

(Yeah
The Mob
Uh
You know what I'm sayin'?
Cozmo, we back, nigga
You know what I'm sayin'?
The greatest alive, nigga)
(Jack, what up, boy?)

Drop the bag on his head, I bet that bum don't touch me
Ride around with the thirty round drum in the front seat
Young legend out here, they salute my accomplishments
My heart cold from death and broken promises
They don't know what honor is, I kill about my family
A duffle bag full of nightmares is what he handed me
But I could never live in fear, I'll make a coward disappear
My money's on a different tier, the vision finally crystal clear
Pour a little liquor out, I'm smoking like a maniac
Squares on my phone beggin' for they lady back
Fresh off of Southwest, made a quick eighty racks
Dope boy, I'm just tryna bring the 80's back
The bills so old, you can smell the mold on 'em
Drop Chev', new rims, I just threw some gold on 'em
Bern and The Jack, pure crack in your stereo
I put people in position like Harry O, Bern

I used to ride around the city all night long
Trunk full of bags, I was tryna keep the lights on
And now the Skelly go crazy when the lights off
If Jack want it done then it's over, your life gone
The good die young, yeah, I'm ready when my time come
I said I'm ready when my time come
The good die young, yeah, I'm ready when my time come
Tables turn, what up? I got ya

If I can't catch you, I bet your mama'll pay
When I show up to your door and put the K in her face
Or I catch you in the county and I razor your face
'Cause I'm tired of the bullshit, scraper ride with a full clip
The boys can't take me down, they're scared what I'ma do to 'em
The Mob Figaz, fatty and hustle, yeah, I'm true for them
Pushing kids, takin' niggas shit, ain't nothin' new to them
Knock a bitch, put her ass down, it's all new to you
Tell a bitch a few words, she a fool for you
Nigga, I'm just movin' through, and I'm movin' units too
All you rappers whack as fuck, why I hate the movement though
Free the Hus, free my nigga Kas, free Mess too
Free the nigga Bub, we love you, boy, but what's love?
When the feds be out here tryna bust thugs
Inhale the tree in my lungs, my memory is now down
Always remember to never leave behind my gun

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Sometimes I wanna quit but I can't stop now, the game need me
Learn to hustle at a young age, you can't ease in
Cock, load, and sell high when the stock rise
Affiliated with wise guys with mob ties
Tryna touch a hundred mil', homie, fuck a deal
My name buzzin' in the streets, yeah, the love is real
Smokin' late nights, manifesting my destiny
Success around the corner but I feel death next to me
Tryna put my people in position
But they ain't tryna eat, they just eager for attention
Sleepin' on the vision but the plan gettin' clearer
And ain't no one to blame but the man in the mirror
Maybach dreams, my reality, ain't far from it
The money and the power, shit, we all want it
Countin' racks, blowin' big with Bern and Jack
Head first in the game, it ain't no turnin' back, nah
Yeah

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