

# Lil Wayne "Tha Mobb"

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Yeah, hard body  
(Hard body)  
Carter, carter, carter, yeah  
Let's go

Cash Money, Young Money, motherfuck the other side  
They can fuck with us if they want, I bring 'em homicide  
Word to my momma I'm gonna continue bombin'  
'Til they gettin' out the game, it's like comin' out of a  
coma  
I'm tryin' but I'm normal when this rap shit get borin'  
All I ask is that you pray for me  
(Please)

And the beat keep cryin' and I'mma keep beatin' her  
Fee' I'm fuckin' her, I'm deep in her sleep in her  
And what happens when the reaper come  
(Huh)  
I'm just hopin' that he sends that elevator up  
I made enough I ain't meant shit  
So while I'm here I'mma take that and take this  
(Nigga)

Breakfast, yes, let's eat, wipe ya mouth when ya  
finished  
Then hunt for the lunch and dinner no beginner  
To the criminal activity, fuck with them, they rushin' in  
Like Seminoles Indians no bow and arrows Harold  
Just leaners Cheena just choppers Robert  
Carter II, tell me how is you gon' stop a riot  
I lock and seal it up the best I could feel it  
(Yeah)

I'm in the lead, I can pop a wheelie  
(Got 'em)  
Not for rookies late bloomers stay in the womb  
(Go)  
I'm here muhfucker make room, boom  
Young Tune the big kahuna  
It's my ocean, baby, y'all niggaz is tuna  
Better now than sooner junior

Fly around ya city, try and take another tune ya  
I ain't goin' nowhere special, I won't never leave  
Shit, I'm already a legend if I ever leave  
Game get rid of me? Not little me  
Man, I got 'em, I'mma get 'em B  
(I got 'em B)  
I'm hungry like I didn't eat  
I want it like I didn't see a mill before seventeen

What the fuck you niggaz tellin' me?  
You pups can't keep up with the pedigree  
Catch me where the weather be somewhere in the  
seventies  
Call myself settling palm trees Promethezine but what's  
new?  
Sometimes I can't cut through that rough loop  
Get fucked so many times til it's fuck you  
(Fuck 'em)

So how you wan' do it, baby, we can get it  
All you gotta do is say it and I'm wit' it  
Money and murder you, my nigga, my jelly preserver  
I'mma ride baby, til' the judge give me a verdict, yeah  
Hear me or heard me, I get it and serve it  
'Cuz every time I did it I hit it and hurt it, yeah  
Now I kill it, the mission accomplished  
The niggaz abolished the bitches astonished

Then they pay homage when did they find it but  
Now that they know it's a must I remind 'em so  
They don't forget it, I underline it and  
I'm in the sky when the thunder's cryin' young'n  
I been through all that I done, done what you sayin'  
I put it down when the others was playin'  
When the jungle was open, I rolled in with the riders  
Stole food from the bears and bought it back to the  
lions

Quote, unquote with the eighth, I'm a gorilla but lighter  
Wit' the eye of a tiger the heart of a fighter, yeah  
Start 'em, ignite 'em, I walk through fire  
Watch the flames start multiplyin', whoo, yeah  
Alter a nigga nina talk to a nigga  
Take a chunk outcha body like a shark bit a nigga  
I'm awkward like Cartwright fuck wit' a nigga  
Shot ugly but my arch right come on dog bark bite

Fork in the road, I'm always goin' right  
Nowadays knowin' life ain't no more road lights  
We can't see but we gon' make it to the finish line  
It's right there, the goal line right behind the

scrimmage line  
Touchdown check the scoreboard gimme mines  
Semi 9 fit me fine hit a nigga twenty times  
Damn, then one more to the face just  
(Bow)

So they close the casket like I pay to close the case  
I'm made straight mafia shit front line  
Top rank ready to die for my shit and the obvious shit  
If I talk about my robbery they prolly get rich  
So fuck 'em, I'mma let 'em sit  
And I ain't duckin' 'cuz I'm right here I'm just enough  
I don't care who at the top of the stairs I'm steppin' up  
See you fuckin' up the money, baby, that ain't good  
business

You startin' to look like a witness and this is  
For the gangstas and the bitches, the hustlers and the  
hoes  
Crossover whatever mainstream know  
'Cuz Wayne thinks silent Wayne'll never fold  
You heard it right here if the game was ever told  
Lift up ya toes and look under a rug  
Trust me there's history under all that dust

So deep down in the dirty there lies us  
(Who?)  
Yeah, Cash Money Records and I'm still up front  
Stunna pop a bottle, baby, peel us a blunt  
Let's eat and talk about all them niggaz we cut  
What? You know what? Let's not fuck up our lunch  
That's real shit if you ever seen such  
Chuch

Tha Mobb  
Nigga

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