Check the Credits

Mobb Deep

Foul shit I'm on it like flies on shit...
Foul shit I'm on it like flies on shit
You're in the presence of realness keep your eyes on this
Stare too long, fuck around, turn into stone
My ruga like medusa and my goons like drones
Hover over battlefields like we in a warzone
E.T. niggas get shook, want to phone home
Trying to use a lifeline but nobody got the manses
Big guns, pulling out them M.C. Hammer dances
No time to get caught the judge throwing books
Like niggas read, we just know about the jooks
Clipped L's in my ashtray
Higher than a motherfucker I'm half baked
Spending money like I never even had cake
On my b-day being broke left a bad taste
And a phobia, crib full of cash homey a
Bitch walked in I said welcome to utopia

Look up to look at us
We stars, stare at us
We are them niggas check the motherfucking credits (2x)

Check us out bitch
Ass nigga
Where your money and your things at
Put it all on the infamous when it's from Queens
We a safe bet, astrology will say that
Mobb Deep got that forever way you're just a ripple in the past
Ocean of opiate flow
The empire dope needle state boys like the building stand tall
Don't make me have to fast you up, nigga I fix you
The young lady wanna come with me, let her through
There's no need to grab her arm like that, stop resisting
You're fighting, wasting all our time, you embarrassing
Your own self, look at you now
Stretched out staring up at the twilight, security bound
You took my cavalier attitude for being a bluff
I took your woman, she gave me gratitude in the truck
She want this legendary dick in her life, I got that glow
Street credit score A-1, like you ain't know

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