The Game, M.O.B. Freestyle

(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*}