

MOB

Audio Push

Got the team in order
Blue dream, Fiji water
They said that we wouldn't make it
Now we wavin' and niggas hate it
Celebratin' when we make it
For now we workin' we too focused
At least me and my bro is
Fuck what you talkin' man this shit the coldest
Enough with the talkin' man let's get it goin'!

When I link up with the squad yeah you know we bout to mob
Take that weed up bout that jar, roll it up we bout to mob
Wowowow too saucy, you know we bout to mob
Man I'm always on my job cause I know we bout to mob

Hold up I'm fresh, God knows
My squad, your squad goals
Free throw line, eyes closed
Swish, new time zone
You talk too much, flex too much
Oh yes my finesse is up
Make a mess if you mess with us
I'm that real, you a replica
Ain't got time what you talkin' bout? What you playin' for?
You lookin' at him, if you ain't that nigga, what you say it for?
You can't stop God's plan, this what they been waitin' for
You had your chance since we used to dance, what you hatin' for?
Yeah yeah yeah, it's real now
Every girl tryna chill now
Every show gettin' killed now
Tryna run it up pass a mill now
So I really don't care how I you feel now
Fuck a wave, got the vibe nigga
I came here with my tribe showed up hive
(Fuck with me)

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Mobbin' like Money Over Bitches
Mobbin' like Money Over Bullshit
Number one on some April fool shit
Snitches is who I can't be cool with
I was raised by the G code
You want beef then meatloaf
Movin' then reload
Take off first no baby see
I'm the future she became a freak hoe
Beast mode is what I'm in
What I'm doin' what we done again
He solvin' all his problems with that gun again
Pray for him!
Heart big enough to take on a hundred men
I wanna win, open that door bitch or I'm runnin' in
You coming with them jokes, better come again

You come at me broke, better come again
You can't write what I wrote with my fucking pen
Day 1's with me, mobbin' out I don't need no fuckin' friends
MOB! My Other Brother
MOB! Make Or Break
MOB! Mind On Billions, Mind Our Business
Or Member Of BOW, shit whatever you wanna say
Boy we mob like we from the Bay
My squad ain't come to play
Save your games for Nintendo
Hot box, the weed got us foggin' the windows
Ask about us from the I.E to N.O
We winnin'

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Picture Money Mitch and the homies in the South
Yeah, three hustles deep we finna mob
We located the cheese we finna plot
cause we so small
Goin' hard 24/7 it's my job
Sold top on my new old car
Shit you get when you flow hard
I'm aware who them hoes are
Hella ran through hoe still chasing stars
Baby catch a break, take a load off
I pass my smoke and got ghost
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