

Smoke It

Mobb Deep

Go get your ratchet my homie, we not havin that
get 'em in the club when that shit jam packed
keep thinkin its a game get your man tooks
I'm never under pressure, never seen hands shook
blood money album drop, hell broke loose
all the drama ain't no tellin who I'm gonna shoot
check my motherfuckin resume, catch Hav where
the motherfuckin cheddar be, slide through with your own risk
chain gat on the train with your low bitch
tears drop cause death is a tear jerker
whether shot or strapped up to a steel gurder
its foul how they took out tookie
all this foul shit I did they should have took me, smokie
smoke it mmmmm thats a slow toke
liquor for the homies, gonna small toast

R: I'm holdin, cock back nigga move slow
the moment, squeeze the trigga of the fo fo
you notice, niggaz snitchin for the po po
I'm frozen, neck, wrist, fingers no joke
(2x)

I smoke that nigga like a purple stick
smoke a bitch pussy till she walk with a limp
elemental P, heavy metal things when my 2007 guns is
plastic for you crackheads, the new crack is Mobb Deep
put the pipe down pick up the CD, in a hood near you
we got all the things, they sell they couch, and they TV
just so they can get a few tokes of the dope
new shit from Hav and shit P wrote, yo they passin new laws
so they can bann us, cause our shit is so strong niggaz jaws be
stuck
twisted, twisted and they throwin up, they nausious
because it the porshes we clutch, its a love hate thing
we got wut these fiends dunn, they hate when we gone
and love when we re-up

R:

Smoke it, smoke it, smoke, smoke it (2x)