

# Stole Something (feat. Lloyd Banks)

## Mobb Deep

Wooh, yeah, you can get with this, or you can get with that  
I don't got to tell you hoe, you know I got that crack  
Three for the price of one, you know I have you comin' back  
You can have me a P.O. absolute, and it's a rap  
It's a fact, niggaz know, fuck with us you gettin' clapped  
No I won't, say your name, cause it just put you on the map  
And I ain't, into lettin' niggaz eat, no never that  
Shorty love the way I swing my game, I got a better bat  
Know I'm lethal with this rap shit, c'mon baby holla back  
Cut that juggler, you bleedin', no there ain't no stoppin' that  
I don't sleep, my eyes open, maybe a good powernap  
Spit a verse, then I eventually watch the cheddar stack  
I'm shittin' on niggaz, shittin' like it's a??  
This a standin' ovation for homey, with a Tek clap  
F that, we takin' over baby, and that's that  
Catch me fuckin' with a bitch that can't stand rap  
I get at niggaz like the stole from me, stole from me  
Their bank account lookin' like no money, no money  
There go police, shorty just hold for me, hold for me  
You want to work? Then pump this O for me, O for me  
Gunpowder resi' on the sleeve of my Pelle

I had to burn my leather, and toss (My Buddy)  
Two hundred calls comin' in on my celly  
I had to cut the ringer, like "Fuck e'rybody"  
Drive the bulletproof all the way to Cali  
Lay low for a month or so - gettin' very  
High - where I'm goin' it gets my mind of the bones  
Back on the East Coast I bury  
Now I'm partyin' with Halle Berry  
This Hollywood shit'll catch you slippin' if you let it  
So niggaz started grillin' me  
Like they was gon' take my things, so I assumed I had to set it  
Now it's blood splashed all on the ice in my jewellery  
They don't know who did it, cause I did it smoothly  
Take my ass back to Queens  
It's not like I look for trouble, it seems trouble always finds me, then  
Look, I got tons of old beef, and a brand new forty  
A hardcore groupie that would take a bullet for me  
A high-priced lawyer, just in case a nigga snap  
And can't take a joke, and pop a nigga over rap  
A horrible splatter in a matter of a second  
Dead over a record, shit he sound like he meant it

My crew greater, yeah I'm talkin' to you hater  
I'm too major, two-tone blue gator  
New blazer, big gun, little razor  
So raise up, that ain't how your momma raised ya  
They wire-tappin' to hear somethin', they ear-hustlin'  
They won't bust him, why they came in and handcuffed him  
It's nothin', there's more 'mati's (automatics) at the spot  
One flat tire's gon' matter if they pop  
I pop up tomorrow with the wagon off the lot  
Stashbox, with the nine magnum with a wop

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