

Gehenna

"Strap Up"

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[Mr. Serv On]

I like to get that wild thing, street or city.

Huh? What ya'll bout?

Huh? What you bout?

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta
shit

They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta
shit

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta
shit

They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta
shit

Ya'll niggas call your self killas,

but ya'll don't know the fuck a killa is

Oh I represent my block and I don't give a fuck about
his

I done been in the Bronx with Fat Joe and Big Pun,
and ain't no bitches on theirs

And I done roll through Watts where the mutherfucka
killin

And never motherfuckin stop

Or in St. Louis, where a nigga break your muthafuckin'
neck

and step in your chest nigga that's what the fuck I call
respect

They ask me why the fuck I write these type of words

Go to Memphis nigga and ask every nigga

Why the fuck you steal so many quarter birds on the
curb

Better yet, go to Chi Town and ask every nigga in the Y
100's

Friend Town or Madison Ave., why the fuck they wanna
put they pistol down

Cause we soldiers nigga, with out a fuckin life

And I don't give a fuck what city your from,
nigga put em up cause it's on tonight

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers

Bitch I'm from Houston, and I don't like ya

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers
Bitch I'm from Dallas, and I don't like ya
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers
Bitch I'm from Atlanta, and I don't like ya
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers
Bitch I'm from Miami, and I don't like ya

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta
shit
They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta
shit
You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta
shit
They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta
shit

[Fiend]

I, from the gumbo, where some for, smoke till they
humble
And when we rumble, and tumble, we strap till the sun
go
Ratta tatta pow, on my gun go, learned it from my
uncle
Get more then one shottie, maybe bout a trunk full
Our love goes, duckin po po's, hoes on the go go
Takin no no's, don't let the eyes close, with seven zeros
Gotta hero, and sista, me, and only me
Combat ready from the midwest to the California
streets
Nigga's that only take the heat, bring loud and foster
beats
Florida, Chi Town, to the Magnolia Leaf
If you wanna keep your teeth, and have respect when
you speak
Represent your clothes and war thats hard as me

[Mr. Serv-On]

Strap up my tennis shoes, get choppers
Bitch I'm from Baton Rouge, and I don't like ya
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers
Bitch I'm from Louisville, and I don't like ya
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers
Bitch I'm from Birmingham, and I don't like ya
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers
Bitch I'm from Mississippi, and I don't like ya

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta
shit
They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta
shit
You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta

shit

They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta
shit

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers

Bitch I'm from Streetport, and I don't like ya

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers

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