

Put 'em In Their Place (Rmx) " Mobb Deep

Mobb Deep

Infamous up in this, you know how we get down
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place
Infamous up in this, you know how we get down
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place
Yo, I was schooled by the hood, raised by the wolves
Trained by the pain, adopted by guerillas
Gotta tank for a car, ice for a arm
Got tattoos wit' skin and scars from brawls
Gotta buildin' for a crib, Manhattan for a backyard
Skyscraper ladies, they fuck me when they man gone
Kings of New York, I'm one of the few of those
Difficulties to come, it's gon' be funerals
You get a quiet spot in the shade, for a grave
I get paid, 'cause I got murder 'fore sixteen
And I'm so much rich, I got a condo for a piggy bank
So much stash, I just laugh at yo' face
Blow a stack on David, 'cause I'ma pyro
Maniac from carriage, wit' the Rolls Gold
I was told by the O.G.'s like my Pops
If you can't whip they ass, then niggaz get shot (shot, shot)
Infamous up in this, you know how we get down
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place
Infamous up in this, you know how we get down
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place
I was raised by the block and new to the sound of the gun
shots
Hustled by the bus stop, aged to the front stop
Block party departed, somebody got bodied
Right before I snatch this little number from my hottie
Yeah, young dude wit' jewels and barrel lens
Heavy bones on the deuce, flickin' it up in the mix
Fast forward to '06, gettin' head in the '06
Have a chick, feelin' like she workin' out on that Bow-Flex
I'm focused, looked through my lens, see my vision
Surprise myself and came through without one spool missin'
From that hallway kissin', there was room in the Carlton

I can smell it in the air, P in that next room sparkin'
Me, I let that Henny flow, meet me at the tele' hoe
You don't do the tele', oh, fuck it bitch you gotta go
Workin' wit' a lot of dough, and a little bit of time
Bitch I wanna fuck, I don't wanna know what's on ya mind
Infamous up in this, you know how we get down
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place
Infamous up in this, you know how we get down
Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style
We come through the spot real heavy on the waist
So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place
Yeah, I know you can't believe it
We still soakin' it all in ourselves
Hollywood Hav' (yeah nigga), V.I.P. (yeah)
Sha Millions, Curtis "Billion Dollar Budget" Jackson
Go 'head be mad at that man, he the one made us rich
You ain't the only millionaires on the block no more
Ya money is old nigga, smell that? That's new money nigga
We filthy rotten rich and we taking advantage
G-Unit, Infamous Mobb Deep

Songwriters

ALBERT JOHNSON, KEJUAN WALIEK MUCHITA, KYEME MILLER, MICHAEL J.

CLERVOIX Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>