

Mack Maine "Mobbin"

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Featuring BP Prod by Bink

(Intro)

Yeah, mobbin', ya hear me? Long live the mob, yeah

Then that feel mine for life

Out of pocket things happen to out of poc

Out of pocket things happen to out of pocket people, you hear me?

So stay in pocket 'fore I get into your pockets

Yeah, you mark ass niggas, big game

You motherfuckers keep violating the shit mane,

I'm at the center of hit squad man back at you, Fat

Dave

Larry P, mobbin' niggas, whom got open, ya hear me?

Yeah we got Mack mizzle in this bitch, yeah

Mobbin for real, ya heard me?

(Verse)

All life nigga, all right nigga,

You know we mobbin for real,

Young niggas come through with the steel

Ain't nothing for you ass to get killed

Your banana get pealed,

You're fucking with the right one,

So you're looking the wrong way, with the right gun,

Psyche nigga, you keep doin what you do thinking that you a gangsta

50 Cent said the best you niggas just a wankster,

Dont' make me just kill, like this part my job,

Cash money, young money, bitch I'm part of the mob,

Nigga beat it, bout to move out to Kentucky

We take over everything

From Louisville to Lexington, them bitches tryna fuck

I already know when I drop there I'm good,

How they grow nigga, that's my motherfucking hood Shouts out the tune,

We shittin' on this niggas like we woke up eating prunes,

Who the fuck wanna test us, we coming soon,

We at yo front door before you wake up Jack on your cake and yo make up Excuse me and Jake up, then take your bitch out the crib,

And ski skirt on our make-up, that's how we feel nigga, This shit is real nigga, this shit is real nigga That's how we feel nigga, beat it holla at me yea

(Interlude)

The Akron, you heard me?
I crawled around these niggas, tearing up shit,
Believe that, yeah, west I was fine,
Yeah, I will snap your motherfuckin cap
Imagine that, out here in this motherfucking Miami
Doing it big lie, you heard me?
Me and my nigga Mack, Haly Grove

(Verse)

You understand nigga, I don't play football
But like Pacman I'll be riding in that ghost,
If you approach, I can make you a ghost,
Get your ass up with that toast snd take your bread
When I fill you with that led,
You heard what I said, nigga
Don't try to play dummin' like you're stupid retarded,
My niggas loopin be come through
And make it funky like fat man when he farted found
your body

Like when Ricky did, them boys in the hood, You see my boys is still hood nigga, We puff good nigga, you know we should nigga Leave you niggas on deck, roll feeling like shook nigga,

Ridin up the block like I'm popped bustin shots,
Who the fuck would wanna test, y'all niggas just not,
What we is, what we ain't uh, fuck it man,
I put about a mill on the Saints I don't care
Bonnie boys, we run up on county boys, with them toys
like brr

Stick up! Aha, stick up B..

(Interlude)

Bitch ass nigga,
My nigga forward to shit, you heard me?
Yeah, I'm motherfucking on do it like this
One time man
We all get this shit one time man,
You hear me?
Send a bitch dot com
I warn you yall some of this pivid man
But it ain't no real hold alive, you hear me?

(Verse)

Put a bitch on a track, fuck a rap

Niggas know that them bitches get slapped but they ain't got my stacks,

That's the reason why they call me Mack big pimpin, Off the Gulf Coast big shrimpin'

Mobsters still eating lobster, pulling up in a Boxter Polo mother fucking horses that what's on my boxers Bitch I don't want box ya, I pop ya

Leave you in the motherfucking grave, not they box ya Six feet deep is where you be I'll even see in the shit, If a nigga playin with me he eternally sleep,

Uh, I put on my wall face, pull up on bumping that Scarface,

And leave with a scarred face

Who the fuck would wanna test me and my nigga?
We quick to pull triggers, yeah we still getting figures,
Yeah some young money niggas yeah,
Cash money niggas yeah

Cash money niggas yeah West coast niggas yeah, South coast niggas yeah Blast if you protégé nigga

(Outro)

That's what we do.
Yea, my nigga throwin layups at the motherfuckin basket right now, you heard me?
Yea, them jump shots from the drop
Believe that
Just fuckin with em

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