

Luniz F/ Phats Bossalini, Poppa L.Q. % Madd Maxx "How We Mobb"

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[Master P--Talking]

Haha

Ungh! Once a-muthafuckin-gain, me an my nigga Silkk

We gon' show y'all how we mobb

No Limit for life, how we do this shit

West Coast style nigga, from down South, to the
muthafuckin hills

Y'all niggas better recognize, y'all better fuckin
recognize

[Master P]

I'm tru to da game, Masta P'll be da name

I'm in it for the money, fuck these bitches an the fame

Cuz when you broke bitches get ghost like sideways,
like gold daytons rollin up the highway

On my way to the town to take some cizash,
an if you shizort bitch you in the bizag

I got fifteen in the tank, on my way to Burbank

Fist stealin 5, ready till 5, blowin dank

An still tryin to make a dollar outta fifteen cents

Got the Cutlass full of coffee for no evidence

It's a drought but I got ice cream 16 five, everyday, all
day

hit me on the door knob

Cuz we be ballin, bitch we be haulin,
got chickens up the highway from New Orleans

An y'all foo's can't stop the real deal,

an when you see the Tank fool you better guard yo' grill

Cuz No Limit in this to win this,

an got a million soldiers ready to handle business

[Chorus]

6 deep is how we mobb, an we tru (Ungh!)

but we'll kill if we have to

[Silkk the Shocker]

Been on the block in the Bay, nigga hop by the tre

Nigga stop at eight, early chop the cake, but not today

cock the K, cuz these busta ass niggas know we not to
play

Say hello to the Richmond nigga, East Bay killa

Down South thrilla, quick to fill ya, wit more shells than
the sea
More mail than the post office,
these lyrics an dope keep me stayin up like it was
coffee
Now stop, pause, take a look
East Bay nigga crook, seven E deuce cut
Ready to buck on any nigga that steps up
I be the man, understand this, skanless niggas get
fucked up
Number one on Billboard, bitch, y'all niggas still tryin to
come up
Y'all niggas soup, I'm gumbo, ready to rumble, ready
to tumble
Yo' girlfriend outta line, I'ma catch her like Columbo
Tongue twistin like an Uzi, y'all niggas can't do me
(Boo-yah, bad man)
Y'all watch too many fuckin movies

Chorus

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