

# M.O.B.

BROCKHAMPTON

Hey, kids? (Yeah)  
How you feelin'? (Fine)  
Feel alright? (Yeah)  
I wanna be more like a child they question everything  
Like, "Momma, where is your wedding ring?"  
The dust still settlin'  
Aight then, I'm settled in (Pardon the, uh, technical difficulties)

I'm tryna go in, I hope you niggas know it  
Young boy, I ain't heroic  
They hurtin', free they soul bitch  
You poor fool, think you know it  
My boy got the heater loaded  
So I don't trip too often  
Reportin' live from Kaufman  
These my dawgs for life, until I see a coffin  
Them trees, they got me coughin'  
I'm ridin' around, I'm cautious  
We yellin', "Fuck the law, bitch"  
We finna get it started  
We youngin' and we wildin'  
That bread keep multiplyin'  
That pain just keep on comin'  
Bring that Holy Water, we fuckin' underwater  
We jackin' off each other on the beach, then cum in the water  
That's that Holy Water  
That's that Florida shit, that 305, that guala, guala  
Might not see tomorrow  
Wash the evil from your heart, that's a verse I borrowed  
I see y'all boys tomorrow

We bring the mob out, we finna mob out  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy  
Leave your jaw down, ayy  
We bring the mob out (Ayy), we finna mob out  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy  
Leave your jaw down, yeah  
We bring the mob out, we finna mob out  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy  
Leave your jaw down, ayy  
We bring the mob out (Ayy), we finna mob out  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down (Yay)

I'm that nigga from the East side  
Ready to bang out on your set  
I do not care 'bout who in front of me  
If they ain't handin' checks  
Holdin; my dogs down to the right  
And I got my baby to the left  
Both of 'em been on high alert for any sign of disrespect  
So where your head at player?  
You in the mud or you in the clouds  
You with your plug when the shit went down  
Now you both got blood that you can't get out  
Hope we don't drown, niggas is clowns  
But it ain't no ringleader in that circus  
Rollin' up dreams, smoke away my purpose

How a nigga hollow with a bulletproof surface, damn

Push start, baby, like she drive a Benz truck (Woo)  
You ain't got no money, she don't wanna link up (Grr)  
And if he fuck up, it's one call to the mob (Grr)  
Pull up 'round the corner and we make the block hot

No reassurance, this here, I burn it  
I got insurance for the way I'm 'bout to shock the systems  
About that action, blow the pistons  
Cut ties, better learn 'bout subtraction  
Can't keep the bug get out my system  
What we missin'?  
Need that boom, boom, boom, boom  
Drop it out

We bring the mob out, we finna mob out  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy  
Leave your jaw down, ayy  
We bring the mob out (Ayy), we finna mob out  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy  
Leave your jaw down, yeah  
We bring the mob out (Bring the mob), we finna mob out (Finna mob)  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy (Leave your jaw)  
Leave your jaw down, ayy  
We bring the mob out (Bring the mob), we finna mob out (Finna mob)  
Fuck around, leave your jaw down, ayy (Leave your jaw)  
Leave your jaw down, yay

Did it last night I heard you say (Heard you say)  
Love 'em all but dying, 'cause that was in the way  
Well if you don't mind (I just need you here with momma)  
I think I'll leave (I think I'll leave)  
Leave 'em all together, means everything to me