

Big Pokey & Chris Ward f/ D-1**"M.O.B"**

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(*talking*)

Ye-yeah, what up world, it's your boy
C. Wiggity-Whoadie-Weezy-Ward, one more 'gain
Tha M.O.B. General, I'm back with the Mob boss Sensei
We got this new "Mob 4 Life" cd, we want y'all to check
out
Raw and uncut, some stuff we put together for the
streets to bang
From the South to the North, from the East to the West
I wanna thank all the haters (thank ya)
And ery'body else, who put forth to this here project
Roll with us on this one, one love let's go

[Hook - 2x]

It's M.O.B
Money Over Bullshit, you know me
Keep it low-key, what big bro told me
Them niggaz don't know, what them niggaz don't see

[Big Pokey]

In this rap game I come, from the back of the pack
Now they respect my work, like I'm packing a mack
Everytime I sound check, I'm cracking the deck
On track split wigs, like a axe in the hat
You know how I act in a Lac, I'm a hog
T.V.'s back in the back, got to fall
Texas boys crawl, like a nigga with his legs cut
K bullets hit niggaz, and they edge up's
Pay attention, focus nigga
Third, Fourth and Fifth Ward rogu nigga
4-4, Southwest vaulters nigga
Better have that on your mind, when you approach us
nigga
A bitch'll jump fly, when they dose your hitter
You G about it, be about it, you supposed to get her
I get a broad pimp of grain, I need to be in the Pimp of
Fame
They think it's hard, but it's simple mayn

[Hook - 2x]

[D-1]

In this rap game, I run through the hard and the whack
And my verses go together, like cigars in a sack
Leaving out the club hit the crack, alarm on the Lac
18's beating, some think I got a bomb in the back
Because I'm M.O.B
Aggravated assault, and bodily injury
To any nigga, that try to offend me
Po-Yo, C. Ward and Grim Reap'
Bitch, don't forget Dre Day
I'm on the grind, everyday is pay day
Y'all bitch niggaz, better make way
Cause I'm some'ing like A.I., with a A.K
And to the S.U.C
H.A.W.K., and Mike D
Big Moe, Z-Ro and Keke
If it wasn't for y'all, I wouldn't be who I be

[Hook - 2x]

[Chris Ward]

In this rap game, I got the best scared to feature me
Cause they know that I eat up the track, just like a
creature see
I spit ether, lethally
Evenly I violate, every law illegaly
I'm one of the ones, that be running the South
But I got so many connects, I even be running through
the North
You think I'm lying, just ask the Boss he'll tell ya
(C. Ward is a quiet hustler, but he'll sell ya)
Whatever you wanna buy, or whatever you wanna try
And if you got plex (fuck you), it's whatever you wanna
die
And when the laws is on the creep, and I'm feeling the
heat
A nigga dress fresh, like I'm at Dyatona's Beach
White lenin slacks, shirt and shoes is peach
We are the definition, of Newvo Reach
That's newly rich, we new leaders shit
C. Ward, Sensei and D-1 you bitch

[Hook - 2x]

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