Chingy, Mobb Wit Me

uh uh uh uh..uh uh uh uh huh That's Right

Trips for my people on the 1st in

Bustin in I'm the last out

(Hook: repeat 2X)

Who wanna Mob wit me (I do derrty) You wanna Mob wit me (Yes I do derrty) It's all you what you see (I know what) Ain't no playin in these streets

(Chingy)

I'ma slide in and Slide out her Big Work is what I hide in my house For the hate ammunition make em hide out Leave ya head like a highway wide out Flat out once the cat out Gats out Bring Forearms and bats out Chainsaws 2 ax out The Blackout-It's 2 white but need a Black house Got a rat spouse who act out overcracked out Gotta access with the back out on a back route To send shots at that house Rats snitch so I trap mouse Need a hit bigboss man Chingy who they ask bout Up and on ya can is blast out Smashed out Eyes red once the hash out Every check gotta get cashed out

(Chorus)

(Chingy) The usual suspect but never seen Like my paper foreever green wit a 2gether team Whatever seems leads 2 better cream Better bring them Beredda things Like it rain in the dark-I wet a team My level's mean instead of lean (lean) Or here the face of this earth bout 2 let a Stream Last night I seen Jesus face the Earth and shed a turr (tear) Will I make it or be dead this yurr (year) Nah I be glossin on them shiny feet like a Pedicurr (cure) Posted up in a Tactic like Metal Gear The rose petal's here (uh) You from the concrete cracks never met a Fear (urr) Just a metaphor 2 better your head'll blurr Instead of blurr let it clurr how stress is and let it cure (urr) Haters hate it hurr slap you like hunters at a duur (eer) This present year not 4 you peasants here (urr) My message here is a must now that I address you queer (urr)

(Chorus)

(Chingy) Once I weighed the beats Behave the streets Pave the week with heat 7 days a week Plays in sheet Grenade ya peeps-Invade ya cheats Bitches wanna blood bath so I bathe the freaks Save ya greif-Yo make up I made ya meat You made the beef-I ate the beef Knock out ya fronts ta where they have 2 tape ya teeth Replace ya teeth you 2 soft ain't no way that you can face the street I lace the beat Trackrunner feds can't trace my feet or replace my bars in a place wit bars Speedy racer won't cha race these cars Make me large take charge and say we stars Don't play we are Make Me War Go crazy and blow up some shit Rep yo hood cuz you goin see me throw up some shit Pull it out and slug up some shit Tore up and spit clips 2 them peoples come in and show up wit shit

(Chorus)

(Talking)
Uh huh That's just 2 let you know when you mob wit me Don't ask no ?'s if you goin roll then roll If you not goin roll then I'm goin roll right over Mobb Wit Me Who The West side goin mob wit me The North side goin mob wit me The East side goin mob wit me Down South goin mob wit me Nationwide Worldwide Mob wit ya boi Chingy Ain't no playin in the streets