

# Prodigy Of Mobb Deep, Three

(Prodigy and Cormega)

For my G-pack niggas  
Right, right  
Shooting at cops nigga what  
For my G-pack niggas  
F\*\*k the police  
N.Y.P.D. - New York Pricks and Dicks  
They can't stop our floss  
Straight up (for you crackheaded bitches)  
For my A.M. niggas (for you crackheaded bitches)  
My Ante Meridian niggaz; what up dunn?  
Liquor store closed  
Hit the bootlegger, let's hit the bootlegger  
Straight up, yo

(Prodigy)

Yo dunn, we got guns in the grass, it's three at night  
I'm about to take the last swallow of the Eases Jesus  
Who got fifty on the next tree, we gotta stop at the store  
We need D batteries for the theme music  
Snatch the biscuits from out the lawn  
F\*\*k a cab, lets take cracked-out Yolanda's Saab  
We gave that bitch two wibbles  
And skated off with her vehicle for that pillow  
All outside the borough, dunn what happened to Queens  
Like Supton(?) and 1-2-1, Farmers and 116th  
The got us on the B-Q-E, just to get a taste of that greenery  
We took our smoke out to Coney Island, posted up by the Himalaya  
Pina Colada champales mixed with Dani'  
That's St. Ide's in dunn lingo  
Spillin it on the floor for our dead people  
While I spark the sequel shit; my niggaz got lungs  
When we smoke, that shit only go around once  
Dogs, we just killin time  
Somebody just got they shit twisted on the block f\*\*kin up the grind  
So, 'til it pipe down  
We just going at these sluts - bitch, we wanna f\*\*k right now  
{\*overlapped my Cormega's first line\*}

(Cormega)

Son I'm on a bench high eatin chicken wings and french fries  
A crackhead f\*\*k spent his last bucks on six dimes  
I'm one gram from big time, a spliff away from overdosin  
My heart is broken, my man started smokin again  
P, I heard the tunnel open again  
I spoke to Flex he said he's gonna let both of us in  
Its time to load up the autos and semis  
I wish my niggas bank was in a physical form unlike  
I got my uptown nikes thugged out and icy  
Mad deep, jumpin out the Cocaine white Jeep  
Through was strugglin, so I resume hustlin  
Rap game or crack game my crew is still bubblin  
Yo, three in the morning and the D's on the corna still  
Seems we were born to kill, yo P meet me on the hill  
So we can jet through Queens in SUV's  
Show these motherf\*\*kers how we rep this thang, ya know?