

# Mobbin

## Iamsu!

I wake up & get bread  
I don't give two fucks bout what she said  
Cause baby the M.O.B is how we live  
So she just a beat like the speed  
The game's in your area, turn it it up in your stereo  
Here we go back on that shit, to make the Bay go hysterical  
Then we lay on the paper chase, like the cops on pursuit  
Got some pills in the back & I think she poppin' a few  
Any way you guarantee that they rockin' with Su?  
Only planned on bringing one, but then I brought back the crew  
& they all ready to go! ready to ride out!  
I just give the 2, 1 go, homie I slide out  
HBK the gang, gettin' money nothin' to lie bout  
Type of dick, to make your chick wanna try out  
If you wanna find out, ill teach yo ass a lesson  
Treat her like a studio I'm talking full session  
Never fall in love, because its all about progression  
On my Big Daddy Kane shit, ain't no half steppin'  
Then I'm right back to my money, I'm always on the grind  
& I'm up all night, I'm always down to MobI ain't tryna hurt nobody, I'm just all about my profit  
When you see me I be Mobbin' Ya-i'm talkin' bout?Mobbin'... Riding round gettin' dough Yuup  
Later on still countin' ends  
Got your girlfriend wetter than a fountain is  
All she want is a young nigga gettin' it?  
Take her home & she ride on some magic mountian shit  
Whole bunch of rapper, but don't none of them amount this shit  
Coming straight up of the rich, nigga we real as it gets  
Feel like I'm loosing my whip crazy, I'm a lunatic  
Come & get some of this Heart Break hooligan  
He hatin' on me, how foolish of him  
My whole city here, how coolest of him  
We all in the building, we gettin' it in  
This shit like depend, crazy, how could you forget?  
The more money I make, the more money I spend  
On my number 9, I'm right next to the 10  
Back to my money, I'm always on the grind  
& I'm up all night, I'm always down to MobI ain't tryna hurt nobody, I'm just all about my profit  
When you see me I be Mobbin' Ya-i'm talkin' bout?Mobbin'... Riding round gettin' dough  
BANG BANG on them homies  
Young nigga got that old bread  
Walk in the mall ball some, cold head  
Mobbin' all night like no bed.

Holla when you see me, be her boyfriend wanna be me  
Bet her homies wanna fuck me, bet I appear like a Genie  
Tell promoters I'mma need a few racks if you wanna see me  
Hundreds of phoney niggas huh  
Cause I'm on son, I'm on patron son  
Where the hoes at? you should phone some  
Swagger on a mil, like where'd you get your clothes from?  
& where'd you meet her? she a cold one!  
Yeah I'm a G, but respected by the old ones  
Yeah I bought it, but never sold one  
Never without a Trojan  
I was blowing the Doja, higher than satellites  
& I got the game on lock, might be reder or write I ain't tryna hurt nobody, I'm just all about my  
profit  
When you see me I be Mobbin' Ya-i'm talkin' bout? Mobbin'... Riding round gettin' dough

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>