

# Rollin' Wit The Lench Mob

## Ice Cube

You can't fuck with the criminal, rapping over gangsta shit  
First I load the clip and then I make the hit  
I know some of y'all can't fade this  
Lench Mob niggas are the craziest So you and your boys are ass-out  
When I'm rollin' in a seven-deuce glass house  
The Mob ain't nothing but a menace  
When we get the motherfucking dog in us Playing them old beats  
I'm pouring out some of my beer for my homies  
Ready to peel your cap  
You can't believe 'Faces of Death' on wax Some say the Mob ain't positive  
Man, fuck that shit 'cause I got to live  
How I live and you could either give a fuck punk  
Yo or get your ass bucked Some rappers are Heaven-sent  
But Self-Destruction don't pay the fucking rent  
So you can either sell dope or get your ass a job  
I'd rather roll it wit the Lench Mob To be down with the Mob is simple  
Mind your own, you want a spot find your own  
And take mine if you're badder than the strong man  
I do the right thing, I do the wrong thing Do anything 'cause I ain't faking the scene  
It's all about how much bacon you bring  
And if you see something from the gat, I will stuff it  
Yo, you ain't seen nothing 'Cause if you testify, you're living blind  
'Cause in the city you live and let die  
Rolling with the fools, One Time can't beat  
On my knees in the street, interlock my hands and feet He said, "I know you" I said, "You might  
My name is Ice Cube, I did a song you didn't like"  
So he soaked me up like Bounty  
Had to do a week in the county A piece of cake it was just like a party  
'Cause in the county you know everybody  
No, I didn't kill or steal or rob  
Locked up for what 'cause I'm rollin' wit the Lench Mob If you know a female that's rollin' with the Lench Mob  
Watch your step 'cause the gat is kept  
In the purse like my homegirl, Yoyo  
You gotta be down and you can't be a hoe, no 'Cause if you are, I'll be the first one to bust you out  
After my crew I'll be the first one to rush you out  
Get the picture or bitch  
You'll get the eighty-six If she wanna try and mix  
Business and pleasure make up your own mind  
You gotta be a hoe on your own time

Don't sleep 'cause even on a solo creepYo the Mob is still deep  
And we'll play ya just like a nit-wit  
You thought you got with the crew you can't get with  
So get the noose ready for the lynchingNow 235 is what I'm benching  
But nowadays it's still not enough  
I got something guaranteed to stop the bum rush  
Give me the gat, step back and watch me do the job  
Rolling with the motherfucking Lench Mob

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