Mobbin

Iamsu!

[Verse 1: IamSu]
I wake up & get bread
I don't give two fucks bout what she said
Cause baby the M.O.B is how we live
So she just a beat like the speed
The game's in your area, turn it it up in your stereo
Here we go back on that shit, to make the Bay go hysterical
Then we lay on the paper chase, like the cops on pursuit
Got some pills in the back & I think she poppin' a few
Any way you guarantee that they rockin' with Su?
Only planned on bringing one, but then I brought back the crew
& they all ready to go! ready to ride out!
I just give the 2,1 go, homie I slide out
HBK the gang, gettin' money nothin' to lie bout
Type of dick, to make your chick wanna try out
If you wanna find out, ill teach yo ass a lesson
Treat her like a studio I'm talking full session
Never fall in love, because its all about progression
On my Big Daddy Kane shit, ain't no half steppin'Then I'm right back to my money, I'm always on the grind
& I'm up all night, I'm always down to Mob[Hook]
I ain't tryna hurt nobody, I'm just all about my profit
When you see me I be Mobbin' (x2)
Ya-i'm talkin' bout?Mobbin'... Riding round gettin' dough (x4)[Verse 1: IamSu]
Yuup
Later on still countin' ends
Got your girlfriend wetter than a fountain is
All she want is a young nigga gettin' it?
Take her home & she ride on some magic mountian shit
Whole bunch of rapper, but don't none of them amount this shit
Coming straight up of the rich, nigga we real as it gets
Feel like I'm loosing my whip crazy, I'm a lunatic
Come & get some of this Heart Break hooligan
He hatin' on me, how foolish of him
My whole city here, how coolest of him
We all in the building, we gettin' it in
This shit like depend, crazy, how could you forget?
The more money I make, the more money I spend
On my number 9, I'm right next to the 10Back to my money, I'm always on the grind
& I'm up all night, I'm always down to Mob[Hook]

I ain't tryna hurt nobody, I'm just all about my profit
When you see me I be Mobbin' (x2)
Ya-i'm talkin' bout?Mobbin'... Riding round gettin' dough (x4)[Verse 3: IamSu]
BANG BANG on them homies
Young nigga got that old bread
Walk in the mall ball some, cold head
Mobbin' all night like no bed..
Holla when you see me, be her boyfriend wanna be me
Bet her homies wanna fuck me, bet I appear like a Genie
Tell promoters I'mma need a few racks if you wanna see me
Hundreds of phoney niggas huh
Cause im on son, I'm on patron son
Where the hoes at? you should phone some
Swagger on a mil, like where'd you get your clothes from?
& where'd you meet her? she a cold one!
Yeah I'm a G, but respected by the old ones
Yeah I bought it, but never sold one
Never without a Trojan
I was blowing the Doja, higher than satellites
& I got the game on lock, might be reder or write[Hook]
I ain't tryna hurt nobody, I'm just all about my profit
When you see me I be Mobbin' (x2)
Ya-i'm talkin' bout?Mobbin'... Riding round gettin' dough (x4)

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