

# Rollin' wit' the Lench Mob

Ice Cube

You can't fuck with the criminal rapping over gangsta shit  
First I load the clip and then I make the hit  
I know some y'all can't fade this  
Lench Mob niggas are the craziest  
So you and your boys are ass-out  
When I'm rollin in a seven-deuce glass house  
The Mob ain't nothing but a menace  
When we get the motherfucking dog in us  
Playing them old beats  
I'm pouring out some of my beer for my homies  
Ready to peel your cap  
You can't believe "Faces of Death" on wax  
Some say the Mob ain't positive  
Man fuck that shit cause I gots to live  
How I live and you could either give a fuck punk  
Yo or get your ass bucked  
Some rappers are heaven-sent  
But Self-Destruction don't pay the fucking rent  
So you can either sell dope or get your ass a job  
I'd rather roll it wit the Lench Mob

To be down with the Mob is simple  
Mind your own you want a spot find your own  
And take mine if you're badder than the strong man  
I do the right thing I do the wrong thing  
Do anything cause I ain't faking the scene  
It's all about how much bacon you bring  
And if you see something from the gat I will stuff it  
Yo you ain't seen nothing  
Cause if you testify you're living blind  
Cause in the city you live and let die  
Rolling with the fools One Time can't beat  
On my knees in the street interlock my hands and feet  
He said "I know you" I said "you might"  
My name is Ice Cube I did a song you didn't like"  
So he soaked me up like Bounty  
Had to do a week in the county  
A piece of cake it was just like a party  
Cause in the county you know everybody  
No I didn't kill or steal or rob  
Locked up for what cause I'm rollin wit the Lench Mob

If you know a female that's rollin with the Lench Mob  
Watch your step cause the gat is kept  
In the purse like my homegirl Yo-Yo  
You gotta be down and you can't be a hoe no  
Cause if you are I'll be the first one to bust you out  
After my crew I'll be the first one to rush you out  
Get the picture or bitch  
You'll get the eighty-six  
If she wanna try and mix  
Business and pleasure make up your own mind  
You gotta be a hoe on your own time  
Don't sleep cause even on a solo creep  
Yo the Mob is still deep  
And we'll play ya just like a nit-wit  
You thought you got with the crew you can't get with

So get the noose ready for the lynching  
Now 235 is what I'm benching  
But nowadays it's still not enough  
I got something guaranteed to stop the bum rush  
Give me the gat, step back, and watch me do the job  
Rolling with the motherfucking Lench Mob