

Gospel Gangstas

"Mobbin"

Visit "[Mobbin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Mr. Solo]

Let me start wit my intro

A young brother from south central

Snatched outta gangs, Let me brak you off my info

A young criminal got in contact wit the spiritual

A couple of years ago, But you don't hear me though

Christ came alive and the old me got smoked

He broke all the yokes, And I'm still loc

I know it's tricky seein a christian bell in dickie's

But I never stop bangin

Just changed my gang and

I gotta stomp in my gangsta boots

Cause the boys in the hood wouldn't hear me in a silk suit

No lights, No cameras, Just gimme some action wit a fat groove

While Solo creeps like a thief on a jack move

What's the information on my gang affiliation?

My Bible's in my waist and

It's no colors on a brother cause my rag's gone

But I'm still loc so I gotta get my sag on

Don't trip when you see me in a pulpit

It's like I'm strapped wit a mac and a full clip

I pull quick when God anoints

And if my Bible's a gun, You catchin verses like a hollow point

Mr. Solo's in the house wit the gangsta walk

That's how the gangstas stalk, Tizzalkin gangsta talk

Cause as a youngsta in LA bein bought up

Doin anything thought up, Cause I was caught up

Like the rapture, Note that my mind was fractured

Cause the system and the ways of my neighborhood was backwards

They called me cool when I blasted a 380

Then Jesus saved me, Now they call me crazy

But I'm smarter, I comes a little harder

Pack a .9 for those thinkin of makin me a martyr

Me wrestle gainst the flesh, I'm not sayin that

But runnin up on me, Devil I ain't playin that

[Huh] You heard about my crew and tried to clown

But forget the tape I'm in yo face

So now what, I'm mobbin

[Chorus]

Mobbin wit the gangstas [Repeat 4x]

[Verse 2: Chille Chill]

So what now, Do you need Chille Chill to show you how
Wit my buck, Bing, Rat a tat, Pow style
I got a bone to pick, And it's on like this
Cause when I spit, It's like a brick and i'll stone ya quick
I gets illa could you feel a ex-drug deala
I spray the word on Belzabub like it's bug killa
I thought you knew to respect my crew
Ya should've known, You was comin short tryin to check
this true
I thought I had to pack when I heard ya rap
But the gangsta brings the gospel so the Word's my
strap
I pray day and night when I'm in the cut
But I'm sick of brothers frontin tryin to hit me up
No fear here loc, So come real wit me
Cause even if I was a trip, Ya couldn't deal wit me
[So, Come chill wit me] Chille Chill is steady chillin
Fulfilling God's will and like a florida orange cap, I'm
steady peelin
Wit the word that you heard, My Bible's like a mausberg
And by the damage that occured by the lost G
Now true to the cross G, I once was a lost nut
But now I'm just a found nut
So now what, I'm mobbin

Chorus 4x

[Verse 3: Tik Tokk]

Tik Tokk is on a creep so peep how I roll
Not for ya lac or ya snaps but fo yo soul
I flow it well, Cast out devils when I show and tell
I plead the blood, It never fails, Devil go to hell
Day and night I'm in this gangsta life
I got courted on wit Christ now it's on, On sight
Tik Tokk is my name and my claim to fame
Livin holy is a change but I'm still the same
I'm a young G followin my O.G.
The Father, Spirit, Son, Plus me so we 4 deep
It's the maniac, Psycho, Lunatic, Loco
Filled wit truth, So peep game on my vocals
I got the devil in a chokehold
From all night prayer and I didn't have to pop no do's
I'm not a wimp, You'll never catch me slip
Cause I walls by faith wit a gangsta limp
So don't attack man, Cause I pack man, Stomp and

chomp em
Gotta promote cause I'm from compton
Ready to smack up, Beat the track up
And for those who wanna act up

[Mr. Solo]

In Jesus name you better back up while the gangsta
bring the gospel to the funk groove
I can't turn my back on Christ, That's a punk move
(OOOOH)
I gots to come at y'all real
I couldn't compromise and tell you lies for a record
deal
Now I tour the world without the girls and they tails out
We still clockin G's and we didn't have to sell out
And just like Tupac, You can't juice me for my louie or
my gucci
You never can catch me smoochie coochie
I don't touch none of these hoochies
I know it's kinda hard to bear this
But the girls on my back and on my jock is on my
prayer list
So don't thrust wit ya lust and a smile wit ya foul butt
You'll catch a shank to the gut, I'm out the cut
My crew is straight mobbin

Chorus 12x

Visit [Gospel Gangstas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.