

# The Game, I'm A Mobsta

(Young Menace + (The Game))

Yeah! What is it? It's Young Menace, and the Game  
(Hahaha, yeah) Stackin chips, G-Unit (Chuck Taylor)  
Doublin down on who? (Compton's young guns)  
Sacramenton's finest (Who fuckin with me?)  
From Sac-Town to Compton, you dig?

(The Game)

Yo, yo, now ain't no tellin what the Game'll do, listen dawg  
I blow the guts out the dutch and do the same to you  
And just to get shit crackin, I drop the toaster  
Grab the Louis go Sammy Sosa  
And you ain't gotta know me to know that, I hop out a new pink Rolls  
With the fifty-two Pete Rose throwback  
Haze in my eyes, listen to Bobby Womack  
On the same corner where Eazy-E sold coke at  
And dawg I'ma test your education  
What do I mean when I say I move more birds than migration?  
I'm the nigga that'll smoke the purple, get high as a kite  
Down half the Goose then choke your workers  
Don't make me put two in your shirt, dawg I put in the work  
Then move bags like Doony & Bert  
And stuff work in the GMC, cause on my block  
I'm the King of Rock like Run-D.M.C., nigga

(Chorus: Young Menace)

I'm a mobster, with a mac-11 chopper  
That'll pop ya and put one through ya motherfuckin collar  
I'm a mobster, Robin Hood's like Kevin Costner  
If ya fuck with my dollars I'll make you swallow my daughters  
I'm a mobster, I keep a bitch by my waist  
Just in case I gotta draw down to get this big face  
I'm a mobster, uh-huh, yeh-yeah  
I'm a mobster, uh-huh, yeh-yeah

(Young Menace)

Shhhhh.. I got a lot to say  
Dawg I gotta get paid that's why I rock the lle'  
And chop the lle' to push bricks through your block a day  
I'll bring terror to your squad and make you rock away  
Don't depend on tomorrow you can get shot today  
I'll spit acid on your turf and watch your block decay  
Dawg I spit on your grave and fertilize you too  
I hit 'em hard with 16 bars, flames and fumes  
Somebody needs to push your infant rap back in the womb  
Go 'head and keep talkin that shit and get your life consumed  
I put a hole in your chest dawg the size of the moon  
Yeah you musta been talkin, how'd you get out that soon?  
(You fuckin snitch!) I got a chop that'll touch yo' head like Vidal Sassoon  
You don't wanna see my platoon, I got gorillas and baboons  
That won't hesitate, they gon' do what they have to  
When there's beef on the streets it's on for life like tattoos

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

It don't matter what season, it don't matter not a day  
I move traffic through the city, plus I keep the right of way  
I'm on point like Bibby, I'm the leader of the team maybe  
Got the whole city amped just like a Lakers versus Kings game  
Everybody's fired up, I drop major packages  
I'm never doin bids because my game is so immaculate  
A bitch try to snitch, "I Can't Deny It" like Fabolous  
Before the evidence gatherin, someone's in an ambulance

Now that'll learn you to keep your big mouth shut  
Those with big mouths I got the perfect size nuts  
Yeah I do my dirt, but I wash my hands thoroughly  
Handle my business first so I can celebrate early  
It's business before pleasure my business brings me pleasure  
It feels good to be able to shine, in any type of weather  
That's why I do what I gotta do so my money's lookin tight  
Whether I'm jukin on the block or have bitches hookin lights y'know?

(Chorus)