

## **Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "Mobsta's"**

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I dreamed that I was at a club scene where all the thugs  
be  
Every criminal mug be, living in luxury, what the fuck  
G?  
That must be Bugsy, in the black tux over there with  
Lucky  
Bring my heater, niggaz might try to slug me  
Take me out in back of the club and buck me, and  
touch me  
I felt a hand tug me then turnin around I peeped the  
lovely  
Fly face, fat ass gave me a glass of bubbly, said,  
"Compliments of Bugsy," then took me across the  
persian rug to plug me  
He shook my hand and hugged me; thought he would  
do me ugly  
but he dug me, pockets chubby said, "Nino where them  
drugs be?"  
Over there by the derby, buy they dirty devils from me  
to keep my paper sturdy, yo word G  
I ain't afraid to get my hands dirty, you heard me?  
I be D and fuck all that living thirsty, so Nino  
do his out in Jersey, showin no mercy, with Frank Nitty  
who else and, some nigga with a Babyface that they  
called Nelson  
Bad for your health, Machine Gun Kell' and your  
Dillinger  
Death messenger, known to carry the six cylinder  
Look for my army, fatigues to Giorgio Armani's  
Holdin the Tommy, no one can harm me; Will and  
Tommy  
tried to alarm me and quote, he turned to smoked  
salami  
Dead as a motherfuckin zombie, full of my ammo  
With Bugs Mirando, against the grain so, gotta send  
him  
over the rainbow, he must be brain slow, caught him  
down  
at the train po' in Santo Domingo, left him for dead  
Two bullets in his Tango, like how that movie Shane go  
Frank Costello, hostile fellow, he murders while  
remainin mellow

but most of the niggaz on his team was yellow  
Cold blooded veins flowin with red Jell-o  
There's Joe Adonis, had mad dramas, won't hesitate  
to put you in pajamas, fly hooker fine as the  
Pocahontas  
Beauty queen you'll wanta pok-her-hiendas  
Frank broke a promise between the organized crimers  
and old timers  
Costello gotta go six below, nobody voted no  
to veto, so they hit him with a hollow torpedo  
Up in his torso, he ain't a boss so, he can go  
without ever lettin the whole police force know  
Lex Diamond was scheamin on Capone's scroll  
Wanted to own his whole zone, it leaked out

They shot him at a pay phone  
with the big chrome, his whole wig blown  
Blood flowin from out his flesh and bones  
At the wake at the funeral home it's havoc  
Family got hit up with automatics  
Non-stop static inside the rackets  
Jack McGern was burnin split Joe Adonis cabbage  
The underworld was goin savage  
Pretty Boy Floyd was non-void, unemployed, he  
destroyed shit  
with the Infamous click, wasn't to be toyed with  
Mad jealous of all the liquor sellers  
Shinin with wine cellars, turn em from hood dwellers to  
Goodfellas  
Me and Nitty was like bank tellers, nothin niggaz could  
tell us  
We drove all over, I pushed a shiny yellow Testarossa  
Moved on it closer get the toaster  
Started to feel like death was closer, I hit Capone hard  
Murder him and his bodyguard in they car and dust the  
chaffeur  
Beef over, I blew him like a supernova  
Niggaz nicknamed me, The Black Cobra  
The Lady Casanova, yo I'm even deadly when I'm sober  
Act like you got a chip on your shoulder  
And blast the two right through your boulder  
Money you didn't know they shoulda told ya  
Nigga you fuckin with a soldier, wake up and smell the  
Folgers  
Niggaz out here done lie in piss to cover up the odor  
Operations from here to Minnesota to Dakota  
But yo here comes Greasy Thumbs, who wants to get  
the easy funds  
He whispered in my eardrum  
"Let's take over the entire city, and split the dough  
Me you and Frank Nitty and Siegel and that'll make the

bank pretty"

No doubt before we go we gotta murder John Torre

Yo get all his territory dough and end the story yo

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