

I Am Such a Mobsta

Twista

I am such a Mobsta
The Bible says "Ye shall prosper"
I am such a Mobsta
The Bible says "Ye shall prosper"
So come and bow down to royalty
Kiss both of my cheeks to show loyalty
The flow is ceremonial, the style of rituals so be cordial
And please act accordingly This ain't a legend or folklore
Chi-raq violence is real, not a Cold War
But in the streets call it coke wars
And do not open your mouth unless you spoke for
Please Father forgive me
I had to give him two to the kidney
Didn't know that I was nice
Any night I perform like Rice, Jerry, Sidney
Ray too, hangin' out with Windy City gratefuls
In the back of the club we play pool
Only real niggas 'cause they cool
And who did bids and didn't snitch and stayed true
But now-a-days family come first
Shorties out here is gettin' killed over turf
Well if the meek shall inherit the earth
Tell me why I gotta know what a hundred bricks is worth?
Ah, flow so gorgeous
The coldest to ever touch a cordless
I'm on the streets Forbes List
And with the rhymes I'm divine like Osiris, Horace
It's a clash of the titans
Warriors on the street blastin' and fightin'
Seen it all, been a part of it all
Don't get it twisted if I'm on a different path when I'm writin' I am such a Mobsta
The Bible says "Ye shall prosper"
I am such a Mobsta
The Bible says "Ye shall prosper" Blowin' loud by the quarter
Conversations about what's up with a porter
We can sit down at the table, but first
You gotta kiss the pinky ring, it's according to the order My niggas show me how much to cut it with
And what to do when the kitchen was the workplace
Bring the pot over the stove to a boil

Comin' out the crib smellin' like burnt paste
As the Lord is my witness
I done seen so many end up on the hitlist
Shootin' the car 'til it slow down
And now I see nothin' but lifeless, stiffness, hit this
Three-eighty in the headset
Bricks in the dashboard and the door panels
Give me the ball nigga, hand check
Niggas can't ball cause they got poor handles
So with a wave of the hand
I'ma gang green if I offer them work
Create a chain of command
Don't try to talk to me unless you talk to him first
In God we trust
And it ain't another Mob like us
Pocket full of eightballs on the bus
To undercovers I say what's up in the truck
Whole team full of bravado
Gettin' money since niggas that wore Movado
Rollin' in a Cadillac El Dorado
Bubble Lexus or the all-black Tahoe
Why? I am such a Mobsta
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Songwriters

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