Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz "Mob Up"

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Yeah, mobsta style for you muthafuckas You know what I'm sayin' We fin to bring this shit like this here This muthafuckin' Chi shit, check it out

The niggas in my mob can't be touched You best to mob up to come fuckin' with us, oh no Niggas in my mob bring the heat You best to mob up fuckin' with the elite, oh no

You just a bitch in the sky, I hear cries
'Cause you can't whistle for your guys
Surprise when you saw this pistols in your eyes
So I peal like mere mortals, bet I shoot bloody portals

To muthafuckas who owe us, niggas die Causin' horrifyin' [Incomprehensible] My passion for blastin' made me an assassin' On all enemies that work us

Whose purpose is to serve [Incomprehensible]
Timbs 'til they high and they hurt us
Murders got us murders, I pull my weed and gun out
Blastin' 'til they run in the house while I got the blunt in
my mouth

We in a rage bustin' rapidly like when I'm on stage It don't get no rougher than Liffy Stokes, Twista and Mayz

In the blood of your day, then lay flat on your back Then while he fuckin' your hoe The mob gon' be straight coppin' you stack

Your mob lacks, I'ma defeat you run three-two on contact

Cogniac, get me strapped with the black gat Itchin' to bomb back Hoes can't get no sleep Bullets hit your chin for the grief that you bring us

Shots hit his face as he grabs his chest Then we watch him bleed through his fingers Now come on, come all, but if all come all fall, fuck all y'all

We road dawgs, then I come gunnin', niggas runnin' like they sold y'all

In the heat of the night, the [Incomprehensible] static we start up

Guards up, while we come strapped they come ready to mob up

If it's static, one of my niggas gon' get two niggas Two of my niggas gon' get four niggas Four of my niggas gon' get more niggas That's more triggers meaning more killers You muthafuckas better mob up

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It's a static, it's automatic, so grab the automatics
And pumps and pull the triggers
And make some niggas look acrobatic
I was cold but frantic, the foes have panicked
They got bloods blew out their dome, bet the bullets
run rapid

I kept bustin' for the love of hustlin' squeezin' my wesson

Ruger, gang [Incomprehensible] maneuvers Niggas wanna be bruisers but I'm a shooter Fuck the squad, because when it's said and done Liffy Stokes will do some poppin'

[Incomprehensible]

Nigga the devil's knockin' at your fuckin' door With some hot ones and toe And ready to hit 'em with nothin' less than four Nigga let me go, I'm 'bout to pop this bitch You know you know the lick, art of the mobsta click

Fuck the argument

Mob Elite's runnin' up apartments

Kickin' in doors pistol whippin' hoes be heartless

Searches as the bullets marches between your arches

Make one call and wait and reload the cartridge

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You can't even mess with a mobsta, nigga, is you sick in the head

I torture that ass and have you overdosing on lead Or maybe I just leave you cut up, drippin' and dead With your crew skippin' town scared My lead gon' lead their ass red

Don't get misled, don't mistake me for somebody but a soldier

The elite niggas got more death than AIDS and Ebola Getting old and colder

I be quick to [Incomprehensible] start uppin' But that chip off your muthafuckin' shoulder

Behold the stack folder, gun holder, AKA blunt roller Mayz if I die for you get your [Incomprehensible] And trap holder

To hurt particular niggas comin' with perpendicular figures

Crushin' triggers, y'all niggas better bring back some memos

It really don't matter if that nigga pack a glock or a gauge

'Cause whatever the fuck Mayz blaze gon' Make him see his last day Takin' 'em out, my life and makin' sure his cast stays

Jack 'em for his last days, that's how livin' fast pay

Nigga, you know the word on the street
It's the mobsta elite that's servin' the streets
To the rockin' these beats
You better have a nice way to greet us than rolling with your guys
And you could still die in a multiple homicide

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You muthafuckas better mob up
Let's mob up

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