

## Luny Tunes

### "Steady Mobbin'"

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[Lupe talking:]

You know I had to do it, man. It wouldn'ta been right if I didn't. You seen it? You seen the show last night on TV? You seen nigga's rims man? You seen the new Jordans man? You see her ass yo? Yeah, yeah, that's crazy.

[Singing:]

Seein' with my ghetto eyes  
I walkeded with my ghetto feet  
I talkeded with my ghetto speech  
I'm copasetic, I won't let it bring me down  
Bring me down...

I say it's enstilled

As I peep from beneath the titled brim of my pinwheel  
Steady mobbin', heavy problems  
Genocide resynthesize to violence, makes it hard to sympathize  
Harden, individuals whose feelings is miniscule  
Soon become criminals if you dark-skinned  
And you was raised in a project apartment  
Public Aid made it that your father couldn't stay  
He had to part then, left with only a mother  
The family structure suffers  
He will soon cling to hustlers, as his guardians  
He still a boy, needs to fill a void, marchin'  
Up the block up to no good, sellin' in the wrong hood  
He was taken down by a marksmen  
At his wake, 8th Grade Graduation picture  
Last words: Don't let the habitation get ya  
Pardoned, Lord have mercy on the fallen  
Amen, feel like I'm hardened  
Got the harbinger for the coming of the carpenter  
Til then, I got some big fish to fry like Marlins  
Part niggas, steady mobbin'

[Chorus:]

I've got some questions to ask, and I'm waitin' on some answers  
Like, Why do the good die young? Why ain't there no cure for cancer?

Won't let the streets dicatate my glory  
Cuz it's something out there for me  
But I'ma flee my territory  
So I won't end up, just a ghetto story  
Just a ghetto story, just a ghetto story  
Just a ghetto story, just a ghetto story

And I try to see past it  
Through the down-roll window on the driver side of my  
Caprice Classic  
Steady mobbin', corner store traffic  
i.e. dope fiends, hookers and teens with alcohol IVs  
I see, plastic, cups is a nickel, 50 cent for Dutch  
Masters  
My big brother's Pelle Pel' lingers of a fargone weed  
smoke  
Lookin' for greener pastures, pasturized 2% for \$2.19  
You can get 2 quarts, there's also a sale on Newport  
A seperate line for Lotto, bumpy face, add a model  
Huggin' a bottle, salt and sour Jays, and blueberry  
Hugs  
Shorties consider a meal, been my feel for it  
Sweatin' for a pair of Air Jordans they would steal for  
And a gold chain 4 fiends would knife, wild and kill  
yours  
There's nothing too promising on our billboards  
Drink Tanqueray, eat KFC, come abort your child  
Buy Nikes, which makes it highly unlikely that we gon'  
fight, G  
Steady mobbin'

[Chorus:]

I've got some questions to ask, and I'm waitin' on some  
answers  
Like, Why do the good die young? Why ain't there no  
cure for cancer?  
Won't let the streets dicatate my glory  
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But I'ma flee my territory  
So I won't end up, just a ghetto story  
Just a ghetto story, just a ghetto story  
Just a ghetto story, just a ghetto story

And I'm still on  
As I stroll down the same street so many like me once  
before, were killed on  
Steady mobbin', thinkin' bout the Black Panthers  
And the babies that were born in the late '80s  
That now have babies that lack Pampers  
No Kwaanzas and they lack Santas  
And the father who thinks shoe-shopping is the answer

Skipped out on parenthood classes so she don't know  
how to handle her  
And never learned from her grandmother  
One day got hot, couldn't take it, dropped her in a  
vacant lot  
Album of Life, now condensed into a sampler  
See the shapes these little girls is gettin'?  
Somethin' say the steroids in the chicken is the cause  
of the thickening in the young women  
Livid, see some shorties playin' Cops & Robbers, livin'  
Bittersweet thoughts is what I had for them  
I can picture colder feelin' Police chasin' after them  
Catchin' up to, friskin' and askin' them  
Where the packs at? Who yo' cheif is? Where the straps  
at?  
Am I thinking too hard? Or perhaps that's reality  
In a project mentality, but through it all  
I hope we learn more than how to be whores and how to  
move a ball  
Steady mobbin'

[Chorus:]

I've got some questions to ask, and I'm waitin' on some  
answers  
Like, Why do the good die young? Why ain't there no  
cure for cancer?  
Won't let the streets dicatate my glory  
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