

## Twista "Mob Niggas Don't Die"

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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 let's 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

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

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

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

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

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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, I mean

Gang bangin' ain't 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 ain't 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

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Hey, my papa told me, boy if, you wanna be a G  
You gots, to flip them keys and avoid, them federalizes  
'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  
It's 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

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 'cause 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  
Reminisce on how them hoes put the niggas 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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