

How We Mobb

Silkk The Shocker

Haha

Ungh! Once a-muthafuckin-gain, me an my nigga Silkk
We gon' show y'all how we mobb
No Limit for life, how we do this shit
West Coast style nigga, from down South, to the muthafuckin hills
Y'all niggas better recognize, y'all better fuckin recognize

I'm tru to da game, Masta P'll be da name
I'm in it for the money, fuck these bitches an the fame
Cuz when you broke bitches get ghost like sideways,
like gold daytons rollin up the highway
On my way to the town to take some cizash,
an if you shizort bitch you in the bizag
I got fifteen in the tank, on my way to Burbank
Fist stealin 5, ready till 5, blowin dank
An still tryin to make a dollar outta fifteen cents
Got the Cutlass full of coffee for no evidence
It's a drought but I got ice cream 16 five, everyday, all day
hit me on the door knob
Cuz we be ballin, bitch we be haulin,
got chickens up the highway from New Orleans
An y'all foo's can't stop the real deal,
an when you see the Tank fool you better guard yo' grill
Cuz No Limit in this to win this,
an got a million soldiers ready to handle business

6 deep is how we mobb, an we tru (Ungh!)
but we'll kill if we have to

Been on the block in the Bay, nigga hop by the tre
Nigga stop at eight, early chop the cake, but not today
cock the K, cuz these busta ass niggas know we not to play
Say hello to the Richmond nigga, East Bay killa
Down South thrilla, quick to fill ya, wit more shells than the sea
More mail than the post office,
these lyrics an dope keep me stayin up like it was coffee
Now stop, pause, take a look
East Bay nigga crook, seven E deuce cut
Ready to buck on any nigga that steps up
I be the man, understand this, skanless niggas get fucked up
Number one on Billboard, bitch, y'all niggas still tryin to come up
Y'all niggas soup, I'm gumbo, ready to rumble, ready to tumble
Yo' girlfriend outta line, I'ma catch her like Columbo
Tongue twistin like an Uzi, y'all niggas can't do me
(Boo-yah, bad man)
Y'all watch too many fuckin movies