

# Steady Mobbin (feat. Gucci Mane)

## Young Money

Man, fuck these niggas  
I-I'ma spare everything but these niggas  
I flip the gun and gun butt these niggas  
Take the knife off tha AK and gut these niggas Yeah, and fuck these bitches  
I swear I care about everything b-but these bitches  
I-I don't care, I, so what? These bitches  
And I put Young Mula baby way above these bitches Ha, if it ain't broke, don't break it  
A-and if he ain't shook, I'm gon' shake him  
Hope I don't look weak 'cause when a wolf cry wolf  
You still see that wolf teeth, muthafucka  
F-futuristic handgun  
If you act foul, you get two shots and one  
I'm at your face like man cum  
You niggas softer then Rosanne's son  
Y-y-you cannot reach me on my Samsung I'm busy fucking the world and givin' the universe  
my damn tongue  
Crazy muthafucka, I am one, b-but the crazy thing is I began one  
A-all white bricks I'm straight like it's jumpin' back to thirty-six nigga  
Big house, long hallways, got ten bathrooms, I can shit all day, nigga And we don't want no  
problems  
Okay, you're a goon, what's a goon to a goblin?  
Yeah, Big Kane on the beat, I fuck around  
And leave a nigga's brains on the street, ooh Now pop that pussy I bring her to my bedroom  
And pop that pussy, uh, huh and we be steady mobbin'  
Oh, Kimosabe, big ballin' is my hobby  
What the fuck is up? It's Gucci Maine the G  
It's titty, boy, no pity, boy, big scarcity, the city boy  
So Icy, so, no Nike boy, just Gucci Louis Prada 'scuse me  
Gucci Maine keep shittin' on me  
Why that boy keep buyin' jewelry? East Atlanta cockin' hammers  
Bandannas on car antennas  
No, we do not talk to strangers  
Just cut off these niggas fingaz  
Gucci's armed and dangerous  
Cocaine, codeine and angel dust This AK 47'll hit you everywhere from ankle up  
Clip the size of Nia Long, clips long as a Pringles can  
.45 Desert Eagle on me you'll think I'm an Eagles fan  
Tony Braxton sniper rifle make you never breathe again  
Fuck that nigga, kill that nigga, bring him back, kill him again  
Gucci Yeah, th-the money is the motive  
Fuck with the money, it get ugly as coyote  
Okay, I'm reloadin' better pull it if you tote it

I buy a pound, break it down, and put it in a stogieSwagga so bright I don't even need light  
I'm wit a model broad, she don't even eat rice  
Uh, but would you believe that she dykes  
And she asked me for a pitcher, so I gave her three strikesI'm the man around this muthafucka  
I'm so hot you probably catch a tan around this muthafucka  
This rap game, I got my hand around this muthafucka  
Yeah, I said game but I ain't playin' around this muthafuckaYeah, I'm the best to ever do it bitch  
And you the best at never doin' shit  
If you the shit, then I'm sewer rich  
T-try me, and I'll have your people readin' eulogiesI swear you can't fuck wit me  
But I can fuck yo' girl and make her nut for me  
Then slut for me, then kill for me, then steal for me  
And of course it'll be yo' cash  
Then I'll murder that bitch and send her body back to yo' assA-a-and we don't want no problems  
O-okay, you're a goon, what's a goon to a goblin?  
Yeah, Big Kane on the beat, I f-fuck around  
And leave a nigga brains on the street, oohNow pop that pussy I bring her to my bedroom  
And pop that pussy, uh, huh and we be steady mobbin'  
Oh, Kimosabe, big ballin' is my hobbyUh, man, suck my clip, swallow my bullets, and don't  
you spit  
Uh, I am the hip hop socialist  
Life is a gamble and I'm all about my poker chips  
Do you want a dose of this? I will make the most of thisF is for ferocious, murder your  
associates  
The top is so appropriate  
This is just where I belong  
Keep a hard dick for yo' girlfriend to wobble on  
WeezyAnd we don't want no problems  
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