

TRU (Master P) "Mobbin Thru My Hood"

Visit "[Mobbin Thru My Hood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mobbin thru my hood

(master p)

Uh huh, all y'all tru playaz get ya handz in the air
Let's mobb, tru style, untouchable, check it out

(chorus)

Mobb'n thru da hood, 6 deep, hoo ridin' up to no good

Mobb'n thru da hood, 6 deep, hoo ridin' up to no good

(king george)

Rollin thru richmond in my six-fo'
Clockin the cash, rollin them vogues
Called master p to get tha scoop
Po-po's on my tail, got a gangsta flu
I ain't goin back to tha staff of chief
I stand a better chance holdin court on the streets
Watch how I mash on this white chump
Front back side 2 side on a speed bump
I say, "gotta come n get me." with a 350
Roar like a lion, high speed on a tipsy
Straight to the highway, straight to the biway
Six deep in the car goin sideways

Chorus

(silkk)

I wanna mobb thru my hood, but I'm feelin kinda tipsy
I see my future as a gypsy
I see tha picture but it ain't all clear
But I know one thing, I'm not supposed to be here
Tha phone rang, collect call from the city
Seems c-murder told me to come get him, so you know
I had to floss
Almost got shortstopped by a cop, so I had to hide my
glock
Pull down my beanie, so he can't see me, disappear
like a genie
'cause it's a everyday thangs where I hangs
At the rich where I livez, at tha place where I slangs
At mobb'n thru tha east bay, each day

R-i-c-h-m-o-n-d, to tha ca
Where tha playaz be hangin,
But I can't ride slow 'cause my hood
Aint 9-0-2, 1 to tha 0.
And I be puttin in work, mobb'n thru da hood,
Have my deez spinnin like the earth (*3x fading*)

Chorus

(big ed)
Comin up in the rich', rollin up through the darkness
Grew up in this land where these killers be like
heartless
Ease on down tha yellow brick road
I keep my nine cocked and ready to unload
Cause all that they got luv for me
Cash is more important than the ricm's
Now as I flex and floss floss it and flex it
Big ed keeps his eyes open in the intersection
Let's see where your heart is at
But mine is in right exact tha g-spot
Cause I got the click that fools can't get
But, can you feel me thru my illness and sickness
My team is cali c, that makes it quick to handle my
business
If you wantsta deal with me, you gotsta deal wit 16
rounds ya see

Chorus

C-murder mobb'n thru da hood, a young g like me
ballin
Top down, I can hear them hoochies callin
Wanna get with me, wanna do me
But I ain't trippin so fire up the doobie
I thank god, I'm not in a casket
Just the other day, another brother got blasted
Comin up, tryna get bigger
But I ain't goin down, like mary j, I get richer

Chorus

Master p ya, master p, that tru click
No limit records, mobb'n thru da hood
Like that 500 scl
Watch them vogue tires smoke fool..

Visit [TRU \(Master P\)](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.