

# Silkk The Shocker, How We Mobb

## SILKK THE SHOCKER LYRICS

"How We Mobb"  
(feat. Master P)

(Master P--Talking)

Haha

Ungh! Once a-muthafuckin-gain, me an my nigga Silkk  
We gon' show y'all how we mobb  
No Limit for life, how we do this shit  
West Coast style nigga, from down South, to the muthafuckin hills  
Y'all niggas better recognize, y'all better fuckin recognize

(Master P)

I'm tru to da game, Masta P'll be da name  
I'm in it for the money, fuck these bitches an the fame  
Cuz when you broke bitches get ghost like sideways,  
like gold daytons rollin up the highway  
On my way to the town to take some cizash,  
an if you shizort bitch you in the bizag  
I got fifteen in the tank, on my way to Burbank  
Fist stealin 5, ready till 5, blowin dank  
An still tryin to make a dollar outta fifteen cents  
Got the Cutlass full of coffee for no evidence  
It's a drought but I got ice cream 16 five, everyday, all day  
hit me on the door knob  
Cuz we be ballin, bitch we be haulin,  
got chickens up the highway from New Orleans  
An y'all foo's can't stop the real deal,  
an when you see the Tank fool you better guard yo' grill  
Cuz No Limit in this to win this,  
an got a million soldiers ready to handle business

(Chorus)

6 deep is how we mobb, an we tru (Ungh!)  
but we'll kill if we have to

(Silkk the Shocker)

Been on the block in the Bay, nigga hop by the tre  
Nigga stop at eight, early chop the cake, but not today  
cock the K, cuz these busta ass niggas know we not to play  
Say hello to the Richmond nigga, East Bay killa  
Down South thrilla, quick to fill ya, wit more shells than the sea  
More mail than the post office,  
these lyrics an dope keep me stayin up like it was coffee  
Now stop, pause, take a look  
East Bay nigga crook, seven E deuce cut  
Ready to buck on any nigga that steps up  
I be the man, understand this, skanless niggas get fucked up  
Number one on Billboard, bitch, y'all niggas still tryin to come up  
Y'all niggas soup, I'm gumbo, ready to rumble, ready to tumble  
Yo' girlfriend outta line, I'ma catch her like Columbo  
Tongue twistin like an Uzi, y'all niggas can't do me  
(Boo-yah, bad man)  
Y'all watch too many fuckin movies

(Chorus)