

# Big Pokey, M.O.B. (Remix)

(\*talking\*)

Ye-yeah, what up world, it's your boy  
C. Wiggity-Whoadie-Weezy-Ward, one more 'gain  
Tha M.O.B. General, I'm back with the Mob boss Sensei  
We got this new 'Mob 4 Life' cd, we want y'all to check out  
Raw and uncut, some stuff we put together for the streets to bang  
From the South to the North, from the East to the West  
I wanna thank all the haters (thank ya)  
And ery'body else, who put forth to this here project  
Roll with us on this one, one love let's go

[Hook - 2x]

It's M.O.B  
Money Over Bullshit, you know me  
Keep it low-key, what big bro told me  
Them niggaz don't know, what them niggaz don't see

[Big Pokey]

In this rap game I come, from the back of the pack  
Now they respect my work, like I'm packing a mack  
Everytime I sound check, I'm cracking the deck  
On track split wigs, like a axe in the hat  
You know how I act in a Lac, I'm a hog  
T.V.'s back in the back, got to fall  
Texas boys crawl, like a nigga with his legs cut  
K bullets hit niggaz, and they edge up's  
Pay attention, focus nigga  
Third, Fourth and Fifth Ward rokus nigga  
4-4, Southwest vaulters nigga  
Better have that on your mind, when you approach us nigga  
A bitch'll jump fly, when they dose your hitter  
You G about it, be about it, you supposed to get her  
I get a broad pimp of grain, I need to be in the Pimp of Fame  
They think it's hard, but it's simple mayn

[Hook - 2x]

[D-1]

In this rap game, I run through the hard and the whack  
And my verses go together, like cigars in a sack  
Leaving out the club hit the crack, alarm on the Lac  
18's beating, some think I got a bomb in the back  
Because I'm M.O.B  
Aggravated assault, and bodily injury  
To any nigga, that try to offend me  
Po-Yo, C. Ward and Grim Reap'  
Bitch, don't forget Dre Day  
I'm on the grind, everyday is pay day  
Y'all bitch niggaz, better make way  
Cause I'm some'ing like A.I., with a A.K  
And to the S.U.C  
H.A.W.K., and Mike D  
Big Moe, Z-Ro and Keke  
If it wasn't for y'all, I wouldn't be who I be

[Hook - 2x]

[Chris Ward]

In this rap game, I got the best scared to feature me  
Cause they know that I eat up the track, just like a creature see  
I spit ether, lethally  
Evenly I violate, every law illegaly  
I'm one of the ones, that be running the South  
But I got so many connects, I even be running through the North

You think I'm lying, just ask the Boss he'll tell ya  
(C. Ward is a quiet hustler, but he'll sell ya)  
Whatever you wanna buy, or whatever you wanna try  
And if you got plex (fuck you), it's whatever you wanna die  
And when the laws is on the creep, and I'm feeling the heat  
A nigga dress fresh, like I'm at Dyatona's Beach  
White lenin slacks, shirt and shoes is peach  
We are the definition, of Newvo Reach  
That's newly rich, we new leaders shit  
C. Ward, Sensei and D-1 you bitch

[Hook - 2x]