

# Rock Y'all Spot

Twista

Haha, heh, last time for the mobsta  
Get up in here and do our thang, heh  
That's how we gon' do  
Hahahaha

Get down to the club  
Chokin' on sticky and everything was loved, oh yeah  
Look here now  
Then on came the lights, hey  
All the niggas and bitches in the party was feelin' high  
Liffy Stokes bring it

Tonight's gon' be the bomb, it's warm and calm  
I got to take this cool in my arm with an ounce in my palm  
I done took the bottle with Don, and I'm back for sure  
Actin' a fool, gettin' skully, mixin' henny and mo  
With plenty to draw, and we gotta blaze by the door  
With too much M to the O from rushin' the dance floor  
Mob style runnin' wild through every section and aisle  
Drinkin' River, pissy now, collectin' numbers to dial  
Talkin' loud, flash the cheese just for the haters and keys  
That try to catch me sooner so they can cease without the cheese  
Through mobstability, y'all be killin' me  
With that weak shit, a nigga just came to party  
With my guys and women probably pitchin' couple of innings  
Break em down through my winnings and come out Detroit grinnin'  
With my paper and ladies on the E doin' about eighty  
Tryin' to get to the (?) so that freaky bitch can lay me

When the mobstas rock y'all spot  
Watch all the niggas and bitches start dancin'  
Big ballers wave y'all knots  
'Cause y'all the ones playa haters can't stand with  
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I'm bendin' curves through the gym straight smokin' and drinkin'  
Westside, mob style, and the mink and the lickin'  
Trippin' on the cutie that's winkin'  
'Cause she know we got the shit that rocks her block  
And put the boom in your box and make your speakers pop  
So I take this as my cue to make sure shorty don't snooze  
The mobsta's rockin' tonight at the House of Blues  
With some mo and some crews and now she lookin' in dues  
Talkin' about bringin' our homies and puttin' on dancin' shoes  
It's like that y'all, let your paper stack tall  
So when you hit the club you can ball and get some numbers to call  
Don't worry about the playa haters leanin' on the wall  
Because when they get the gold and start to ball  
They gonna have to fight us all to the end  
Playas get a glass and a set of twins  
In different clothes so they can be a thug's extend  
'Cause when this party ends another begins it don't stop  
So flash your knot and beep me at my guy's red shop

Hey hey, oh suki-suki now, look here now, what's cookin' now  
Shook it shook it, child, shake it down, let's boogie now  
From the hood and I be the chief, feelin' good as taters and waiters  
With playas with the ladies pullin' up in big-ridin' Mercedes  
This party gon' fade me, smokin' with the brokes and the brothers  
Cherry gators, yo dawg, this pocket's full hundreds and rollers  
I'm kickin' it out with tippin' dippin' off from the laws  
In the glance of an eye with drawers, while they hustlin' just to ball  
(?) so I bought a drink, sport a link, recall the mink  
Hoe figure she was pretty and think maybe I ought to wink  
And she takes a glance, party'a boomin' so maybe I got a chance  
This cutie got too much booty and I asked her to dance  
Flippin' 50s in my hand, champagne all up in my face  
Takin' pictures, (?) close 'em all bitches' probably in the place  
Straight po pimpin', I'm trippin' (?) it's the weekend  
Steady quickin', take a pimpin' and pay the scraps for sneakin'  
'Cause when the...

Throw it up, are you a true money maker  
Throw it up, 'cause you a big time playa