The Game feat. M.O.B. and Nas, M.O.B. Freestyl

[Nas]
Aiyyo whassup Game
This the biggest boss in New York, Nas
Whattup my nigga I love what you doin out there man
New York got'chu, Queensbridge got'chu
Do the damn thing
We'll probably do some shit that'll scare the shit outta y'all
Nas y'all
[Verse One: M.O.B.]
Money Over Bitches, yeah
Watch it, when I hop out, 38 and a knockout
The studio on lockout like the day they let 'Pac out
Back to drop out, store the blockout
Homies say the cops out, stash spot got popped out
Grind 'til I clock out, tick tock out
Shake shakin them haters off, runnin a hot route
Get my Mike Williams on, homey do not doubt
#1 in Southern Cal', knowhatI'mtalkinbout?
Suckers up top on, shut 'em out of the pros
But runnin the fo'-fo' open them do's
Run and gun how I 'em them shows
When they see he can ball, let the cold flow open them hoes
I'm here, so go against my arrival is suicidal
Homicidal dynamic certifiedal my mob or die crew
You niggaz been lied to, we the best that did it
since Big was wit it and don't forget it (M.O.B.)
("It's the real..") Money Over Bitches, the new edition
("This.. is a DJ Ski exclusive")
("The real..") Money Over Bitches, and we the new edition
("Hip-Hop..")
[Verse Two: M.O.B.]
Yeah, yeah, it's the mob nigga, ha ha
Ay Tec I get these G-Unit niggaz trippin
Talkin shit 'bout niggaz like they can't come up missin
Ay look I'm here so you don't get the story twisted
When I catch him slippin I'ma gun him down homey pay attention
You niggaz fin' to pay a visit, with readmission
What'chu know about cemetaries and morticians?
Know dat, can't run or escape like lo-jacks
With bullets that I aim cock spit and throw back
I'm Mr. Lemonhead on your block in a gold 'llac
Escaped from Death Row so stop askin where Suge at
You niggaz need your minerals, vitamins, three chemicals
Lyrically invincible spittin repeated principles
I'm killin you, I ain't feelin you meanin a war
Cause when we mob through the door, e'rybody on the floor
It's the mob {*echoes*}