

E**"One More Gen"**

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I'm tryin to hear some of that MOBB

Make it sound like a gorilla tryin to get up out the trunk

(Yeah, well let's get this shit crackin then)

Super duper super duper, trunk rattlin

(That's what I'm talkin 'bout)

Old school, in the basement

(Some shit for the fuckin trunk nigga)

Magazine Street, Hillside type

(This is what we do, all day like this nigga!)

Mobb shit now!

(Get this shit crackin den nigga!)

It's a drought on

(Fuck now!)

BEOTCH!

What you holla? What you say? What dey know?

What dey know about this, so what dey know?

What dey know about this, so what dey know?

BEOTCH! Now...

Strictly mobb, strictly mobb

I might be rich and I rap, but sheeeyit

A hundred dollars worth of food stamps for \$45 dollars

Nigga fat, I wasn't fin' to bite on that

I stay on stuff, fuck a cup, I likes to drink out the bottle

Mix Gordon's Gin with Donald Duck ? secure my novel

When, I was fifteen years old

Straight dope game, I was told

I had them hoes stealin clothes for me, boostin and
sellin they body

Nigga that's how it's supposed to be By Nature cause
I'm Naughty Naughty

La-Di-Da-Di, we likes to pull triggers

We do cows travels and we, dump on niggaz

Yeah, I'm Just a Hustler, remember that? Mr.
Flamboyant 1989

Down and Dirty, Federal, B-Legit the Savage, D-Shot the
Shot Caller

My little sista Suga T Sprinkle Me on the money
motivated mission

Tryin to have it In a Major Way after I was on the late
night grind

Strapped with nines and Desert Eagles, me and my
weeples

come deeper than them skinny bitches, crept on us not
too long ago

Sold our Lexuses and went back to the Cutlass
Supreme

Buster demand they Zima's and forked toes

Starwise, with the helicopter knockoffs

My down South thugs call em elbows, turnin heads

with the personalized license plates with the
tremendous bump

Fuckin they nose, fakin them domes

Breakin and shakin the neighborhood up, disturbin
homes

Ridin on rims *tires peeling out*

Reyimmms, slidin through stopsigns, just like them
action films

Watch me no cost to pay off my speeding tickets and
fines

Giving myself up to the Elroy's

Doing time on the weekends, all up in the county writin
rhymes

It's just some shit, some shit that you can ride to

Some shit, some shit for you to smoke to

Some shit, some shit that you can fuck to

Some shit, some shit I can relate to

Chorus:

It's just some shit, some shit that you can ride to

Some shit, some shit for you to smoke to

Some shit, some shit that you can fuck to

Some shit, some shit I can relate to

It's just some shit that you can listen to, one mo' gen

Make you stop at the liquor sto', and purchase some
gin

Some shit to make a nigga Practice Lookin Hard

Some shit for all my folkers on the Boulevard

It's traditional, heavy ass shit for the mobb

I got more bass in my rock, than Third Eye Blind

Forty-Wata-Wata main don't tell me you gonna resign

It's too rilly folkers dude you in your prime!

I said -- no not me, I won't stop

I'ma do it for my nigga Tupac

Sober see, that can't be

I been pervin all day since six o'clock

I pull a bootch like a bad tooth

with the cheapest EconoLodge a nigga like me can find

Drop her ass off out in the middle of nowhere next to a
phone booth

stranded freezin to death... empty handed can it

Stubborn hella hard to reason with

It's game orienfested, let me explain it

I know they say that I been, givin up too much game

But I'ma teach ya how to blossom with my new
invention

You might wanna pay attention

I used to sell Kirby vacuum cleaners but I wasn't a punk

I worked at Mickey D's (what did you make) a Boy of the
Month

Livin above my means -- motherfucker that's a bald-
faced lie

Po-po's raid, I got an alibi

Shot my first video for \$20 bucks, motherfucker

Some cheap shit, very ass grade America

Mean Green hooked me up down South

Made a name for myself by word of mouth

Chorus

Hah... oh what dey know?

Oh what dey know about this, oh what dey know?

Oh what dey know about this, oh what dey know?

BEOTCH!!

Hella..

The board of weebleizations up in this motherfucker

The board of weebleizations

Head Above Water productions

Collaborated with my motherfuckin nigga, Sam
Bosstigili

Professor Bosstigili up on this bitch ass motherfuckin
track

Fuckin they nose up like this

Where that nigga Sojourn at, whattup boy?

Chorus

BEOTCH! With this here, we mobbin out

We mobbin out, Suga T (ay whassup gurl?)

D-Shot (D-Shot ???)

B-Legit up in this motherfucker (Yo E-Feezee main!)

Young Muggzy, Keveo (YOU, KNOW!)

Tap that ass Celly Cel (Whassup, whassup nigga!)

My nigga Big Bone Tyrone (Big Buddha!!)

D-Day from A-1

They doin it like that down they bitch ass

The Reservoir HOGGS up in this motherfucker!

(All day smashin)

There go Max and that nigga Parlay

LeVitti the R&B singer on they bitch ass

gonna fuck they nose with that mobb shit

Fuckin they head like that

My little young cousin Mac Mall up in this bitch

from the V-Town nigga I thought you thought all the
time

up in they, bitch ass tall can B (Sic-Wid-It nigga!)

Cousin C-Bo

That nigga Otis and Shug singin

"I hope I don't go back to slangin llello" on they bitch
ass

Cousin Lil Bruce, Mac Shon

That nigga K-1, Gino

Smitty, The Funk Mobb up in this bitch ass
motherfucker

Fuckin they heads up like this

V-Town nigga Millersville I thought you thought

(Uh-huh)

Yeah my cousins nigga Down n Dirty

Kamikaze and the Mobb Unit bitch

I thought THEY THOUGHT!!

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BEOTCH

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