Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz, Mob Up

(Intro)
Yeah mobsta style for you muthaf**kas you know what I'm sayin'
We fin to bring this shit like this here
This muthaf**kin' Chi shit check it out

(Chorus 1)
The niggas in my mob can't be touched
You best to mob up to come f**kin' with us oh no
Niggas in my mob bring the heat
You best to mob up f**kin' with the elite oh no

(Liffy Stokes)
You just a bitch in the sky I hear cries
'Cause you can't whistle for your guys
Surprise when you saw this pistols in your eyes
So I peal like mere mortals, bet I shoot bloody portals
To muthaf**kas who owe us, niggas die, causin' horrifyin' (?)
My passion for blastin' made me an assassin on all enemies that work us
Whose purpose is to serve (?) timbs 'til they high and they hurt us
Murders got us murders, I pull my weed and gun out
Blastin' 'til they run in the house while I got the blunt in my mouth

(Mayz)
We in a rage bustin' rapidly like when I'm on stage
It don't get no rougher than Liffy Stokes, Twista and Mayz
In the blood of your day, then lay flat on your back
Then while he f**kin' your hoe
The mob gon' be straight coppin' you stack

(Twista)
Your mob lacks, I'ma defeat you run three-two on contact
Cogniac, get me strapped with the black gat itchin' to bomb back
Hoes can't get no sleep
Bullets hit your chin for the grief that you bring us
Shots hit his face as he grabs his chest
Then we watch him bleed through his fingers
Now come on, come all, but if all come all fall, f**k all y'all
We road dawgs, then I come gunnin', niggas runnin' like they sold y'all
In the heat of the night, the (?) static we start up
Guards up, while we come strapped they come ready to mob up

(Chorus 2 w/ 1)
If it's static, one of my niggas gon' get two niggas
Two of my niggas gon' get four niggas
Four of my niggas gon' get more niggas
That's more triggers meaning more killers
You muthaf**kas better mob up

(Repeat)

(Liffy Stokes)
It's a static, it's automatic, so grab the automatics
And pumps and pull the triggers and make some niggas look acrobatic
I was cold but frantic, the foes have panicked
They got bloods blew out their dome, bet the bullets run rapid

I kept bustin' for the love of hustlin' squeezin' my wesson
Ruger, gang (?) maneuvers, niggas wanna be bruisers but I'm a shooter
F**k the squad, because when it's said and done
Liffy Stokes will do some poppin'

(Short Skit)

(Liffy Stokes)
Nigga the devil's knockin' at your f**kin' door
With some hot ones and toe
And ready to hit 'em with nothin' less than four
Nigga let me go, I'm 'bout to pop this bitch
You know you know the lick, art of the mobsta click
F**k the argument, mob elite's runnin' up apartments
Kickin' in doors pistol whippin' hoes be heartless
Searches as the bullets marches between your arches
Make one call and wait and reload the cartridge

(Chorus 2 w/ 1) - (2x)

(Mayz)
You can't even mess with a mobsta, nigga, is you sick in the head
I torture that ass and have you overdosing on lead
Or maybe I just leave you cut up, drippin' and dead
With your crew skippin' town scared, my lead gon' lead their ass red
Don't get misled, don't mistake me for somebody but a soldier
The elite niggas got more death than AIDS and ebola
Getting old and colder
I be quick to (?) start uppin' but that chip off your muthaf**kin' shoulder

(Twista)
Behold the stack folder, gun holder, AKA blunt roller
Mayz if I die for you get your (..?..) and trap holder
To hurt particular niggas comin' with perpendicular figures
Crushin' triggers, y'all niggas better bring back some memos

(Mayz)
It really don't matter if that nigga pack a glock or a gauge
'Cause whatever the f**k Mayz blaze gon' make him see his last day
Takin' 'em out, my life and makin' sure his cast stays
Jack 'em for his last days, that's how livin' fast pay
Nigga, you know the word on the street
It's the mobsta elite that's servin' the streets to the rockin' these beats
You better have a nice way to greet us than rolling with your guys
And you could still die in a multiple homicide

(Chorus 2 w/ 1) - (2x)

Let's mob up

(Chorus 1) - (2x)