

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 rapIt'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 batKnow 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 stackI'm shittin' on niggaz, shittin' like it's a got to get slack
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 rapiI 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 meI 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 meYeah, gun powder resi' on the sleeve of my Pele
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 BerryThis 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 itNow it's blood splashed all on the ice in my jewelery
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, thenI 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 meI 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 meLook, 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 rapA 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 gatorNew 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 himIt's nothin', there's more 'mati's at the spot
One flat tire's gon' matter if they pop
I pop up tomorrow with the wagon off the lot
Stash box, with the nine magnum with a wopI 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 meI 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

Songwriters

JONES, MIKE/LLOYD, CHRISTOPHER W./JOHNSON, ALBERT J./MUCHITA, KEJUAN
WALIEK
Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>