

## 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)