

# 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