

**Chris Howland****"M.O.B"**

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## Verse one

I'm livin' in hell, where all these niggaz  
got stories to tell, I be blasin't on these bitch niggaz  
servin' well, and the company I keep, be the scum of  
the earth  
body tated, hair matted, sellin' Key's if you fuck wit  
these  
law breakin' niggaz scream, fuck the police  
we gonna ball fo, the lil nigga shit  
what the fuck you figure?  
Timbaland boots, forty-fives wit nicket plates  
findin' niggaz dead, bring'em home and I can't wait  
if niggaz is real, then they ain't scared to split 'em  
all that job-ownin' shit, fuck you, I ain't wit'em  
Cuz, when I say jump, niggaz say  
How high? or I stabb you in ya fuckin' eye  
now let's get busy nigga

## Chorus

Yall niggaz, wanna ride tonight?  
how many niggaz, in the house feel live tonight?  
we get Money Over Bitches, cuz we ain't scared to die  
live and die by the code, theres on reason why (2x)

## Verse two [Fatal]

Keep it comin', these niggaz get done in  
on any run in, I smrik and jerk, on any trigga  
puttin' in work, then past it off, to my little man  
like he blast it off, beyond that, ?  
criminile, genarile, wit ruff forty five cap  
endin' ya whole stat, I'm the master of this fuckin'(fuck  
yall)shit  
so I'm a be buckin' shit, ya don't know who you fuckin'  
wit  
yall spaced out duckin' quick, the number one parolly  
slap shots like a goalie, the forty glock like steel totin'  
up shorty rocks, gettin' money wit the forty cop

## Chorus (2x)

## Verse three

Some niggaz, kinda of coke  
scared to bust, and I be lookin' through ya ass like you  
Plexey glass, so I send my pretty bitch  
swingin' tits and ass, preal hander on her burner so  
she  
blastin' fast, alot of niggaz know my rep,  
but it don't mean shit, til you witness to yourself  
how live it get, and I never let no rhymin' ass bitch  
share a mic wit me, until I see her versatility  
you get the fuckin' picture, I swear by everythin' spit in  
my rhymes  
it's only hollow points I spit out my nine  
drillin' niggaz on the block, when I'm passin' through  
I bust six, in the air nigga, just for you  
and if I ever get caught sleepin', which I ever doubt  
would happen  
I'd be the last nigga rappin', I'll keep my fuckin' guns  
clappin'

Whatever though, fake ass niggas will never know  
smellin' they own shit, when I rip the Berrta slow  
the nine milly, the fake thuggs niggaz thats gettin' silly  
blowin'em and showin'em, cuz my dogs don't know'em  
I don't give a fuck, how small big and tall  
come get me, and I talk on how square yall are  
attack adicts, spray mattics, wit liquid  
and the toughest on ya squad, can't ride wit bizniss  
I don't know what these niggaz, be thinkin' when they  
see me  
niggaz call me whodni, blast and poof like a genie  
I stack whack rappers, and stick'em like cornerbacks  
yall niggaz is jumpin' jackz, and bluffin' on wax  
thinkin' you can clown me, me and my little town we  
we lost niggaz, fo life, out here they can't drown me  
I'll be buried alive, the mic will dig me back up  
to tall for lust, I bend these bitches when I fuck

Chorus (2x)

Muthafuckin' M.O.B you ain't seen shit yet, what

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