

Mob Shit

Gucci Mane

All my listeners need to listen up
Because I'm rich as fuck
No petitioner my peninsula
Imma finish her perpendicular
Whats a pencil for?
What the pistol for
Get the rental car
I'm not into her
Talking shit to her
Strapped with a suit like a minister
I'm sinister, grab your sister dismember her
Dropping damage on screamin fuck the law
Smoking out the jar
Hating on me ain't gone get you very far
And my doors ajar, fucked your mom
Woke up in a jar
If I fucked her raw, coulda been ya pa'
Shining like a star
You a fraud
Made the crowd applaud
Gotta thank the lord
For my boy, brick squad
Money over broads

Mob shit mob shit
Get a nigga wild quick
All my niggas hittin licks
All my bitches sell bricks

Mob shit mob shit
Get a nigga robbed quick
All my niggas hittin licks
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You nigga leaving with the ones
I can't indulge in that
The bitch try to hug me I won't hug her back
I can walk through this bitch for like 35 racks
Promoter say he never seen a club so packed
I got racks on racks I got tats on tats
Think I took steroids when you check my stats
A 20million dollar bitch when I met my match
Rolling stone where my homies lay I laid my hat
Fuck a home got alarms with 15 straps
15 people dealing gotta sell this crack
Cold hard as the [?] that is on my lap
A weak link in the chain holding too much slack
(Wop!)

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