

**Maino****"Welcome To The Mob"**

Visit "[Welcome To The Mob](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Unstoppable  
Mafia  
Welcome to the mob

Welcome to the mob, my enemies in a mob  
Pussy ass rappers a-smackin' makin' I'm robbed  
Two big guns and me, that's a mÃ©nage  
Put it to his head, I'mma squeeze you say Allah  
Call me what you want but you can't call me ministry  
Bentley on the strip then diamonds in my roserie  
Real, recognized, alive niggas heard of me  
Broad daylight no man, they gonna know it's me  
Been a thug since 54 levets  
When you push your act, poop through the hood, you  
was a legend  
Bullets travel like e-mails, you get the message  
Bow down, niggas is lames in my presence  
Hundred D-Ball, black suited up  
Arrive through the block ran slow as shifted up

Fresh  
Your crime scene just got bloody  
PUSH! in the building, dirty money getting muddy  
Heard you block bubblin' I'm here to get ya sodium  
Make sure you got that money, I have all your double  
monkey's up  
Puddle up, nigga this is genocide  
I'm killin' all you niggas in weeks in the ride  
More karate, I'll body a nigga  
Bang bang it's that black flag mafia nigga  
Bitch draps, big racks, won't lie to you nigga  
Got you baby mama flyin' me to lapua nigga  
To make it this far in the costumes in pot schools  
I'm responsible, puttin' cocaine in nostrils  
Straight blow jobs, lot of bitch niggas  
Killers walk the junction without gettin' their coke  
charged  
Now they sleep, just a line on songs  
Me and these weak niggas never get along  
You ain't Diggy, I ain't J Cole  
But I back flack kitties with semi scrill and give it to your

face wrong

The mafia (what?!) The mafia (what?!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (come on!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (what?!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (come on!)

Man I hope you ain't seen confident bitch  
Cuz I be bustin' off for the lips  
Have the stuff in my bricks  
You ain't her? I'm the one that's callin' the shots  
Mob style, leave a nigga with a shane in his watch  
It's the mafia, La Familia and el hefe  
Bang gang, anywhere gang, make them respect me  
Feds ridin' on my tail, they gotta catch me  
And I'mma ball out of control 'til they can get me  
Yea, hustle hard Mouse, you know what it is  
Hundred bottles in the club, hundred stacks on the  
wrist  
Top of the line everything, even my bitch  
She's fast, fuck around and give a nigga the clip  
Yea, still mashin', hop up and new assin'  
Right down notion in gates, down saggin'  
Certified G, dead nigga pop off  
I ain't gonna play, I'll blow your fuckin' top off

If not, play if you wanna  
The mafia, we dead in the summer  
Say my name and I'll pop up like candy man  
Hand man hand like panty man  
Fuck with my family, man fuck with us  
Brothers that make movies  
Turn reality star bitches to groupies  
We about that life, how 'bout the hoop  
Smack a rat nigga out this coop  
If you don't know luck you out of the loop  
You sick nigga on soup  
Backed up to better, I make a nigga act better  
I'm hot, at summer time I'm that weather  
Forget they face, they all pissed  
Cuz when the mafia in the buildin'  
These other moments they doesn't exist  
We them niggas

The mafia (what?!) The mafia (what?!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (come on!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (what?!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (come on!)

Certified gangster, wink bank, getting paper  
Walk through any hood, any block after shay shops

Say I'm the next up still don't give a fuck what  
Still ridin' dirty with the fifth in the shotgun  
Niggas still local, me I'm international  
Fresh off tall, still quick to blast for you  
Man I'm so raw and I ain't talkin' blood bitch  
Stay alone at corner with the cluse, out here thuggin'  
Bitches love the lope, say I smell good, I look good  
Bitch, this the mafia, mob out in your hood  
Homie it's the war, all blacks glad to shoot you up  
No for spazzing out, call my own girl to prop you up  
Quite funny, you pussy niggas comical  
Enough with war tactics, stop you wild while they  
washin' you  
Move quite different, something's been missin'  
Through you in the trunk for you rat niggas snitchin'  
Mafia some ties, bang bang anything  
I be talkin' 'bout all the things, bring the lanes out  
In the tank, that's the coop, no ching  
Yellow gold, wrist wear again get ugly were the rings  
Boom bye bye niggas, this is life niggas  
Double H type, my fly niggas  
Hit the tape, the hook for a game  
Let's do it, watch the game, on the couch with his  
brains  
Output, getting money that's on the low though  
Toss the weight paid for it great at Tony Romo  
All my niggas high laid eyes on Yoko Ono  
Fuck how niggas wanted, I did it just for the promo

The mafia (what?!) The mafia (what?!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (come on!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (what?!)  
The mafia (what?!) The mafia (yea yea)

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