

**P Diddy F. Usher****"Mobbin"**

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[Chorus]

Its for my mob figgas  
My mob figgas  
My dolla billas  
And my dope dealas  
Guerillas  
And killas getting jigga  
Repeat 2x

[Verse 1]

From city to city  
We be runnin wit no pity  
Niggas that's thinkin they witty  
Be endin up in the gutter shitty  
Be dying for kitty cat  
Petty like pity pat  
In a city that don't give a damn  
About you less you clockin grands  
Understand  
That's game  
That's the game gone till be till the end of time  
Whether you dealin, exortin, killin, or writin rhymes  
Me and my clicka slicka  
Me rujer that's me chicka  
Me love to finga freaka  
So listen to her speaka  
We burnin down the block  
And boilin the blood that it bleed  
Ya boy Rasheed  
Blazin the bomb weed  
Let me proceed  
To lace em up enterprise  
Center ya eyes  
On the prize  
No matta the size  
Wise guys workin my franchise  
Hatas despise  
Seein us rise  
Capitalize while they fantasize  
You gotta be that Miro Miro Miro  
I mean the boss maan

For that you gotta have alota balls maan

[Chorus]

Repeat 2x

[Verse 2]

Killa assassin like Sicily

Sneaky sicillian

Meet me at the pavillion

Sippin on hen twisted with lime and gin

These bitches they hoppin on them players

Makin mail in this game they coochie poppin

And wanna lay us

Wicked widows wit bodies that a make you leave ya  
wife

Soon as she get you you turn your back

She stab you wit a knife

We keep it bumpin

Never lovin these hoes scrubbin

That's the way it goes when you dealin wit pros

Stay playaistic

Or get it twisted

That's the motto

Keep it calm and pop anotha champagne bottle

And let's get fucked up everyday like it's a celebration

Bangin that music from the speaker givin good  
vibrations

And put the funk in the air

We got the skunk ova here

Future millionares tellin the coppers we

Blaze one for the nation

No playahation

And buck a shot in ya location

[Chorus]

Repeat 2x

[Verse 3]

Pleasure and pain

So many years gotta deal wit the aggravated mind

Time is money

But the money is so addicted to me

It's just history

From shit I be kickin so wickedly

Now that we elevated it's a changin of time

Dirty nigga from the slums of the Philadel

La connecta wit Mexicanoes in Texas it's burnin hell

We hot, hot, hot

Don't fuck around we chop chop

Shit down from A Town

Saviola wit the A.K. in the baby srtolla

Slangin birds wion the Internet  
Commit murder through Motorola's  
Illegal means makin money  
By any means necessary  
Crossin the bosses we ain't leavin no commentary  
But cemeteries two elevens and one eight sevens  
Bad habits cause homie I gotta have it  
Spittin bullets of the D.A. and the crooked popo  
BAAAAANG another WETBLACK logo

[Chorus]  
Repeat 2x

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