

Double Shots (feat. Noyd)

Mobb Deep

It's a celebration y'all, let's do it
Yeah, y'all, bounce, yeah, bounce
Yeah aight? AiyyoCats like, "Hav', what the deal Dunn?"
Nigga back on his grind, tryin' to kill son
A little shorty on some shit, oh she still frontin'?
But jumped back on the dick when she saw me thumpin'Straight short nigga oxen niggaz givin' 'em doctor
stitches
First chance I get, you know I'm shittin'
On them fake-ass thugs, stuntin' in the club
Don't get scuffed in front of these broadsHomey so pussy, what they do to they broad
Beat them bitches up if they dance to the Mobb
Type of shit is that?
That won't stop her from lettin' us blow her backBounce to that homey we got this locked
Like champagne in a wino hand we gon' pop and
Hate on you lame-ass niggaz, we need not
'Cause first niggaz hate on us, they get shotJust party, don't get yourself shot
(Uh, uh)
Leave all the drama back home at the block
At the bar double shots goin' down, straight chillin'
While the DJ, playin' what I'm feelin'
(Pimpin' them hoes)Just party, don't get yourself shot
(Uh, uh)
Leave all the drama back home at the block
At the bar double shots goin' down, straight chillin'
While the DJ, playin' what I'm feelin'
(Pimpin' them hoes)Yeah, aiyyo, I'm permanently bugged, genuinely thugged
I'm hot-blooded, don't have me with the snub
All at you with the bullets that spray pellets, you fucked
And I'm back up on shorty with the hourglass cutWe got mountains and we gon' have a smoke fest son
C'mon, feel like Vegas, we bringin' home used paper
Ain't it amazin' I'll stretch how we keep bangin'
We got thousands to spend on them drinks gangstaQueens bridge, Mobb Deep like terrorists
We come through, blow shit up, America's
Nightmares right here live in the flesh
Our blood and bone be sittin' in Ferrari's and betterWe out in L.A. we drive our own cars, they not renters
And take flights back home to hop up in some next shit
While you tryin' to get your hand on some cash
We never gotta touch money again, we got plasticJust party, don't get yourself shot
(Uh, uh)

Leave all the drama back home at the block
At the bar double shots goin' down, straight chillin'
While the DJ, playin' what I'm feelin'
(Pimpin' them hoes) Feel that nigga, yeah, okay yo, ayyo
Ayyo we ain't gotta lay, we can bang it out neighbor
Shit, 'til them fuckin' flamers empty out player
'Cause boy I thought you knew, don't confuse me with the music I'm on loadin' nines up, ridin' up, shootin' it
I'm hotter than the corner on the ave out in Newark
I'm grimy, you find me where the loot is with Luger's
The bodies, the hotties, the hustlers and the shooters With dudes that'll cut ya, that's what eatin' your food is
Fools know the rules pull out your tools better buck it
'Cause niggaz be flaggin' and braggin' when they cut up your nugget
Knee deep in the grind like fuck it We gotta keep it real son that's only how the people gon' love it
And learn to respect the Infamous to the death kid
We on another level, yeah, we really on some next shit
Got the techs spittin' and makin' more connections
Makin' more cash and blastin' more weapons Just party, don't get yourself shot
(Uh, uh)
Leave all the drama back home at the block
At the bar double shots goin' down, straight chillin'
While the DJ, playin' what I'm feelin'
(Pimpin' them hoes)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>