

# We Be Steady Mobbin (Feat. Gucci Mane)

## Lil' Wayne

Man fuck these niggas  
I, I'm a spare everything but these niggas  
I flip the gun and gun buck these niggas  
Take the knife off the AK and cut these niggas! Yeah and fuck these bitches  
I swear I care bout everything but, but these bitches  
I, I don't care I "so what" these bitches  
And I put young mula baby way above these bitches If it ain't broke don't break it  
And if he ain't shook I'm gonna shake 'em  
Hope I don't look weak, cause when the wolf cry  
Woof you still see that wolf teeth motherfucka Futuristic handgun, if you act foul you get two shots and one  
I'm at yo face like Lancome, ha ha you niggas softer than Rosanne's son  
You cannot reach me on my Samsung, I'm busy fucking the world  
And giving the universe my damn tongue  
Crazy motherfucka', I am one, but, but the crazy thing is I began one  
All, all white bricks I'm straight like its jumping back to thirty six nikka!  
Big house long hallways got 10 bathrooms I could shit all day nigga (nigga)[Chorus]  
And we don't want no problems,  
OK you're a goon whats a goon to a goblin?  
Yeah big Kane on the beat  
I, I fuck around and leave a nigga brains on the street ooh  
Now pop that pussy I, I bring her to my bedroom and pop that pussy  
Uh huh and we be steady mobbin' okay Kimosabe big ballin' is my hobby What the fuck is up? Its Gucci mane  
the G  
That's titty boy no pity boy big scar city the city boy  
So icy so no Nike boy just Gucci Louis Prada excuse me  
Gucci mane keep shittin' on me why that boy keep buying jewels  
East Atlanta cockin' hammers bandannas on car antennas  
No we do not talk to strangers just cut off these niggas fingers  
Gucci's armed and dangerous cocaine codeine and angel dust  
This AK-47 will hit you in and from the ankle up  
Breasts the size of Nia long me alone clip long as a Pringle can  
45 desert eagle on me you'll think I'm a eagles fan  
Tony Braxton the sniper rifle make him never breathe again  
Fuck that nigga kill that nigga bring him back kill him again Gucci! Yeah the, the, the money is the motive  
Fuck with the money it get ugly as coyote  
OK I'm reloaded betta' pull it if you tote it  
I buy a pound break it down and put it in a stogie  
Swagga so bright I don't even need light  
I'm wit' a model broad she don't even eat rice

But would you believe it she dykes  
And she asked me for a pitcher so I gave her three strikes  
Yeah I'm, I'm the man around this motherfucka'  
I'm so hot you probably catch a tan around this motherfucka  
This rap game I got my hand around this motherfucka  
Yeah I said game but I ain't playin' around this motherfucka  
Yeah I'm the best to ever do it bitch  
And you the best at never doin' shit  
If you the shit then I am sewer rich  
Try me and ill have your people readin' eulogies, ha ha  
I swear you cant fuck with me  
But I could fuck your girl and make her nut for me then slut for me  
Then kill for me then steal for me and of course it'll be your cash  
Then I'll murder that bitch and send her body back to your way (your way)[Chorus]Uh man, man suck my clip  
Swallow my bullets and don't you spit ew  
I am the hip hop socialist life is a gamble  
And I'm all about my poker chips  
Do you want a dose of this? I will make the most of this  
F is for ferocious murder your associates  
The top is so appropriate this is just where I belong  
Keep a hard dick for your girlfriend to wobble on weezy[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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