

Mopreme f/ 2Pac**"M.O.B"**

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[Chorus 2X: 2Pac] M.O.B., nigga 'cause we mob on you
tricks and you know we keep it money over bitches
[2Pac] Thugs known to bust on sight God bless my
crazy life la vida loca homie livin that thug life Been
raised in violence homicide's my lullaby Came with the
homies and learned to kick it until we die Boss players
you wonder why I live the life of a ghetto kingpin, just
let me ride Bitches and niggaz in penitentiary suits I
send 'em letters and money orders and make 'em my
troops As for you females, I got no time, I gotta get
mine You cannot blind me addicted to a life of crime
My time as shorty was full of car chases While runnin
with John Gotti's and Scarface's Niggas knew, I'd be the
Don in my own crew A million niggaz with automatics
who swarm through You wonder who shot me here's a
clue, stay alert Cause we comin' for you, and keep it
money over bitches [Chorus 2X: 2Pac] M.O.B., nigga
'cause we mob on you tricks and you know we keep it
money over bitches [Mopreme] My shit's phenomenal,
droppin like domino Comin with the real yo and fuck
what you feel yo This is not for all the freaks in short
skirts This is for my niggaz nationwide doin work, get
your feelings hurt Lose mo' faith than a composure,
money and the doja Bitches is a cobra with deadly
venom Move as smooth as I get 'em, stackin G's My
niggas crosstown got ki's Hoes get diseased and fleas,
for these enemies money over bitches (Nigga!)
[Chorus 2X: 2Pac] M.O.B., nigga 'cause we mob on you
tricks and you know we keep it money over bitches
[2Pac Outro] That's right nigga Money over
motherfuckin bitches M.O.B. on 'em nigga Keep your
motherfuckin mind on your money, fuck these hoes
(Thug life baby) You don't need no motherfuckin
bitches You need some motherfuckin money Get your
mind right nigga, keep your game tight Play right play
by the rules and you'll get paid fuck the fools We up out
of this bitch here

