

Chris Ward**"Mobb Up"**

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(*talking*)

I'm in here, with that Chris Ward
Tell them bootleggeres nigga

[Chris Ward]

It's the millimeter heater squirter, bootlegging hurter
Fucking with mine's, it's gon be a bootlegging murder
And trust me, you don't want me to take it no further
Get two niggaz named Two, and Young Boo off Alberta
We'll run through your playing fields, and tear your turf
up
Rattle the world beneath ya, and fuck your earth up
You ain't know I got niggaz on both sides, when it's
time
That'll mask up rip through, and shut this bitch down
As soon as they catch you slipping, they gon pop the
clip in
Slide by ride high, and straight up start tripping
And go to dumping on boys, if that ain't vacate shit
And jumping on boys, and stomping on boys
See, you ain't have no business
Fucking with us, cause we are big business
Fleeing the murder scene, leaving no witness
Have a taper saying, you ain't hell or what the hell is
this
So when you burn our disc, learn our shit
So that when you bootlegging, nigga it's at your own
risk
And this the part I usually hate, I gotta teach
Can't steal it cause it's too real, and not in your reach
You crash dummies couldn't fade me, with a bottle of
bleach
Maybe at the laundromat, but not in these streets
cause

(*scratching*)

(*talking*)

That's why they bootlegging us, they can't do it like that
mayn
Bitch ass niggaz, drop a crumb up on a dollar or two

yeah
Get your own nigga, can't do it like this can't be faded
nigga

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