

Infamous Mobb

"Reality Rap"

Visit "[Reality Rap](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ Blitz, Kaos, Uno Dos

* send corrections to the typist

[Ty Knitty]

One hand wash the other, I never shit on my niggas

I roll with them niggas that be pulling them triggers

I rep the dead and the living

We the best that did it, expenses we spend it

Big faces explosive guns we smash out dunns

IM3 coming through make way what you wanna do

Choose the fifth or get popped with the fifth

Either way you got no ends, I represent QB

The biggest hood in the world, there's too many of us

It's too easy to get touched

Catch you at a show take your 'dro take your ice

Catch you on the island while you rocking on the mic

Senting kites from down south

Cut that nigga from head to his mouth

He violated in the streets

Fronted like he wanted beef

Now it's a wrap, duke rather hang it up

We the mobb

We ain't no gang but we bang niggas up

[Uno Dos]

Besides rap I blaze niggas up

My ox shit, my mutton chops

Ice pick their guts never gon'(na) stop

All your mans is gonna watch

Free performance on the block

Meantime invest in rocks buy and sell stocks

Uno Dos is papi to connect

With my eyes on your neck

Your jewels extra large like stretch I'll show you my strength

Fiends get their check on the first

Be gone by the second the third they come on stolen shit begging for seconds

I ain't gon' lay for a second

Ain't gon' wait for a second

If it's any beef can get it

Uno Dos don't forget it

I'm chum to menace exclusive

Honorable mention fuck with Knitty, G-O & Twin

Y'all some dead niggas

[Chorus]

Hustle and rob

We Infamous Mobb nigga

That's my word to god

We Infamous Mobb nigga

IM3's the squad

Infamous mobb and we won't stop 'til your head goes
pop

[G.O.D]

We them original mobb men

Get lead lodged in

We them marksmen you hate

Them thug niggas you love

Find me in my neighborhood pub I'm yacked up bent

Crushing haze and hash until I'm content

I'm a hood nigga for life, it ain't no changing

I'm so damn dangerous, you want I'll make you famous

Take cover when I aim this pistol I'm bucking to hit you

My 41st team all pro official

Nigga I'll kiss you then kill you

No CO-D's just me then beat that body cause you ain't
nobody

Been on these cold ass streets living off juice and
naughty sleep

You'll be six feet under this concrete

[Blitz]

You and that metal cut them corners you ghetto's left
desserted

My origins the projects rebels, steps and murders

My name is the logic connect and vets and burners

If I bang them thanks on this cannon, bet you earned it

Pop up in your zip code aim while I'm loading

Shit and I can let this clip go in the name of this Omen

Leave him holding with my clip grow

Raised on his blowing

Like times in this life of crime, ways never knowing

Contact and touch your body

Trust me I'll be up in that black van no plates rusty
shotty

Cause cliques want no drama

With cliques that hold armor

Blitz approach drama from strips to Osama

[Chorus]

Hustle and rob

We Infamous Mobb nigga

That's my word to god

We Infamous Mobb nigga

IM3's the squad

Infamous mobb and we won't stop 'til your head goes
pop

[Kaos]

It's a potent mixture

Crime fam over infamous beats

Don't get it twisted dunn I spit for the streets

All the baseheads and dope fiends

Little one's that was sold dreams

Gungs with no cribs, dunns with long bids

I spit facts of life, and clap at mics

Turn boosts to crime scenes, who's tougher than my team

Noone and Kaos ain't scared of no gun

I look it eye to eye the dot is ready to die

If you ain't back up, cause the mobb will have you wrapped up

Moms crib clapped up dare a nigga to act up

I done hit the streets with bricks, and get back chips

Now I breathe hits on tracks to shut down cliques

It's deeper than sipping on liqs, and puffing on splifs

You might end up sipping on this chrome four-fifth

Niggas sleep in the hood, get clipped in the hood

And Papi come spitting it good

Don't end up rest in wood

[Gambino]

We got four pound chest naked running through the block

When it's on who really gives a fuck about the cops

When a nigga owe you knots he bound to get drop

Moms crying cause her little son got shot

How come?...He owe me a little cake

And the next nigga that pump for me won't do the same thing

We think long range to get those big ass chains

Big ass cars, gripping those movie stars

Who we are...IM3 reppin' to the death

And you'll never catch a nigga like me wearing a vest

Only toting a tech ready to wet the whole set

Ready to wet the whole set

Cutting your neck, beating you in your head 'til your
dead

[Chorus 2X]

Hustle and rob

We Infamous Mobb nigga

That's my word to god

We Infamous Mobb nigga

IM3's the squad

Infamous mobb and we won't stop 'til your head goes
pop

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.