

Eric Claptone**"Mobb Shit"**

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Uh, uh, uh. Still ain't ready yet.
Uh, uh, uh. Niggaz still ain't ready yet.
Uh, uh, uh.

Verse 1 *(Swoop G)*

I hits the corner on three Daytonaz
wit a bad ass bitch brought up in Gardena, California
Uh, she started tuggin, an rubbin on the Swoop
I'm wastin my drink swervin in my rag 6-duce
uh, you didn't know I keep it real from head to toe
I hit that savings and loans when I was just a baby loc
went to Mexico, traded it for the pecos
came back to California now it's time to roll
I was 16 mane, sellin quarter keys of dank
my uncle was a balla from around the way
so I had the hook up
whole keys I cooked up
now all my niggaz, makin major figgaz.

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

Mobb shit, the type of shit you out committin a lick
pistol whip them nigga to death and have a kick
and the twist cuz niggaz be havin shit
like bitches on Set It Off, dank
niggaz be sniffin dark bank
mission accomplished boss crack
hard or soft livin boys and girls packin yo shit
let it off
niggaz who floss out here be takin a loss
it cost to be the mutha fuckin Boss Playa
talks to throw away gats in the air
for makin yo scratch like that there Boss Playa
niggaz beware
the ganga-gangsta type of Luni hoolum atmosphere
fo rappin about the clothes you wear, I represent
welfare
no happy-happy, joy-joy
it's these boys,
runnin from decoys, pimpin mo bitches than Dr. Detroit

it goes down
Mr. Smoke-A-Lot turnin pounds into ashes
black ski masks
niggaz be gettin the pumpkin head like Cashus Clay
the Yay
Area smoke greenery malacious all day
eh, eh blaze.

Verse 3 *(Keek The Sneek)*

Back in the days, when I was raised
niggaz got sprayed wit A's and K's
I prayed to my Lord that head won't take
me over, we soldiers to fold ya like Motorola's
and hit the corners
I told ya the 4-4 flow will fuck yo face and leave you
frozen
bitch you was chosen,
that's how it's goin the Mobb fa sho-ness
mo killaz and shady niggaz to keep the click-ulation
flawless
fuck all that other
bury yo brother
leave yo family mad at the fact the Mobb took me
under.

Verse 4 *(Bart)*

Bash 'em other sucka, likely struck wit G's
for tryin to brace,
cough drops laced and you'll be laid out stunned by
zae's
place the cover in a maced
ATF lookin for this arsonist, lettin off conscience
hot traces, suicide so you really can't fuck this
bringin mo heat than Rapper Bernard
lookin, micro woof tickets, bout how much to kick it that
nigga hard
oh, from a sucka
fo them niggaz that press they luck there
in a game fucka
paralyzed caught one in the ass, punk ass
couped up in an send 'em, an jive
make niggaz remember the Mobb
them other niggaz ain't no kiddin 'em
an it best be a bounce off Mista, Mista
hit ya, get ya, split ya
that's how we shit ya.

Verse 5 *(Cydal)*

Parafanalia to some Mobb members unpredictable
niggaz get dropped, we call the shots, smashed on
sumpthin pitifull
they see us comin they clear the block, our faces
unforgettable
the world is a ghetto, and life is a plot
I'm surrounded by nimphos
givin up info
on where you hide yo doe an indo
guess what you in for
you bout to find out
that shit we in, we all contenders
you don't know, you seen a nigga jumpin through yo
window
don't even trip
I confiscate this money in the name of the Mobb
it's on yo bitch
we'll juss pistol whip this nigga to a coma
jump in the get away ride and hit the corner
yo bitch juss got mopped (the Mobb is gonna)
yo bitch juss got mopped (the Mobb is gonna)

Verse 6 *(Ager Man)*

Get ready to get yo gats out niggaz
fo all you wacked out niggaz
bitch made batched out niggaz
jaw jacked out niggaz
I'm not gonna to patch out niggaz
these niggaz don't really give a fuck about yo snitch
ass
never in yo life met a gat that blast on the streets at a
lame ass
bitch ass nigga
no cash gettin-er
hustlin pretendin to be a gangsta
switch hittin ass, nigga too late
he wanted his boy to get dumped in wit a 4 chrome that
nigga ain't
dumpin on nothin
must be runnin, and duckin and dodgin in buckets
then shittin up in yo mutha fuckin drawls
coward
these bitches I put 'em on the Mobb we gotta get gone
before a nigga cool his gun
real nigga runnin from Mobb
will throw away glock
won't pistol go drop
never go Mobb
when the 4-4 stop
will a nigga get mopped

fo restin my knot
tell 'em to get yo grill knocked out
you fuckin wit niggaz that'll have ya noddin like ya
hopped out
3 Time for the O-A-Kiz-a
we folks all day
Ager, Sneek an the B.A.
put him in the trunk wit a bump, an we Mobb throught
the Bay

Verse 7 *(Swoop G)*

Don't get it twisted we got restrictions
niggaz that witnessed family beatins
from family meetins
no family grievins
juss some youngstas
grew up around dirt an dope, an jelous
evil tactics
to shovel up caskets, and double barrell
shotty blasted
I'm knowin these suckas can't catch these bodies flowin
murders so ancient, they faces got federal cases
closed
and cross the game it ain't the thang
Swoop G plus two G's will make them niggaz for you to
hang
an try to be cool when Mobbin on them niggaz as we
reign
it's Money Ova Bitches, broke the skrilla fuck the fame
sight of soldiers shock the world like Rodney's girl
and we ain't discussin shit
we bustin clips,
to makin 'em hurl
bullets makin them bustas curl
an I put that on the Mobb nigga
we Mobb niggaz
includin everywhere we go
that's how we do it.

Verse 8 *(Numskull)*

When you see Num, you see Mobb
how happy if you need job
even if you be Slobb you need not worry cuz we Mobb
Slobb don't mean Blood
an Cuzz don't mean Crip
an Oakland is a term for broke bitches makin grip
when we sip
we laid out, to drip-drip dry
we be slip-slip ride

through the Town doin high-bys
when the yak hit my face it's like a hamburger kill
we'll be real
what's the deal
uh, uh, searchin fo skrill, up here!
Wit these tires burnin off like lavishly
makes it easier for me to dig out these hoes like
cavities
havin these thang is like a
Government task
M.O.B. not searchin fo aliens we won't ask. (echos out)

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