

Spice 1

"Mobbin'"

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(spice 1)

Yeah, what you lookin at, bwoy?

Ph balance style

(chorus: spice 1)

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

Mobbin' today, hey

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

Mobbin' today, hey

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Mobbin' today, hey

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Mobbin' today, hey

(spice 1)

Hit the freeway in a 850 goin about a hundred and
forty, sporty

Niggas slowin down as if they know me

Owe me a chronic session but I keep on mobbin' I got
my own

Fiendin goin to the zone, rollin up I see a vega loan

Watchin out for the po-po cause the gangsta braise
alert the coppers

Smokin under them choppers o.g.'s see me and give
me propers

They say whattup to the easy bay gangsta each and
every time

As I took my hat and light my chronic up in the sunshine

I gets my mobb on just like all you other players

Lookin out for dead presidents who want that green
paper

Put out my doobie as I mobb up off the freeway

I'm goin side-a-ways, this way, that-a-way

I see my partners up in the alley fightin they pit bulls

High performance, old schools, with fat dulls

Catch me cussin at the cluckers on the street

Tryin to stop myself from pullin out my heat, I'm
mobbin' today

(chorus: spice 1)

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(spice 1)

Po-po passin me up, lookin all inside my car
It's full of smoke, rollin down my window, they see me
choke
And spit a loogie out on the street because I'm hella
high
Rollin around, maddoggin with some red eye
Talkin slow and show them about which way to go
Just hittin corners, tryin to find myself a liquor store
Hustlers slangin on the stow-front tryin to make some
ends
I'm gettin deals on blunts from the iranians
They know my face cause I comin up at them every day
For some hennessy and lemon squeeze a alazay
Then I'm back on the streets drivin through the track
See fools fresh out the penn, killers from way back
Hoppin out the hooptie chop it up with real ass o.g.
homies
Jerk players only, cause ain't no time for fakes or
phonies
Come catch a glimpse of a real player up in the bay
Gotta get my pay okay, I'm mobbin' today

(chorus: spice 1)

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(interlude: spice 1)

Yeah I've seen up out there player,
Runnin with a five hundred knowhati'msayin?
850, guard be, knowi'msayin, somethin proper,
Somethin fly, say knowhati'msayin?
Get your mobb on you know, youknowhati'msayin?
Or you can sweat these busters with their mean
muggin,
Player hatin youknowi'msayin?
That's all they is, get your mobb on man,
Cause I'm gonna get mine on youknowhati'msayin? ...

(chorus: spice 1)
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Shoobedoop...

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