

Mobsters anthem

Twista

Yeah we gonna do it like this
Mobsters reign, we hope you feel this
Speedknot Mobsters

My click been strugglin' half a lifetime tryin' to get our shit on
Got no G's to sit on, even sold niggas sacks and packs to get on
But let me take you to a place
Where these niggas learn to better pain and stress
Look a murderer in the face, comin' up where the wild and deranged get blessed

1, 2, 3, and to the 44, the good, the bad, and the ugly sticken you
Fleein through the front door, and we gotta do one more
Even though debo watchin me like the lottery
We can still fulfill this westside oddessy mobster prophecy

Well mobbin' what can be better than weed, drinks, bitches and loot?
Jackin' off 20 G's cause you got more money to scoop
Liffs a hustler by nature, fiend for paper, schemes and capers
Constantly eyed by neighbors who do the Feds favors
It ain't no major though, whether slangin' yay or blow
As long as its payin' me for my occupation criminal
Pullin' up on hoes, as the weed smoke blows, the essence of a mobsters presence
Is the reason she chose, as the regency rolls, on zeros, the pearl white Old
Mobile, shit I'm a ride high til I die or get killed
Smoke like fields, forever dodgin' blue shields
We're blue steel I got full proof escape skills
When paper chasin' leavin' trails of shell cases
Adjacent to the part of your body
Where the bloods wastin', a life taken
Chicago ain't a city its a nation
As solid as my foundation within the mobster organization

If its dope we shakin' it up, if its coke we cookin' it up
If it ain't hustlin' and we got some skunk we gonna be smokin' it up
(wild campaignin' mobster for life, carved in gold and ice)
(Speedknots roll through Chi, too cold to die, known to get high)
Its an everyday thang for my Speedknot Mob to hang
Callin' cops for thangs, readin' to squab or bang
Takin' your riches, plus we known for snatchin' your bitches
The way Chi reign my family gotta maintain, its a mobster thang

I'm a fat booty fuckin', love gettin' the sucks in and bustin'
Givin' niggers punkin heads for nothin', while bumpin', handle my functions
My pistles pumpin', got hoes jumpin', a mobstas always into somethin'

I can feel Killuminati lookin' over my shoulder
Somethin' keeps tellin' me to get mine before its over
Smokin' on plenty of buddah and still prayin' to get blessed, with forgiveness
For the last time I sinned on this survival quest
From hustlin' 24-7 to makin' niggas get undressed
The mobster in me got me obsessed
With lucci and success, so I can care less
If I gotta be lootin' and woopin'

I'm sick of beggin' niggas for rides
Id rather be the one that's scoopin'
'Cause in these last days its day to day hustlin' for Maze
I want fresh gear every day
Fat ass chain and 3 blades
Trippin' on that 2 faced niggas sweatin' dick
While I rock the stage
Like these bitches is just tryin' to get paid to give a nigga AIDS
Like I can use her for turnin' tricks
Or either for hittin' licks and then rap about the shit
In one the mobster's greatest hits
And when we come to your town then raise it
Find the skunkiest weed you can
Roll it up and blaze it

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I'm gonna make it through this New World Order if I gotta be rappin' and rob
bin'
You can't stop the Speedknot from mobbin' and if you try we squabin'
We waitin' for you to fall off the square so you best keep your head up
When these Chi-Town niggas roll, cause we don't believe in goin' head up

On a sweet lick for 100's, 50's, and dubs, trigger finger itchy with snubs
Hit me wit love, black gloves, red eyes
The shiftiest thugs
T-shirt over my face, fucked up and ready, I cocked the 380
Got a grip that was steady adrenaline
Rushin' for fetty, while Irish Rose and Cisco
Make me rock the tightest flows but tip-toe up with the clip slow
Gotta find out what yo pockets hit fo, cause I ain't that scummie
Mother fuck ? got no time for rockin'
Choppin' in the car stoppin' with a stack of pack money
But you trustin' me, then I cuffin' shit
Snatch all of your luxury, try touchin' me
Actin tough as shit, my mobstas'll bust for me
Fuckin' me'll make me hate you
Permanently sedate you, when the bullet penetrate
Its goin' straight be a facial, unless we chase you
As we escape through your pockets
By all means necessary the rest is secondary
Goin' for mine til my flesh is buried, the test is carried for me to survive
And hope we still will be thick, with a trilogy click for nine-seven
Mobstability shit

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Ha, I just take a pull and inhale
Thinkin' about my niggas that's locked up in jail
My mind dwells on crime cells, and wipin' off nine shells
Only time will tell if we gotta use it
Ain't lookin' for static , but if we got into it
We gotta do it, ha, mobster anthem for life