g's and one for gun clappin'  
Who Shot Ya? You'd probably scream louder than an opera  
New York gotcha, now you wanna use my mob as a crutch  
What makes you think you can't get bucked again  
Once again, back in the house once again  
Live the life that of diamonds and guns  
And now gems pull gats like a basehead pull on stems  
The Mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend  
It's the Infamous

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