

Off Dat Mob

E-40

On another note, sippin' antidote
Smokin' Turtle smoke, that exotic dope
Hella stoked in the custom cloth
With the beanie rolled, boss mode
Buffs on, chain on, courtside, game on
Crab legs, Thanh Long, mob shit, theme song
Big place, chess move, small circle, nix fools
Figure-8's, old schools, making slappers on Pro Tools
Being broke is old news, used to sip on cold brews
Hate come with the plate, big house behind the gate
People hustles, real estate, real niggas, nothin' fake
Haters ain't got no vertebrae, lingo too hard to interpret-ate
Cold world, sick and dummy
Folks get on that Fent' and turn to a zombie
My household wasn't like the Cosbys
Grew up on spam, noodles, fried bologna
Used to sell that yayo, now my hands clean like Purell
Hammer and nail, dodgin' jail, graduated from that fishscale
Watch a snake, they'll turn on you
It could be a snake in your crew
Don't underestimate what they might do
Real ones, you only get a few

I grew up off of that mob
That mob, that mob, that mob, that mob
I come up under that mob
That mob, that mob, that mob, that mob
I grew up off of that mob
That mob, that mob, that mob, that mob
I come up under that mob
That mob, that mob (Uh), that mob

Soil child, I rarely smiled, I'll pull your card, I was young and wild
Mob style, my profile, I'd never tell if I was on trial
Large sums, large guns, all hunds, no ones
Reposato, out the bottle, foldin' weed like a taco
First class flights, Bora Bora, beluga caviar, I'm a star
Used to rock crumbs in a mayonnaise jar
Now I make ventures to provide the store
Keratosis, Marley locs, swingin' Figure-8's and slingshots
Content, around the clock, bringin' in checks of TikTok
Colored weed, Avatar, animated like Pixar
Rideshare, Uber Black, they pick me up in a big car
Always perkin', I'm a people person
I be socializin' but I'm always workin'
Goin' Toby like LeVar Burton
Stay thumpered up, never know who lurkin'
Kingpin, team winnin', at a rooftop party goin' big lemon
Cherry gelato, Mango Moscato
No bustdown hoes, just clean women
Cali boy, I'ma scream it out, rep the West without a doubt
Fuck the fame, fuck the clout
Far as mob music, it's been a drought

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I come up under that mob

That mob, that mob, that mob, that mob
I grew up off of that mob
That mob, that mob, that mob, that mob
I come up under that mob
That mob, that mob, that mob, bitch