

Loyalty

Twista

[toxic]Saw a little motherfucker and y'all was ready to bend
Left the mob for something petty but then fetti got thin
Now you back where you begin while I'm livin on ten
Got inns sittin in a benz wit rims sippin on hen
Wit stokes, twist, and mayze while you broke bitch I'm paid
Should of stayed but betrayed look at the cheddar you could have made
You started with the mob thought you was harder than the mob
But ain't no one motherfucker larger than this mob
Swear to god, for y'all c-wall ain't got love
No only one that's gonna be on you side is this hot slug
For the dead and locked I'm throwin my mob up
Cock and bust to all y'all bitches die for crossin us
[liffy stokes]I smell some bitch niggas amongst us, now they gone
And when you see me on the streets be strapped cause I'm at you dome
And that's wit or without a mask on, cause i'ma blast on sight
Even if it's in traffic in broad daylight
The only way you live if it don't spray right
But you out your death wish so if I miss you'll be facin barrels by midnight
And that's on these four fingers I hold high
Anybody who crosses my mobsta family they die
I hollered at my boy james to bless me wit some mo' thangs
A mobstaz hard to kill like stopping off of cocaine
I'm leavin out sweated no dynasty clicks crushin bitches wit this
Nigga your songs ain't shit, they can't even fade our skits eat a dick
[chorus]Nigga cross the mob so what's up
In every destination retaliation gotta fuck 'em up
Nigga cross the mob so what's up
In every destination retaliation gotta get 'em up
Shit are y'all about ready to die for this fetti fuck everyting that's petty
Down to do dirt lets put in work
Stay together whether we rappin of slangin ye together
Get the paper but don't cross the mob and get hurt loyalty's first
[traxster]When everything was all good y'all niggas threw the wall up
But when the shit hit the fan I watch you bitches ball up
Now you time is all up, fuck who you call up
My niggas all bust, my killas all nuts
What the fuck you call us, what you say about c-wall
Playa hatin how we ball, nigga we'll be to see y'all
And you mob gonna end up the same homie, put this pain on you

No love my slugs got them thugs name on 'em
If he wit his kids I'm blow his brains on 'em, put the chains on 'em

Go insane on em', guess he done wit that work range on em
Rain over, so nigga respect my mob like royalty
'till I'm dead y'all hoes dred my love, life, and loyalty
[twista]When you come strapped in a circle
No I'm finna hurt you
Cause the mob put me peeped all of your loopholes
Cause the trigger work you
Bust all of you bitches and all of you hoes
When the bruh come
Thugs betta run shit look at what thugs want
See what drugs done
When held the gun got you runnin from a loved one
Thought you was down to die but you been found to lie
So fuck you can't trust you, gotta bust you
Crush you now you can't lick hits and hustle
Try to flex your muscle
But my criteria gotta over comes yo strategies
Try to make a mob out of peas
I can ride on you wit money-t and an amount of cheese
Plus I had a lot of bud in 'em
I get mad at the budgin' 'em
Whippin out the stud in 'em
But I ain't even studying
If again and it's on I just put a slug in him
Duggin him dead and headin hoes off at the pass
Open up a can of kick ass
Toy wit me loyalty die quick blast
[maze]I roll wit straight mobsta leaners
That always carry beamers
And exercising trigger fingers on niggas who come between us
Shockin' the world wit young slingers
And we can't be defeated, even if you triple team us
Cause this game got my mod deranged if you in pain
Kamokaze like my nigga lo if we loose to you man
So ready to aim cause it ain't shit to explain
Shots to exchange plenty of paper in the game
To help us remain on top of the world until we go bang
Doin our thang while y'all niggas just hate and complain in vain
But it'ws still gonna be the same we gonna mob forever
And out shine all you bitch ass niggas together
[chorus](as lib by liffy stokes)

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