

Shorty Wop

Mobb Deep

Yeah-h-h-h, one two one two

Yeah, okay, now

You know who we got up in this bitch

M.O., M.O.B.B.B.[Chorus]

(Boy) Lil' shorty wop (wop) young thuggin' in the street

Ever front on him (yeah) that's how you get popped

(Girl) Lil' shorty wop (wop) fatty and she hot (hot)

Young thuggin' in the street, givin' up the crotch (crotch) And we don't give a fuck (fuck) like you don't give a fuck (fuck)

Them hammers'll buck (buck), ashes ashes dust dust

Death toll addin' up, them razors we let 'em rust

Them haters we clap 'em up, countin' cash, that's us

Catch me in that GT Coupe, with the flat screen drooped

in the driver's seat souped, cause it's a Bentley

When I pass by, have you stuck, S.U.'s, black 'em up

Twenty-four, black rims, tires gotta fatten up

Whips, go to AutoSport, stash spot, sorta for my mascots
that pop off, buck buck

Sick 'em Fido, let the car idle, I ain't never been there

Shit can happen have yo' ass, disappear in thin air

Shit real, y'all not, get robbed in a car lot

You bitch you call cop, you snitch and that's off top

My biscuit is gonna pop, whether you like it you not

ever gonna play me motherfuckers get shot (boy)[Chorus: x2] Yo yo yo yo dunny you comedy with tragedy
nigga

You go 'head, keep smilin', we ain't laughin' 'my nigga

We dead serious, you niggas is livin' jokes

We don't game around, these bullets'll eat through your bones
why-why-why-yeah, that's right you heard me nigga, reach for your chrome

When you see us, better bleed us off the top of the dome

Meanin' you better get to squeezin' cause our reason is gone

Meanin' 'that shit is out the window, we won't give it a thought

And we don't give a loud motherfuck about who you are

What's your set that you rep, you can get 'em involved

(*BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM*) is all you hearin' when you go at the Mobb

(*BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM*) is all I'm sayin' if you tryin' to talk

We what you would call, niggas that talk it walk it and live it

Your music is not "Murder," you an Infamous mimic

You what we would call, niggas who suck dick for a living

Get off our balls, or we'll take chances for prison[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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