## Have a Party

## **Mobb Deep**

(feat. Nate Dogg, 50 Cent)(50 Cent Intro)

This is how we do it, when we do it

Like we just wanna tear the club up

We do it like there aint nothin to it

The way we do it, now everybody put your fuckin' hands up!

Lets Go!(Nate Dogg (50 Cent) Chorus)

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!

Heyyyy.

(50 Cent Verse)

You cant body the kid, you know how i rock

Went from pumpin packs on the block, to straight to the top

So the money aint a thing now, yeah thats right

Mansion after mansion, next stop the Hampton's

I splurge with it, im so absurd with it

Got the hunger to go get it, cuz i wan' go spend it

You know how a boss play a play, nigga im ballin'

If theres money to be made, i'm all in

Catch me in the cherry-red porsche, bay seats, red pipe, and

You want me to teach ya how to stunt, aite then

Tattoo's on the arm, 30 carrots on the charm

Cuz the flow be the bomb, learn to respect the don

First night if i dont hit, second night im on some shit

Third night we call it quits, i aint fuckin with the bitch

Success is much of a choice, im high off life

Another move, another mill, lets get right aight.

(Nate Dogg (50 Cent) Chorus)

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!

Heyyyy, (GGGGGG G-UNit), go ahead and touch her body like you want to, (GGGGGG-

GGGGGG G-UNit)

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!

Heyyyy.(Havoc Verse)

You can catch me cockin' the fifth, got me rockin' with Fif

Now that's ? drop? you see the keys to the Bent

Got my niggaz movin' them bricks, it dont stop

In a million dollar deal homie get that glock

See dudes get comfy, money aint long 'nough Spit one verse, my whole cribs coughed up Ma i got a fetish, fuckin' in them porsche trucks Curtis got one so when i finished i tossed her Y'all in to wifin', we? could throw? wife in Only fuck with bitches that got their liquor license Shot high prices, shook all vices

Imfamous nigga, got the game in a vice grip 10 hundred K, but the flow, is priceless Anything less, we rollin' them dices

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!

> Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B! Heyyyy.(Prodigy Verse) Listen.

You couldn't? out-pay? P or VIP
My wrist could buy a bitch a PHD
My Range alone could pay for you to eat
For the next few years i'm so icey kid
My flow is long money, my face is Hollywood
My tattoo's could hit you with the thug? hard flow?
My attitude is universal, yeah Hong Kong money
When we get back to Queen's we gon' hurt you
Cant afford to ride, you gettin' stomped out

I got a team of dimes they all dogged out
Ray the line, you up and take you out

My girls is hot man, they hard to turn down You can hear your drawers lookin' like the Mexican After the lil' shorty? WaWa? break you off a lil' bit

You so stupid, we so much rich

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on, M.O.B.B!Heyyyy, go ahead and chase that paper get your game tight

Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on Heyyyy, go ahead come home with me let's do it all night Na na na na na, i'm poppin' on Heyyyy...

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/