

## 2Pac "M.O.B."

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M.O.B., nigga 'cause we mob on you tricks  
And you know we keep it money over bitches  
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Thugs known to bust on sight  
God bless my crazy life la vida loca homie livin' that  
thug life  
Been raised in violence, homicide's my lullaby  
Came with the homies and learned to kick it until we die

Bose players you wonder why  
I live the life of a ghetto kingpin, just let me ride  
Bitches and niggaz in penitentiary suits  
I send 'em letters and money orders and make 'em my  
troops

As for you females, I got no time, I gotta get mine  
You cannot blind me addicted to a life of crime  
My time as a shorty was full of car chases  
While runnin' with John Gottis and Scarfaces

Niggas knew, I'd be the Don in my own crew  
A million niggaz with automatics who swarm through  
You wonder who shot me here's a clue, stay alert  
'Cause we comin' for you and keep it money over  
bitches

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I blow you up on the spot, these glocks hot till you drop  
All you wannabe cops, you don't wanna see shots  
I beef deep with the police peep what these streets do  
to me  
Actin' all new to me I creep on you like puberty

You don't wanna see the bad image of this scrimmage  
From here to East Greenwich  
Through every state with a sentence, frozen weight in

the cooter

Ten plates to soup ya, 1 2's we oughta cruise right by  
the state troopers

When I'm drinkin' Cristal, start thinkin' 'bout Al  
Bacardi coverin' my body at the wink and a smile  
Bag a hottie or two, 'cause butter shotties for you  
I got more bodies than Drew, I drink Minoti Anu, fuck  
your crew

This type of shit I do for a petty hobby  
Fuck the world it's fatal dog against everybody

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My shit's phenomenal, droppin' like Domino  
Comin' with the real yo and fuck what you feel yo  
This is not for all the freaks in short skirts  
This is for my niggaz nationwide doin' work, get your  
feelings hurt

Lose mo' faith than a composure, money and the doja  
Bitches is a cobra with deadly venom  
Move as smooth as I get 'em, I'm stackin' G's  
My niggas crosstown got kis'  
Hoes get diseased and fleas, for these enemies  
money over bitches

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I'm hittin' sixteen switches, my money over bitches  
The struggle continues I'll miss you on my road to  
riches  
I'm contrived to strive never laggin'  
Disappear in the night with my 64 dragon, rag flaggin'

As I get 'em up and leave 'em stuck  
Pager blowin' up but I don't give a fuck  
I'm fully stocked on the block, pockets full of rocks  
sellin'  
Loc'ers and smokers engaged twenty fo's even

So what can you do for me and what can I do for you  
But stay true and do the things that we do  
Blinded evil-minded no option for my offspring  
Reminded can't find it complications what the future

brings

Losin' my mind why you sweatin' me all the time  
I'm caught in a bind, quality time on my grind  
Rather be lonely honey and dodge you like snitches  
I'm 'bout my riches, money over bitches

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That's from the time a nigga close his eyes I'm hopin', I  
hope he awoken  
Payin' my own that's tokin' chokin' off a glocks smokin'  
Money and power watch these bitches 'cause they  
skinless  
Gettin' niggaz fucked 'n stuck from Timbuk' to Los  
Angeles

Ain't a nigga ruggedder than this grimy Heine' guzzler  
Cowards better duck before my calibers start rubbin' ya  
Me and my troops play blocks in groups, runnin' in  
flocks  
Deuce-deuce in my socks keepin' a watch out for cops

Gettin' kicked, I keep my mind on my riches  
While uncontrolled schemes  
Keep me choosin' my money over all my bitches

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That's right nigga  
Money over motherfuckin' bitches  
M.O.B. on 'em nigga  
Keep your motherfuckin' mind on your money, fuck  
these hoes  
You don't need no motherfuckin' bitches  
You need some motherfuckin' money  
Get your mind right nigga, keep your game tight  
Play right play by the rules and you'll get paid fuck the  
fools  
We up out of this bitch here

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