

Mob Shit

E-40

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
Be 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 suposed 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]