

# 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  
All my bitches sell bricks

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 tatts on tatts  
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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