

We Mobbin'

K. Michelle

Is there a hater in the room? Is there a hater in the room?

Is there a hater in the room? 1, 2, 3. Fuck you, niggas, I swear I care about everything but these niggas. Don't pay your child support niggas. So fuck you, bitches, I swear I care about everything but you, bitches. You be some hating ass bitches, I ain't thinking about y'all bitches, stuck in my regis hour. 'Cause you're some dick drunk bitches, that nigga lame here ain't getting no bitches. Why you worry about these niggas? Got your own shit, well, fuck with gold diggers. Pussy get you stuck, just like honey do

Yeah, that's right, niggas, bitches getting money too.

I pull over that two seater only to me and a bad bitch 'cause this is just what I do. And I'm quick to tell a nigga "fuck you", move back, dirty money coming through. 'Cause that's a motherfucking pimp, look up in the skies, saw my name on blimp.

'Cause I'm a motherfucking problem, bitch, you got a grammy, but I come and rob 'em. Why you retweet me? I won't fight with bitches that be singing off key, no.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>