

We on the radio nigga  
Your girl wanna blow me now  
Getting more head than a 30 on a 40 cal  
Turn the radio down I'm tryna hear if this tree is loud  
It's crazy that your bitch said we fly, cause we breathing clouds  
Got an eighth on me now tell the bitch bring a liter home  
[?] it ain't cool but when I leave I put my heater on  
Gotta be a nerd ass nigga ain't heard of me before  
True Religion, [?] and Stalin they my amigos too  
I ain't let a bird out the cage, I let my eagle go  
Coke on me, we leaning, but I don't need it though  
Your girlfriend dropped 6 bands, but I don't need you hoe  
Broke her when I met her when I let her go she leaving broke  
Knock you squares off with this ladder you think we a joke  
I'm from California my nigga I never seen it snow  
'Cept for in my kitchen my nigga and we was weighin' blow  
Mobwire, my nigga, only God flyer  
Tryna keep warm by the fire in my fly attire  
Never wanna rap on a beat 'less it's a (crier)?  
Feds wanna run through my spot, give me another prior  
Mane I'm turnt up with the Glock, you scared join the choir

S'Philthy, look, look  
I say these broke niggas mad I got they rent in my pocket  
I went from being a used to be to the number one topic  
The mob of the wire, the wire of the mob  
The hottest in the bay you other niggas get your jobs  
I can't explain the feeling when I copped my first foreign  
Got shooters that'll get it done for a fit and some Jordans  
They say all I rap about is money, well bitch that's what I'm having  
I was real before rap on 580 with the package  
I salute any real nigga that really touching cash  
I really came from the bottom I was working with my last  
Now I'm working with a whole thang I never stopped at half  
In every city I touch down I always rep the ave  
Only wish I ever had was to touch 36 ounces  
But I made it happen and it ain't come from rapping  
Unless you talking Saran, trafficking in vacuum sealed  
If you talking more than 40 we can talk about it [?]  
They say leave the streets alone and I can get a deal  
Tryna sell this white girl like stress so I can get a meal  
Mobwire nigga

Part of the five families we come to the round table  
I'm my brother keeper; no Kane and Abel  
You see the purple label, you see the foreign whips  
That's that Mobwire, Cypress Village, Bay shit  
I was in the Matrix whip it try to get a brick  
Go run and chase the money fuck a bitch  
Niggas snitching they tell them we the hottest on  
Smoking on purp watching the world through my kaleidoscope  
Pushing rhymes like dope and it paid off  
Now we playing with stacks like Bernie Madoff  
It's a celebration niggas; Mazel Tov  
Livewire boss, I know these niggas hating  
Shoutout my momma rest in peace my dadma your son made it  
Everyday my birthday, no happy belated

Bitch I'm an Oakland Raider, bitch I'm an Oakland Raider  
Bounce out with your ass we the desintegrator  
So much paper, we got paper cuts  
Ya them other niggas cool, but they ain't us  
Fuck around get your whole head tapered up  
CEO shit, Tony Draper papered up

Respect amongst man is what we demand of eachother  
AR with the double drum for my band of brothers  
Magazines asking questions about my track [?]  
I think he was on people tryna wrap me up but I see you  
You ain't heard that I'm the crack that you gave me as one of them babies  
I'm so dope I can sell myself I'm way too mainey ya this shit paid me  
You got rap cause the crack I sold was killing my kind  
And so my other brother [?] tried doing that time  
But his minds [?] so all them rookies talk about cookies  
Just imposters can't be mobsters I feel like Tony around all these [?]  
I never ask them why all these squares tryna call me Rock  
I know the reason why Gotti went [?]  
Gangsta gangsta [?] with the banger  
Huey P and Lew real recognize real and nigga you a stranger  
I'm a real rider and this mobwire  
Bitch you'll fight and you'll hide  
Nigga I ain't got no friends you either family or you gone buy  
Customer and I come for ya if you stab me in my back  
Niggas will catch you with ya kids  
We don't be killing niggas on wax  
These obituaries is facts [?] extended in these tracks  
So don't try me with all these questions your best bet is just to ease back,  
nigga  
Word to Sean my ratchets still go off I promise  
Word to [?] who tried to show you niggas where the [?] is  
We talking power when the illest niggas merge  
Mob Figaz, Livewire power surge in the song