

Chingy, Mobb Wit Me

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

(Hook: repeat 2X)

Who wanna Mob wit me (I do derryty)
You wanna Mob wit me (Yes I do derryty)
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
Trips for my people on the 1st in
Bustin in I'm the last 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