

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Comin' 2 Serve You"

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Alright, now lets do this (Flesh)-Knocc Out and Flesh,
my glock to techs, we comin' 2 serve ya (B.G. Knocc
Out)-Knocc Out and Flesh, with tha glock cock, and you
know I'm screamin' murda mo' murda.

Flesh-Verse 1

Rippin' up, it's yo' St. Clair. Takin' money that's straight,
and gotta kick it, chill. Then makin' it real, to the pop on
my slug for love, I'm gonna feed you with B.G. Knocc
Out drop these bullets in a grill for tha skill. Motha
Fuckaz with double, meat is when it's on. My fox cause
to this, is a rock gets clock and a grip now ready to
rough house.

B.G. Knocc Out-Verse 2

Betta with coppas and his guns. Sendin' bodiez off yet,
for tha redrum, six feet in a ditch is where I'm leaving
you bitvh-ass niggaz so come, come. Mo' victim to tha
crome, it's on. Leavin' bodiez strapped up, and I kill
'em all, mo' mo'. Bitch-ass niggaz from tha otha side,
wanna try me, come rock. 'Cause the nigga don't know.

Flesh-Verse 3

I really help, can't contain us, bring 'em out. Fuck with
tha sinners and rap shit, kick names out yo' mouth. I'm
crossin' my nigga and he got rapid. To be killaz that
flip, every blood drip I pray, like a self diplp Souljah Boy
from makin' niggaz. Won't grab ??????????, take it
from here to Towhee.

B.G. Knocc Out-Verse 4

That's why I'm here, hit them down with than AK leavin'
bodiez str8 down in the wrong day. All you niggaz if
you wanted that shit, can't wait 'till you bitch-ass niggaz
come my way, to tha hallway, nigga all day. To the
peace treat, nigga ain't no love. Ain't no way in hell,
you'll buck with B.G. Knocc Out, Flesh, and ah Mo' Thug,
str8 up.(Chorus)

B.G. Knocc Out-Verse 5

I'm comin' 2 serve ya, serve ya. I'm screamin' mo' murda, mo' murda. Hopin' you'll die, don't ask me why 'cause you deserve to, deserve to. Got yo' cap hit back to tha black. Which one? That one with tha automatic strap. Have tha ones with tha all black, black, so take a nigga straight off tha map. That's how I feel about any nigga that's willin' to deal, willin' to deal. Put a nigga like Knocc from my with tha glock cock, 'cause I wanted to kill. Niggaz talk like a disease. Drop to your knees and give me your g's. Nigga you can't get with these, nigga please.

Flesh-Verse 6

See you betta be takin' your loss and then I don't know. Betta be gone, and I run up in him if I came. Be tha master plans, leavin' ya minds off. Close to 44 magnums, hit tha hold and ah so when I blast it. Creepin' yo' bloods be peepin', you run oh nigga in a river. Sin, sippin' gin, get out tha party get in if niggaz we clown. Ready get scandalous. Where? In the cities, run from tha one they don't purchase a pound. Get to tha nigga, they drop ya. Grab my pump, pump, cock the glock, shot ya. By tha gang wee let offs go bullet ranges. For tha same we comin' 2 serve ya.(Chorus)

Flesh-Verse 7

Niggaz, make tha cities both screams, Lil' Knocc Out hitter, help me solve this. We shinin'', never had peace. Celebrate tha victory, runnin' with it flawless. Gonna keep dodgin', playa hatas fall and never stood a chance, up against Flesh mo'. My niggaz send them to tha maka I'm lovin' it and you really don't wanna test. Hate these niggaz, wanna push they luck, fuckin' with tha 5th dog, show no love. Except for my gang, runnin' untamed, hope you don't rename and remain Mo' Thug. Had my nigga, my slug. Haters policee blood, that is when I'm gonna serve ya. Chasin' mothafuckaz with the gun, get them on the run, but ????????????????

B.G. Knocc Out-Verse 8

Pullin' yo' trigga on niggaz, 'cause nigga, they know they can't hang with tha Mo' Thug gang. Sonn as ya run up off, I'm pullin mine. Gut 'em 'till ya done, but some gotta blow out yo' brain. Come to these, rock with tha hot glock, bodiez in tha Glock. Pop, pop, pop, nigga

never don't stop. Buck with tha Knocc I'm ready to go
spot with tha Glock lettin' off shots, niggaz gon' drop.
To tha pave, put it in tha grave now they dwell in hell
'cause we double slay. Tha clip and tha trigga, a sin,
now that's in tha river nigga, try to lift me hey. Say,
Knocc and Flesh glock, glock to takes it comin' 2 serve
ya, swerve to tha curve. Better off that chronic and and
burn. Nigga it's time to murda.(Chorus)

(Flesh)-Het niggaz? Hey niggaz? Murda, mo' murda.
(Chorus)

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