

Dave Berry

"Steady Mobbin"

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(c'mon G)
[JD] Police, eat a dick straight up
Look here you little god damn nigger, your not gafflin
nobody
You fuckin understand me
(kick his ass)
That's right, get down on the god damn ground now
Fuckin move now
(Let me take a shot at him)
We're gonna do you like King
[JD] What god damn King
Rodney King, Martin Luther King
and all the other god damn King's from Africa
[JD] Look out motherfucker
gun shots

[Ice Cube]
God damn, the bigger the cap the bigger the peelin
And when dealin with the Lench Mob you gots to know
Steady Mobbin is not just the name of this jam, but a
way of life
Bound together by motherfuckers that's known
to break em off somethin, give it to me

Four or five niggaz in a mothership
Better known as a goose and we all wanna smother shit
Bent, front and back glass got tint
Tryin to get our hands on some dollars and cents
And fools can't hold us
Every chance we get, we hittin up the rollers
Comin up short of the green guys
And I might start slangin bean pies
Or the bootleg t-shirt of the month
With "U Can't Touch This" on the front
I'm bout to get rich
Cause life ain't nuttin but money and fuck a bitch
They drop like dominoes
And if you didn't know, Ice Cube got drama hoes
So after the screwin
I bust a nut and get up and put on my white Ewings
I'm out the do'

All you might get is a rubber on the floor
Cause I'm ready to hit the road like Mario Andretti
Bitch, cause I'm steady mobbin

Bustin caps in the mix
Rather be judged by twelve than carried by six
Cause I'm gettin major
Fuck Pac Tel, move to Sky Pager
Told all my friends
Don't drink 8 Ball, cause St. Ide's is givin ends
Fools get drunk and wanna compete
Slapboxin in the street
Niggaz get mad, tempers are flarin
cause they got a few bitches starin
Just for the nappy heads
But scandalous bitches, make for happy Feds
I'm making my duty to cuss em
out, cause I just don't trust em
And if you tell on me I'm bombin on Betty
Bitch shoulda known I was steady mobbin

Since one-time so hot
Got me a stash spot in my hooptie for the glock
And I'm rollin on rims
Eating soul food, and neckbones from M&M's
Grumblin like a motherfucker
Greasy-ass lips, now I gots to take a shit
Saw Sir Jinx bailin'
When I hit a left, I moved felon, 'Whattup loc?'
Don't you know that niggaz get smoked
That take they life for a joke, get in nigga
I take you to the pad zoom
Went to mom's house and dropped a load in the
bathroom
Jumped back in my low rider
Comin out feelin about ten pounds lighter
Went to Bone's house so I can get the gat
Looking for the place where all the hoes kick it at
Lench Mob ain't nuttin but tramps
But hoes lickin us like stamps
One fool brought the music for the yams
But Ice Cube had more amps, get in bitch
Cause I had the jam on
And I don't want to hear shit about a tampon
Give me the nappy and make me happy
The hoe said 'Pappy could you slap me
on the ass hard and fast
and could please try not to leave a gash?'
I said yeah, but I don't play sex
When I'm putting on the latex
Slipped on the condom

Fucked around and dropped the bomb son
And it came out sort of like confetti
In for the night, no longer steady mobbin

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