

Mob shit bitch

What you know about this mob shit?  
What you know about this mob shit?  
Sit down, stop talking that mob shit  
If you ain't really from the mob bitch

You was born with a silver spoon in your mouth, (what kind you have)  
I was born with a rusty one, I had to get out there and help my momma out (real nigga shit)  
Been a hustler since a younging (since a younging) keeping it lit like a cigarette camels humps  
Plotting on me, better shit like goose bumps  
You wanna tuck em homie, better pack your lunch like a multi task do two or three things at once  
Get my dick sucked dropping it funky  
And smoke a blunt, in the streets I'll never flump  
I say it in your face when I sober I ain't gotta be drunk  
Dramatics over badges MOB  
Got a lot on that leaning the broccoli  
Beverage site you 23 for a certain we get you gone  
Sing at home when you belong with the mag and living your learning return the wood its on fire so let it burn  
Respect that giving the gift is our

You rappers need to quit it with that mob shit  
You wasn't in the kitchen tryna' lock shit  
You wasn't on the block busting hot shit  
You really need to stop you are not it  
B he a boss he kept the block buzing  
40 got a distorted shotty got it fludding  
Niggas getting down thugging in the public  
Hunnids on the old school hoes love it  
Pardon me baby but I get around  
And they dont make a sound all for the rounds  
And I dont make a sound when they ask me  
Rule number one stay task free  
Masterd baby, but I'm so loyal  
I fuck around with it when I'm on the loyal  
And you dont fuck around know your own soyal  
It made a real nigga wanna bounce for fun

I've been A1 since day one  
Prolly sold more coke than ronald regean  
Still in the kitchen with the bulletproof apron  
With your bitch on her knees, begging  
What you supposed to do? never poodle up to a man nigga  
Never whip out if you ain't planning on squeezing the fucking trigga  
Money dont make me I make money  
What do I look like flumping over to broke?  
Nigga Ima mack around g

Now I done got mine for the A-low  
Got em back to the hood and they didn't go  
Its panic mechanic, and im for sho'  
But never on the flow could I pound the dough  
Trap fam hoodrat got em strapped

Swearing over mama never heard of that  
Tryna' murder me I will murder back  
Find me with them niggas talking bout another sack

[hook]