

Mob Ties

Gucci Mane

Steady mobbin' steady robbin'
You'll think we the gatti boys
A hundred bricks a hell a nigga
You would think I'm parley boy
Way I'm bustin' on these fingers
You would think I'm Tony boy
Gucci met the money man
I treat you like an errand boy
You in the crowd and talking loud
But who the hell is scared of you boy
I'm on probation tell these crackers
I'm not even caring boy
You bluffing and I know it
I ain't buying the shit you selling boy
You's a country monkey nigga
I'm a split your watermelon boy
Fuck yellow, I see yellow bitch
I'm rappin like I'm yelling boy
Fucking bitches while you snitching
Ye I'm smashing why you telling boy
He can't even focus 'cause these niggas with each other boy
Million dollars all become my phone this nothing easy boy

Got mob ties, talking about a wise guy
But if you get into my guys
I guarantee it's gonna be gun fight
The young niggas got mob ties,
Talking about a wise guy
But if you get into my guys
It be some motherfucking gun fight
The young niggas got mob ties,

Young nigga, mob ties
Got a ganster bad bitch look up a mall wide
Black strap, black snickers and a black coupe
Mob shit throwing my hood up out the roof
Round trip flight come back and I fluck the streets
I told my niggas say our grace because it's time to eat
Negotiate, talking numbers when I'm into
Nothing but extra strong on my menu
Place your order, then wait for it
Nigga come and get it the best shit in the city
Say you want some peace then let's go and talk business
I hear my nigga Gucci for you if you talking big

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