

# Mobbing

Papoose

There is no God but you...

Real niggas, we back in style!

It's Thugga!

(Troy Ave)

Papoose, Papoose!

50 deep in the club, homie, we mobbing (We mobbing!)

Stick-up kids with me, killas with me, we mobbing (Mobbing!)

Fuck a guest list, we gon' mob regardless

M-O-B-B-I-N-G, we mobbing! (Yeah!)

Even brought my connect with me, we mobbing (Mobbing!)

Homies from every set with me, we mobbing (What!)

But listen, y'all just bitches in red bottoms

M-O-B-B-I-N-G, we mobbing!

(There is no God but you)

Fuck who niggas out here buzzing, I'm 'bout to buzz with 'em  
Yeah, they say his cousin be bugging, well hit his cuz with him!  
Mollies make 'em feel like they tough, he got them drugs in him  
Lead shower, bloodbath, he in the tub with 'em!

Heard his girl riding and dying, she in love with him

They say only God can judge, she getting judged with him (Damn!)

Sensitive thugs need hugs, I don't fuck with 'em

Right after I hug 'em I slug 'em, you could get hugged with 'em

On that Bobby Schmurda shit, homie, I grew up illing

Ever since I been in fifth grade, man, I been drug dealing

Niggas trying to tell me to chill, motherfuck chilling

If he tell you to chill, then he ain't got no thug in him!

Her shoes be red bottom like she got blood in 'em

Stomp a mudhole in your ass, put some mud in him

You be gettin high with them dudes, smoking bud with 'em

But you never eat with them niggas, why you don't grub with 'em?

Mobbing, "money over bitches" be the motto

Made mines gambling my freedom, what's a lotto

Jackpot when you got crack spots? Protect mines

Hop out with two nines like jackpots, really nigga!

Young willing nigga working toward a milli, nigga

If you ain't about that paper, you don't fuckin' feel me, nigga!

Blew 50K in the summer, word to my mother

Before we bought the Benz or that Hummer, we bought that butter!

Mellie took the oil then you hit it with that cold

I was using microwaves in hotels that ain't have stoves

I'm a H-U-S-T-L-E-R, hustler

No tolerance for silly hoes and bustas

But I still moves, BSB, you can trust us

Troy Ave bringing the city its due justice

No peace, except on the car, you see the sign?

Gold piece flooded in stone, you see me shine?