

What's Ya Poison

Mobb Deep

Yo, my rap taste good in my mouth like Deer Park
For your ears to list this, you don't wanna miss this dun
Don't be a statistic, keep your rhymes to yourself, we make
Fools out of niggas and write shit that would certainly move y'all niggas
Peace to my summer villains with pink houses, from Red Hook to QB
You know the routine, we need a movie to show how our life is so ill

Every summer in the projects we partied on the benches, few gallons
Of gin and Pepsi, remember Party wars, that was back in like 90
We use to roll o-wees now we stuff dutches
Kids rushin', what's your discussion
Y'all niggas talk alot of shit heard you on your tape frontin'
I fake nothin', fuck around and push the wrong button

I dedicate my days to seein' you drip blood, I will always love
Gambino and ScarFace, Killa Black, no man can fill your shoes, now
What's bad news, it couldn't get no worse, so what y'all niggas know
About the turmoil, what ya know about your blood soil, clothes and little
Hoes and the legs of pant slugs that crack the shin bone, the other shot
Blasts through your left clavical, melt Swizz suits and paint the avenues

How you want it? Bent scheme or straight blunted, many are rare, roro
Havoc has just over done it, while you sittin' there whisperin'
Like a little girl, fuck, waitin' around till the dutchy gets twirled
We goin' at you, not 'cause we want to but 'cause we have to
To avoid the situation that you couldn't last through
If I can't have it at all I don't want it at all

Off top serious dogg, I'm out for the raw, back to the world
The shit that I kick will dazzle your girl, handle the bitch
Can't then take her for pearl, get him with the pink slip
Get him bent to he hurl, Hennessy got my mind locked, tight in a curl
Hold it down like Saddam you can't search my click
Even with dirty worms, I'm gonna still appear

How you want it, bent scheme or straight blunted
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Yo, my pen is sick like a heroin addict, whenever Mega spits, I exhale
Preciseness, drug dealer ghetto shit, sweat in my hand, plus the finer
Numb from mesasurin' grams, gun on my waist, in case I see son
Who wetted my man, I be Gortexin' to death, rockin' ice with special fxs
Obvious I was destined to rep, yo my persona's the drama, my infamous Congro
mmalits considered mad real, niggas feel the Montana shit

Born official, my niggas that are gone I miss you
I shed a tear, see y'all niggas when I get there
Yo, my dun did six years and still didn't hit the strip
I'm waitin' on the day when Rikers Island ciphers are incomplete
When I can sleep with no heat, hidden beneath the sheet
And I can relax with my air max, appearin' on my feet

When I rhyme you enter my mind, seein' nigga's lead to excellence
I represented then manifested in the beat
Respect this like a Lexus jeep, my technique
Leaves my enemies stretched for weeks, vexed in me
Especially they know my destiny, man they scared to death of me

Can't even question me, I serve them like stretchin' ki's, please

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Blunted