

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Servin' the Fiends"

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Hey hey holla holla nigga
What's happening?
I got the biggest boulders right here motherfucker
These motherfucking rocks fat,
Hey, at ten 'o clock I don't wanna see
None of y'all little niggas up on the motherfucking
block
Y'all got ta clear this motherfucka off
Curfew nigga, get ta fuck up outta here off my block

Verse 1: Bizzy Bone

Who servin' tha fiends
Hundred thousands of green
For the love of money
Cash all around me
Demons can cloud me
While I'm in the county I can die
Flipped up my style-y as we came at the same time
Baby tempted, in the tension
Ouija shit got you demented
Crash the Benz and ending your sentence
Born for criminal defendants
Critical breaking in the ghetto bar thinking
Millenium shit like pestilence war and famine
Animals move animals reputed
Every daily grades let it be the reason
My Cleveland niggas revolve like dead bodies
In Eden leading seeping
And I don't wanna rock the pump
But I doubt it if I have ta pop the trunk
I'ma get 'em when they thinking they miss me what
Nigga that thuggish ruggish fuck them up
Rolling wid my bucks in the biggest snatch shit
All of my dogs all of we lie
Nigga you touched and stuck on murda
Smoking up bud and fucking up blunts
It was the 7th sign regime
Wid the nines and beams the philly and green
Wid a klik tight team and a nigga like me
Ya couldn't go wrong wid we

Eyes bloodshot red when I floss instead
I rather run up and smash you wid a passion
And they chalking it off his head
Nigga instead I'ma let them bleed
Nigga, immortal warrior from the walking dead

Hook:
It's just another day I gotta get paid
Who got the biggest boulder
Who servin' tha fiends
(Repeat)

Verse 2: Layzie Bone

Now could this be B-O-B
The bad boy the Bone
I be thugging for eternal
Wanna test me it's on
Now where my niggas at
Pull a nigga wig back
Nigga dig that dig that
All original peep the zone criminal here we go
>From a place where a nigga might bury ya
Nigga act up and I betta take care ah ya
Scared ah ya, I be ready for the war
Nigga I'm America's Most
Barely coast ta coast
If you ready for whateva you can ride wit me
But if you lie ta me and don't die for me
Look in my eyes and see you can't hide from me
Sleepwalk shit talk nigga
That be running from niggas in the ghetto
Now get on my level rebuking the Devil
Representing like ah heavenly rebel
Even though my screws loose I can tigheten 'em up
And put a twist to the game like a monkey wrench
For the funny shit
All about the murda for the love ah money shit
Gettin' paid, got it made in the shade nigga
If you got and I want it I'ma take it
Nigga made it and I told ya we'd make it
Kept it real and it'd neva be fake shit
Half baked and gone off this indoe stick
Wanna hit it call just as you next
Hit it two times and pass
And nigga hold ya breath
Lay playing wid a half deck
Playin' wid ah half deck

Hook

Verse 3: Flesh N Bone

I'm fucked up but I bail on the darkside
Dwell, wid the hustla ta get this mayo
Plannig ta sell the yayo for my mayo
Nobody be fucking wid Bone top platinum
So ah now that you got that album fool
Tell me what in the fuck you gon' do wid it
Stay drop and hit up they head
That ch'all can go and get
Peepin' here they come wake it off
So quicker they come wid ah weekly drumstick
Servin' them paper murda them 1-8-7 ova haters
Fuck you be done,
Did it wid niggas do whateva they gotta do
My nigga just do what ya gotta do
Even if you gotta spark a few
Just rob a few jack move
It's just another day I gotta get paid
Niggas ain't rapping the same way
Made niggas it figures now thug wid these niggas
That eating betta than the nigga
Betta lay in low so when the po-po rolling
Stroll on my depths as a criminal
Homicidal activity bring 'em up all up
Nigga let's show this shit be real
But stack up realer than a nigga talk gats loco
Straight smoke ah motherfucka do it fast
Bucking 'em down here red on his back back

Hook

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