

Mobbin

Spice 1

(spice 1)

Yeah, what you lookin at, bwoy?

Ph balance style(chorus: spice 1)

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

Mobbin' today, hey

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

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Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

Mobbin' today, hey

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

Mobbin' today, hey(spice 1)

Hit the freeway in a 850 goin about a hundred and forty, sporty

Niggas slowin down as if they know me

Owe me a chronic session but I keep on mobbin' I got my own

Fiendin goin to the zone, rollin up I see a vega loan

Watchin out for the po-po cause the gangsta braise alert the coppers

Smokin under them choppers o.g.'s see me and give me props

They say whattup to the easy bay gangsta each and every time

As I took my hat and light my chronic up in the sunshine

I gets my mobb on just like all you other players

Lookin out for dead presidents who want that green paper

Put out my doobie as I mobb up off the freeway

I'm goin side-a-ways, this way, that-a-way

I see my partners up in the alley fightin they pit bulls

High performance, old schools, with fat dulls

Catch me cussin at the cluckers on the street

Tryin to stop myself from pullin out my heat, I'm mobbin' today(chorus: spice 1)

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Mobbin' today, hey

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo

Mobbin' today, hey(spice 1)

Po-po passin me up, lookin all inside my car

It's full of smoke, rollin down my window, they see me choke

And spit a loogie out on the street because I'm hella high

Rollin around, maddoggin with some red eye

[illegible]

Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo
Mobbin' today, hey
Shoobedoop de doop de doop doo, doo
Mobbin' today, hey
Shoobedoop...

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