

["Clockwork Orange" music plays in the background]

[Mobb Deep]

Yeah, check it out like this ya heard? (Woo!)  
Yeah son (yeah)  
Testin one two one two  
That's what I'm talkin 'bout (yo)  
That's what I'm talkin 'bout, Mobb Deep yeah  
Clinton Sparks! We're about to pop off real fast  
This is H right here, got P by my side ya heard?  
(Uh-huh) Let's do it like this, check it out  
Get familiar - Clinton Sparks dunn, whattup dunn?  
Get familiar dunn

[Verse 1: Havoc]

Hav' spit it, Hav' live it, Hav' pushin it to the limit  
You a gimmick get the shitted smacked out you in a minute  
I'll bend and scoop you up where you pivot, the four-fifthed  
Or get it, when your monkey-ass pass the line of scrimmage  
Reinvented for, harm intended until the endin  
I ain't runnin even if the illest repoitoire's mentioned  
My weapons ain't like yours, my hammers don't wet doors  
I come through blocks nigga, set your shit off  
The streets and them gloves don't, ever come off  
The strong overcome the weak, accept the loss  
Mami run to gangsters, she lookin at a boss  
Homey front there'll be bodies more  
Cause those in my cross you gonna get it catch you in the club split it  
While you drink and get up on them Jacob, your man's weapon  
AJ feel the new Mobb, your worst nightmare  
Trucks wrapped in Kevlars, bitch

[Chorus: x2]

Mobb, Deep, Mobb, Deep  
Yeah okay dunn ('kay dunn) 'kay dunn  
Mobb, Deep, Mobb, Deep  
Yeah okay dunn ('kay dunn) 'kay dunn

[Verse 2: Prodigy]

Aiyyo word to me, niggaz got so much beef  
that when you come out, you better bring the police  
Better keep one in the head, and turn off the safeties  
Learn how to sleep light cause we break in  
And tape up your kids and your relatives  
Get on some ruthless shit I need sedatives  
to calm me down, wind me down  
I'ma find you even if it take months on the stakeout  
We hittin the club, we out and about  
We bound to see you homey, walk wit'cha gun out  
Industry nigga, you just like a chick  
with her nose up, I squeeze on you and if you live  
Dunn... it's over  
We comin back, for more of that bullets  
and that murder, it be a wrap for you bitch-ass  
Infamous Records, Clinton Sparks