

Clint Black % Lisa Hartman Black

"M.O.B"

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(*talking*)

Uh, ha, straight up, Sensei ha
2000 and 2 ha, ha
It go down, S.U.C. for real
Mobstyle for life, uh nigga

[Chorus - 2x]

And it's M.O.B., money
Over bullshit, you know me
Keep it low key, what a nigga told me
A nigga don't know, what a nigga don't see

[Big Pokey]

In this rap game I come, from the back of the pack
Now they respect my work, like I'm packing a mack
Everytime I sound check, I'm cracking the deck
On track split wigs, like a x in the hat
You know how I act in the Lac, I'm a hog
T.V.'s back in the back, got to fall
Texas boys crawl, like a nigga with his legs cut
K bullets hit niggas, and they edge up
Pay attention, focus nigga
Third, Fourth and Fifth Ward rogu nigga
4-4, Southwest vaulters nigga
Better have that on your mind, when you approach us
nigga
A bitch'll jump fly, when they dose your hitter
You G about it, be about it, you supposed to get her
I get a broad pimp of grain, I need to be in the Pimp of
Fame
They think it's hard, but it's simple man

[Chorus - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

I'm a gangsta, and I'm out of control
Drink wrecking ice cold, but my vaults on swoll
Pay the toll when you pass, it's the bill collector
Cocaine disector, come with Hannibal Lector
Tell the visual projector, when I'm watching a flick
I reckon need to had your chick, cause I got paper to

get
Hundred miles per hour, slowing down my viders
Stampede the stateline, flood the booth with powder
I'm balling nigga, three hundred-sixty degrees
In the streets shedding cheese, you better recognize
g's
Hollow T-I-P's, choppers and barettas
Fucking with my cheddar, I wet up niggas sweaters
Young in the game, crunching on niggas like ab work
And I'ma chase my paper stacks, till my calves hurt
Feel that, take it from a real cat
Or be a fool run up, and get your wig peeled back

[Chorus - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

Pay attention cause you listening, to one of the rawest
Cold as a meat locker, which as being I'm flawless
Attitude hoggest, mentality doggest
I pimp my bone, once from August to August
I'm an animal, in the booth I'm a cannibal
With a appetite like Hannibal, bitch I'm flammable
I'm bout to lock it up, beneath the key
S-E-N-S-E-I, that's me
Get ready for three minutes, of constant head rushing
Crushing mice, it's a verbal head busting
I'm a mic ripper, plus a motherfucking bike flipper
When I'm on the damn mic nigga
I'm the real deal, like Evander
Something boys really can't handle, pull my scandal
Uh, uncut cocaine
Putting pressure on your brain, man

[Chorus - 4x]

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