

Fed-X, Retro Mob

[Husalah: talking]

I'm in the studio let me do this song

I'ma call ya right back please

You feel me? Bitch!, nigga

Retro mob nigga,(uh uh uh uh)

Nigga we rich bitch

[Verse 1: Husalah]

Niggas on that new shit, but I'm a mobsta

A seven three Caprice big blocker, drop topper

Seven chicks too poppa, (poppa)

Comin' round the corna wid a long ass choppah

Yeh, nigga it's Husalah

I get money in the kitchen on suckas

Burn rubber on a bitch don't love her

Only thing I love is when it's time for the smother, bitch

I make music for the psychos skitzos

Thirty-six shots out the chop betta get low

Bitch ass niggas sayin' this sayin' that

But when the funk is on niggas ka-ka, smack

The projects, cocaine and gunshots

The mob is deep, from the streets to Longpark

Promise me, that ya phone is not hot

Cause I if I get knocked niggas dyin' from dumb shots

[HOOK: Fed-X]

Project gutta or the block still grindin'

Knot for knot, I hear the police sirens

Automatics startin' to click start kickin'

Guerillas in the trunk, listen to the system

Listen to the system, listen to the system

Listen to the system, listen to the system

Project gutta or the block still grindin'

Knot for knot, I hear the police sirens

Automatics startin' to click start kickin'

Guerillas in the trunk, listen to the system

[Verse 2: Fed-X]

Mobbin', back to back

Two guns on my hip so I'm strap for strap

Got a half kick of soft so I'm crackin' that

Real quick on the draw get ya blapped in ya wave cap

Niggas know the business so they stay back

And if we want it then the jacka take that

It's GT steering on mine

Swingin' in the middle of the street man this is a crime

Windows rolled up still steamin' the Bob

And all you broke ass niggas get a job

I can help you out come and work for the mob

Buy you a house a car and then ball

Huddle up ya team and tell 'em we want it all

We need it all, we get it all, we want it all

[HOOK]