

# Mobstability

Twista

Nineteen-ninety-muthafuckin'-eight  
Mobsta elite's back up in this muthafuck 'em (Bitch)  
And we airin' out all you playa-hatin-lame-ass niggas  
And we on this laid-back track, something smooth  
Eh yo, Mayz, whatcha don' do, kick it

And ride on, niggas get your high on  
While we pump this shit to vibe on  
The muthafuckin' mobsta elite'll leave you breathless  
When we hit you like this  
Early in the morning, hop into the Chevy Caprice  
I'm hurtin', so I'm thinkin of ways to gettin' paid  
Cheddar in a bundle, fifties and hundreds and G stacks  
If I could just hit that big lick I could relax  
And ease back off of thuggin' and stick to hustlin'  
Concentrate on paper and let the shorties do the bustin'  
While I motivate on power moves, you live be coward rules  
Singing the blues while I pack shit that'll knock you out your shoes  
'Cause I'm a fool playing the game of the streets  
Claiming elites, making sure my family eats  
We roll and it flees, bunkin' niggas out of their seats  
While mobbin' on beats, soon niggas can't back down or retreat  
Preventing mine, just doing petty crimes, I'm not petty or nice  
Standin' in line, calmly waitin' on my time to shine  
'Cause when I shine, I'ma glisten  
As all the heads come up missing  
I'ma slide in and assume the position  
My mom's stick thick, who the killas and convicts  
Bulletproof now, pistol holsters under the arm pits  
Ready to go out in the blaze of glory  
Standin' firm on the deck makin' the front-page story

When your mobs' at your side and they're ready to ride, nigga  
(Nigga, that's mobstability)  
And when you go from movin' O's to keys for more cheese  
(Fool, that's mobstability)  
And when it's money over bitches 'cause you're stackin' your riches  
(Playa, that's mobstability)  
Gettin' your mind right for payin' for the year 2G  
(Gotsta be mobstability)

I heard a raw beat, somebody told me the funk did it  
But if Trax didn't do it I can't fuck it  
'Cause it's a family thang  
You know Chi-Town's the motherland of the wild  
The chain of mobsters and gangs  
But we're the elite few that just can't be contained  
Tippin' only the plane, determine it's about the game  
Like a playa stays the same, ain't tryin' to act strange to change  
'Cause the more paper you got, the more you got to slang  
And there's more haters to bang 'cause they all want a piece  
You got to be slick as grease 'cause they want the playas deceased  
Restin' in peace  
But my motto's simply too tight for you to threaten my life  
With a knife, gun or mic  
You don't really wanna fight so just swallow your pride  
Before I come inside your crib and kidnap the shorty and bride

Every nigga alive wish he had a psycho status  
Will your punks ready to ride so the bitches can come at us  
In the city of thugs, police, politicians and drugs  
If they ain't passin' the bubble, niggas carry a grudge, but no love  
So I don't give a muthafuck if you killin' me  
I'm pissin' out headshots, protestin' my mobstability

If I'm not into nothing, I don't feel right  
So I circle the block strapped  
Watching the workers while they circle muthafuckas at night  
They work to tippin' me 'cause dope fiends ain't wangers  
These wanches are skanches, this ain't just how the cracks and hiatus  
My crew react tamers than sweat hogs, to protect that (?) bomb  
But no teflon, your flesh was tearin', for the love of this heron  
I bare arms and I'm quick to snatch cards to those who react hard  
Don't judge these, got you robbed, I'ma get more cheddar for my black mob  
My legion is broke down into sections to run every regions  
Slugs and thugs, rifles for rifles 'cause we walk every season  
Having shootin' apartments, cars with hidden compartments for po-pos  
Zip polos holding pistolos and mobstas know those  
Sooner then booted, looted then zooted, (?) shoes so can I  
Automatics but semi, then I, watches your midnight  
'Cause I be handlin' my function when the nine-milliter get to jumpin'  
Dumpin' on niggas who claimin' my muthafuckas ain't worth for nothin'  
I'm bustin', how's game I peep when I was a shorty  
Having big dreams on money, cars and bitches by the time I reach forty  
Nation affiliation, dummy paper-chase and willin'  
For pay probabilities only seen through mobtability, feelin' me