

Big Pokey, Get Out Our Way

(*talking*)

Uh, for the 2-theezie bout the cheezy

Know me, naw I mean, hey

Sensei, Mafia Mike, Whodi bout our paper

Mobstyle for life, uh

[Big Pokey]

For my cream, I'll take it to the extreme

A glock and a three beam, plus a million dolla team

Franchise like Ikeim, in these streets

In studios split beats, with this verbal heat

Dress code neat, from head to feet

Jumping out the Benzo Jeep, with a petite freak

Hit my point, sweep the flo'

Call my Cuban connect, cop the snow

I'm out the do' quick, with a block or mo'

With a glock on my hip, that'll stop the show

Bout my do', rolling I'm about my hoe

She disrespect my ways, then she got to go

When I'm paid it's on, if I'm broke they gone

Or I trick with a bitch, I choke my own

And I put that, on the Stone

When it come to my paper, nigga leave me alone

[Hook - 2x]

Please, get out of our way

We don't have time, to play

We're all about, our paper mayn

[Chris Ward]

I'm on a paper chase, gotta put it in these fakers face

And if I get locked up, I'ma escape the place

Cause there's no way, I'm doing time in jail

I'd rather be burning up, frying in hell

As I cry and yell, I keep my ear to the streets

Listen and learn to earn, I got peers to defeat

While these scandalous hoes bitching, and foes snitching

Friends turn into those wishing, my pockets on riches

And I ain't got time for chatting, cause niggas be ratting

Acting fly like Aladdin, they softer than satin

I'ma leave they ass flattening like a mat, with they blood splatting

For playing games with me, as if I'm Madden

From H-Town to Manhattan, my flows swarm like bees

I spit lyrical cheese, on cd's and lp's

And when it comes to stacking G's, I'm about my pay

But do like the song say, and get out the way

[Hook - 2x]

[Mafia Mike]

Went from broke to cash, then first from last

Or leave or now baby, no questions asked

Gas up the cat, cause the Gator's gon mash

Get out of my way, before I hit that ass

Don't cause a scene, that's gon make me slash

Then hit the beat so hard, it'll leave a gash

And haters fall off, when they touch my stash

My whole dress attire, is made with class

Those, and ain't trying to get us left in the past

I ain't trying to hot cap, or even flash

I keep a pound of cash, stashed in my dash

Full tank of gas, mean mug on my mask

And those are like potatoes, they all get mashed

Jackers irritate me, like a rash

I gash that ass, ooh you little bitch ass nigga
Come here hoe, I knock they chest in the grass

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Uh man, too serious mean that
Mobstyle for life, Mobstyle for life
Ha what, 2000 Dope Game two-thee
In your face, 3D baby done one mo'
And another and another and another
We're dropping like bird shit
Ain't stopping, uh