

## 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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