

# Mob Up

## Twista

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