

# Put 'Em In Their Place

## Mobb Deep

(Prodigy)

Yeah, yeah.

Payback.(Hook: Prodigy) - repeat 2X

Infamous up in this, you know how we get down

Is that yo' hoe? She feelin' our style

We come through the spot real heavy on the waist

So when they wanna move, we put 'em in they place(Prodigy)

Yo, I was schooled by the hood, raised by the wolves

Trained by the pain, adopted by guerillas

Gotta tank for a car, ice for a arm

Got tattoos wit' skin and scars from brawls

Gotta buildin' for a crib, Manhattan for a backyard

Skyscraper ladies, they fuck me when they man gone

Kings of New York, I'm one of the few of those

Difficulties to come, it's gon' be funerals

You get a quiet spot in the shade, for a grave

I get paid, 'cause I got murder 'fore sixteen

And I'm so much rich, I got a condo for a piggy bank

So much stash, I just laugh at yo' face

Blow a stack on David, 'cause I'ma pyro

Maniac from carriage, wit' the Rolls Gold

I was told by the O.G.'s like my Pops

If you can't whip they ass, then niggaz get shot (shot, shot)

(Hook) - repeat 2X(Havoc)

Waist. yo, I was raised by the block and new to the sound of the gun shots

Hustled by the bus stop, aged to the front stop

Block party departed, somebody got bodied

Right before I snatch this little number from my hottie

Yeah, young dude wit' jewels and barrel lens

Heavy bones on the deuce, flickin' it up in the mix

Fast forward to '06, gettin' head in the '06

Have a chick, feelin' like she workin' out on that Bow-Flex

I'm focused, looked through my lens, see my vision

Surprise myself and came through without one spool missin'

From that hallway kissin', there was room in the Carlton

I can smell it in the air, P in that next room sparkin'

Me, I let that heady flow, meet me at the tele' hoe

You don't do the tele', oh, fuck it bitch you gotta go

Workin' wit' a lot of dough, and a little bit of time

Bitch I wanna fuck, I don't wanna know what's on ya mind

(Hook) - repeat 2X(Prodigy)

Yeah, I know you can't believe it. WHOO!

We still soakin' it all in ourselves  
Hollywood Hav' (yeah nigga), V.I.P. (yeah)  
It's our means. Curtis. "Billion Dollar Budget" Jackson  
Go 'head be mad at that man, he the one made us rich  
You ain't the only millionaires on the block no more  
Ya money is old nigga. smell that? That's new money nigga  
We filthy rotten rich. (yeah) and we taken advantage (let's do it)  
G-Unit, Infamous Mobb Deep { \*Prodigy making gun noises\* }  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>