

# Mobstability

## Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz

Nineteen-ninety muthafuckin' eight  
Mobsta elite's back up in this muthafuck bitch  
And we airin' out all you playa hatin' lame ass niggas  
And we on this laid back track, somethin' smooth  
Eh yo, Mayz, whatcha don' do, kick it And ride on, niggas get your high on  
While we pump this shit to vibe on  
The muthafuckin' mobsta elite'll leave you breathless  
When we hit you like this Early in the mornin', hop into the chevy caprice  
I'm hurtin', so I'm thinkin' of ways to gettin' paid  
Cheddar in a bundle, fifties and hundreds and G stacks  
If I could just hit that big lick I could relax  
And ease back off of thuggin' and stick to hustlin'  
Concentrate on paper and let the shorties do the bustin'  
While I motivate on power moves, you live be coward rules  
Singin' the blues while I pack shit that'll knock you out your shoes 'Cause I'm a fool playin' the  
game of the streets  
Claimin' elites, makin' sure my family eats  
We roll and it flees, bunkin' niggas out of their seats  
While mobbin' on beats, soon niggas can't back down or retreat Preventing mine, just doing  
petty crimes, I'm not petty or nice  
Standin' in line, calmly waitin' on my time to shine  
'Cause when I shine, I'ma glisten as all the heads come up missin'  
I'ma slide in and assume the position My mom's stick thick, who the killas and convicts  
Bulletproof now, pistol holsters under the arm pits  
Ready to go out in the blaze of glory  
Standin' firm on the deck makin' the front page story  
When your mobs' at your side and they're ready to ride  
(Nigga, that's mobstability)  
And when you go from movin' O's to keys for more cheese  
(Fool, that's mobstability)  
And when it's money over bitches 'cause you're stackin' your riches  
(Playa, that's mobstability)  
Gettin' your mind right for payin' for the year 2g  
(Gotsta be mobstability) I heard a raw beat, somebody told me the funk did it  
But if trax didn't do it I can't fuck it 'cause it's a family thang  
You know Chi town's the motherland of the wild  
The chain of mobsters and gangs But we're the elite few that just can't be contained  
Tippin' only the plane, determine it's about the game  
Like a playa stays the same, ain't tryin' to act strange to change  
'Cause the more paper you got, the more you got to slang And there's more haters to bang 'cause  
they all want a piece  
You got to be slick as grease 'cause they want the playas deceased

Restin' in peace but my motto's simply too tight  
 For you to threaten my life with a knife, gun or mic  
 You don't really wanna fight so just  
 swallow your pride  
 Before I come inside your crib and kidnap the shorty and bride  
 Every nigga alive wish he had a psycho status  
 Will your punks ready to ride so the bitches can come at us  
 In the city of thugs, police,  
 politicians and drugs  
 If they ain't passin' the bubble, niggas carry a grudge, but no love  
 So I don't give a muthafuck if you killin' me  
 I'm pissin' out headshots, protestin' my mobstability  
 When your mobs' at your side and they're  
 ready to ride  
 (Nigga, that's mobstability)  
 And when you go from movin' O's to keys for more cheese  
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 If I'm not into nothin', I don't feel right so I circle the block strapped  
 Watchin' the workers while they circle muthafuckas at night  
 They work to tippin' me 'cause dope fiends ain't wangers  
 These wanches are skanches, this ain't just how the cracks and hiatus  
 My crew react tamers than  
 sweat hogs, to protect that their bomb  
 But no teflon, your flesh was tearin', for the love of this heron  
 I bare arms and I'm quick to snatch cards to those who react hard  
 Don't judge these, got you robbed  
 I'ma get more cheddar for my black mob  
 My legion is broke down into sections to run every  
 regions  
 Slugs and thugs, rifles for rifles 'cause we walk every season  
 Havin' shootin' apartments, cars with hidden compartments for po-pos  
 Zip polos holdin' pistolos and mobstas know those  
 Sooner then booted, looted then zooted,  
 shoes so can I  
 Automatics but semi, then I, watches your midnight  
 'Cause I be handlin' my function when the nine-milliter get to ujumpin'  
 Dumpin' on niggas who claimin' my muthafuckas ain't worth for nothin'  
 I'm bustin', how's game  
 I peep when I was a shorty  
 Having big dreams on money, cars and bitches by the time I reach forty  
 Nation affiliation, dummy paper-chase and willin'  
 For pay probabilities only seen through mobtability, feelin' me  
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 and they're ready to ride  
 (Nigga, that's mobstability)  
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