

Twista

"Mob Niggas Don't Die (Feat. Liffy Stokes & Turtle)"

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(feat. Liffy Stokes, Turtle Banxx)

[Twista]

Gang Bangin ain't go' never die, as long
As niggaz ain't got nothing we go' be thuggin forever
high
Ain't no more drive by's, niggaz chase you down til
they get you
Multiple slugz found in your tissue
Whatever it is you should've honored it
when them niggaz told you not to come around here
And you was found here
Your death is now near
I'm bout to put a bullet in his gut, catch him at the stop
sign
And dump em' in his nuts. Now lets play a game of find
and search
While your mamma cryin' in church
I'll be spyin for work
I'ma go right on
Cause when your life's gone
Nigga there is no replacement
And you got your work hid in the basement
I got it, gothic
Go for the endo, she's smokin hydro-ponic chronic
Blow out the heart like entity injuries upon my body
don't help heal up the scar, so baby don't cry
cause mob niggaz don't die

[Liffy Stokes]

Mob niggaz ain't go' never die
We in the lot, callin shots, keeping
Dope fiends forever high
Forever fire get lit wit the trigger eye
Twenty split, gun the bitch, leave her dead I
Man I put your block on four
Hit k town and come back wit a bus load
Full of niggas that's down and dirty, pushin thirty
Minutes beef it gets muddy
But I'ma swim through the murky water
Hold it down like a carter, live long like a godfather

Kick Volvo's, fuck tight hoes
Live a life many kill and fight for
And campaign in this rap game, cause ain't nothing out
here in these motherfucking
Streets man, and that's comin from a nigga you know
who chose
To be legit and still rip foes

[Chorus 1 x2]

Mob niggas, cause drama, till it's hot
get shot, see the dot
Same day back on the block, set up shop
hat throw thuggin, throwin up
Fo's and forks, strapped up
screamin out I ain't gon' never die

[Chorus 2 x2]

we can be shot at, battered and bruised
bloody and left out in the cold
But real niggaz never fall, if I'm a hundred years old
I'm still gonna murder you
Cause mob niggaz don't die

[Turtle Banxx]

We release no doubt
Just close are eyes and open fire
Mash and bang on niggaz let them hot boys fly
You can tell a maniac got a look in his eye, card green,
two
Magazines and a throw away knife
My position is thorough composition
Competition is minimum blocks
We bendin them shots
We're sendin them at the rhythm
Hit them put venom in them
Bloody up him in his jeans
And watch the white shirt study the scene
Gang bangin aint go' Never cease
As long as there's streets, police and heat, dope rocks
and weed
Chronic, empty stomachs and mouths to feed
Who want it niggaz off the deed
The K Town we spray round
So stay down, this aint no play ground around here
You could get found around here
Shot up, battered and bruised
Headline of the news
The chosen, the few, mob niggaz don't die fool

[Chorus 1 x2]

[Chorus 2 x2]

[Liffy Stokes]

Hey, my papa told me, boy if, you wanna be a G
you gots, to flip them keys
And avoid, them federalies
Cause they, be on that ass
Ready to blast fast
Nigga fuck ask they take it, an' I'm shakin' off
charges like Payton
Hot stepping out the courtroom in gators, true playaz
No the business
No case without a witness, its senseless to resist this
Hostile take over
To late to pray to Jehovah, death closer, I lit him up like
a toaster
Then put my shit back in my holsta
Blood crumbled on the posters
I gave a foe like a nigga was supposed ta

[Twista]

Shit, was wit the bogus bird, I don't want it
I can tell when I rub my finger across it it got sumthin
on it
Fuck it if you niggaz wanna get killed wit a chick in the
coat
Cause you can die wit the dick in the throat, hittin the
dro
Back on the block servin
After the murder packin
For work cuz we're lucky popo's ain't havin 'em nervous
Think what I was in, family show up, an' the enemy
they lay, got it locked wit ten rolls
If they spray, fuck it
I'ma come back in the buck n'bloody fractures on my
body
Bustin out on the public, bringin' the ruckus
Screamin, die punk motherfuckers
Reminice on how them hoes put the nigga on crutches
Smokin' on dutches, fifty sack in my clutches
Ballin no flows go, hataz Askin' how the mob's so
strong
I belong to the breathin' niggaz that wanna take over
after pop
Label me the verbal aftershock
I'ma never die!

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