

Mob

Chrishan

Oh yeah
I said my real niggas stand up
Hatin' niggas sit down
Real Niggas stand up!
Chrishan The Prince!

Hundred bottles only MOB niggas, (SSE YUP!)
Hundred models only MOB bitches
We don't talk it if we don't live it
SSE, MOB BUSINESS

Making money like a drug dealer
Flipping baggies of that lung killer
In the land of the chinchillas
Niggas hated now they fuck with us
Niggas tellin' me their life I just don't see it
Bitches tellin' me their lies I just don't believe 'em
Brought a girl, told her girl fuck her like you mean it
Let her eat it while I Bobby V, beat it beat it
Oh, I'm on, get your money right, fuck hoes
I'm in the club like I'm home, DJ spinning' my new song
All the girls like who that
Took my niggas from the Ap
Put my city on the map
Put my city on the map

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Pump triggers at a dry snitcher
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Rollin' up in that suicide
Mob deep that 25
Mo' dope that's mo' hoes
That Mo Cheeks, that Cooley High
Mobbin' with my young crooks
Leanin' off that uncut
CEO, 23's below that Grease Lightning that Ichiro, nope
Don't want no smoke, nope nope no way
I got game from the 80's like gotdamn I'm telling' my age
J-J Watts flippin' that baby, coach the game your bitch on my team
I'm so work don't even need work, I'm so pimp don't even need cane, Hold up
I pull up in that body woah, Bad bitches all exotic woah
Young iconic everybody know, know
And all my niggas mobbing' Hold up

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Yeah I'm in that new Mercedes CLA
I got a bitch that look like Miley Cyrus on the way
I hit Playhouse I'm poppin' bottle of that Dom Moet
They're 10 a bottle but I pour 'em like they fuckin' rain
I hang with killers that drink Diamant Cuvee
Affiliate you just live I was born & raised
Exes blowing up my phone I just let it ring
I hit em then they get the blues like I'm B.B. King
Whole city on my back, whole block on my back
And these hoes should be worried, Cause I've been holding back
I said my whole city on my back, whole block on my back
Ya'll niggas should be worried, fuck around lose your cap nigga

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