

# Drop a Gem On 'Em

## Mobb Deep

It's the infamous back in the house once again  
Livin the life that of diamonds and guns  
and now gems pulls gats  
like a basehead pulls on stems  
the Mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend  
Drop A Gem On Em. Verse One: Havoc Take a tire, all these fake crooks need to retire  
they gotcha gassed, takin back and snatch fire outcha  
maggot ass, Havoc represent for the Q-B-C  
smoke that ass like a lucie. tho I need to quit  
fuck it, I love it like a cloud  
over the projects your game Im above it  
its combat, gats bangers and all that  
you'se a small cat, whatever you on get off that  
I mention, nuthin but the real shit presentin  
the hollow tip crew 41st side convention  
try for? you half-steppin  
like a fresh tec out of the box  
yo niggas I'm testin  
(There's no question)  
bitch ass have you confessin  
like a D-T left in state of depression  
you under pressure, intact no doubt catcher  
the snitch-snatcher tookin wit asthma  
you casper, you yell my name  
thats only givin me props  
plus the fans that you got, wonderin whats got you hot  
its too not, knocked out the box and got rocked  
got raped on the Island, you officially got  
kick that thug shit, Vibe magazine on some love shit  
(keep it real kid, you don't know who you fuckin wit) Chorus: repeat 2X  
It's the Infamous back  
in the house once again  
Livin the life that of diamonds and guns  
and now gems pull gats like a basehead pull on stems  
the Mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend  
Drop A Gem On Em Verse Two: Prodigy  
Yeah likewise, Im tired of rap guys whose faggots  
pure shuteye, and swole up your whole outside  
I baptize, niggas get wet, put up your backside  
your claptized and set straight, put on your head straight  
watch out for,  
these upstate cats be leary of you  
yeddy niggas wit gats plus the walls on they backs

Rikers Island flashback of the house you got scuffed it in  
you would think you gettin your head shot was enough but then  
Now you wanna got at my team,  
you must of been drunk when you wrote that shit  
too bad you had to did it to your own self  
my rebellion, I retaliate, I had the whole New York state  
aimin at your face  
at the gate, bottom line of top soon as you came through  
shot through, don't even know the half of my crew  
I got a hundred strong arm niggas ready to rock the shit  
clocks tick, your days are numbered in low digits  
you look suspicious, suspect niggas is bitches  
get chpped up, Grade A meat, somethin delicious  
and laced back up, 2 G's, one for stitches  
then reconstruct your face and learn how to speak again  
my Mobb's like a bunch of wild Puerto Ricans  
wit bangers the size of African spears  
it's warfare in the arena, you turn arenas into house of horrors  
its terrodome, when you see my click you need to run behind shit  
you gotta gat you betta find it  
and use that shit think fast and get reminded  
of robberies in Manhattan you knew what happened  
60 g's and one for gun clappin  
Who Shot Ya? You'd probably scream louder than an opera  
New York gotcha, now you wanna use my mob as a crutch  
what makes you think you cant get bucked again  
Once again, back in the house once again  
live the life that of diamonds and guns  
and now gems pull gats like a basehead pull on stems  
the Mobb got the bomb run out and tell a friend  
Its the Infamous.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>