

# Mobster's Anthem

Twista

Yeah we gonna do it like this  
Mobsters reign, we hope you feel this  
Speedknot Mobsters

My click been strugglin half a lifetime tryin to get our shit on  
got no G's to sit on, even so niggas sell packs to get on  
but let me take you to a place  
where these niggaz learn to better pain and stress  
look a murderer in the face, comin up with a wilder range you're blitzed

1, 2, 3, and to the 44, the good, the bad, and the ugly sticken you  
fleein through the front door, and we gotta do one more  
even though dealer watchin me like the lottery  
we can still fulfill this westside oddessy mobster prophecy

Well mobbin what can be better than weed, drinks, bitches and loot?  
hangin off 20 G's cause you got more money to scoop  
lives a hustler by nature, fiend for paper, schemes and capers  
constantly eyed by neighbors, who do the Feds favors?  
it aint no major dough, what this lady yeya blow  
as long as its payin me for my occupation criminal  
pullin up on hoes, as the weed smoke blows, the absence of a mobsters presen  
ce  
is the reason she chose, as the regency rolls, it rolls, the pearl white O's  
mobile, shit im a ride high til i die, get killed  
smoke like fields, forever dodgin blue shields,  
we're blue steel i got full proof escape skills  
we're paper chasin leavin trails of shell cases  
and chasin to the part of your body  
where the bloods wasted, on the life taken  
Chicago aint a city its a nation  
its all this my foundation within the mobster organization

If its gonna be shakin it up, if its gonna be cookin it up  
if it aint hustlin and we got some skunk we gonna be smokin it up  
(well I'm a payin mobster for life, caught with gold and ice)  
(Speedknots roll two shots too cold to die, know im a get high)  
its an everyday thang for my Speedknot Mob to hang  
callin cops for thangs, readin to squab or bang  
takin your riches, cause we know we snatchin your bitches  
the wish I reign my family gotta maintain , its a mobster thang

Im a fat booty fuckin, love gettin the sucks in and bustin  
givin niggers punkin heads for nothin, while bumpin, handle my functions  
my pistles pumpin, got hoes jumpin, a mobstas always into somethin

I can feel Killuminati lookin over my shoulder  
somethin keeps tellin me to get mine before its over  
smokin on plenty of buddahs, the brand to get blessed, with forgiveness  
for the last time I'm sent on the survivin quest  
from hustlin 24-7 to makin niggas get undressed  
The mobster in me got to be obsessed  
with lucci and success, so I can care less  
if I gotta be lootin and woopin,  
I'm sick of beggin niggas for rides  
id rather be the one thats scoopin  
cause in these last days its day to day hustlin for me, i wont rest here

everyday  
fat ass chain and 3 blades,  
trippin on that 2 faced, that nigga sweatin dick  
while i rock the stage,  
like these bitches is just tryin to get paid to give a nigga AIDS  
like I can use it for turnin tricks  
or either for hittin licks and then rap about the shit  
in one the mobster's greastest hits,  
and when we come to your town(?)then raise it  
finest skunk we just can roll it up and blaze it

Im gonna make it through this New World Order if i gotta be rappin and robbin  
n  
you cant stop the Speedknot from mobbin and if you try we squabin  
we waitin for you to fall off the square so you best keep your head up  
when these shots how niggas roll, cause we dont believe in goin head up

On this week 100's, 50's, and dubs, trigger finger itchy with snubs  
hit me wit love, black gloves, red eyes (?)  
t-shirt up on my face, fucked up and ready, I cocked the 380,  
got a grip that was steady adrenaline  
rushin po-feddy, while lives is rolled with Sisqo  
may we rock the tightest flows but tinto up with the clips though  
gotta find out what yo pockets hit fo, cause i aint that scummie  
mother fuck (?) got no time for rockin,  
choppin in the car stoppin with a stack ofpacked money  
but you trustin me, then I cup this shit,  
snatch all of your luxury, try touchin me  
actin tough as shit, my moms is a bust for me  
fuckin me or make me hate you,  
permanently sedate you, when the bullet penetrate  
you its goin straight for your face you, unless we chase you  
when we escape through your pockets  
by all means neccesary the rest is secondary  
comin for back til my flesh is buried, the test is carried for me to survive  
and hope we still will be thick, with a trilogy click but now seven  
mobstability shit

Ha, I just take a pull in the hail,  
thinkin about my niggas thats locked up in jail  
my mind dwells on crime sales, we wipin off mad shells  
only time will tell if we gotta use em'  
aint lookin for stack , but if we got into it  
we gotta do it, ha, mobster anthem for life