

Generación De Jesús

"Tank Niggas"

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[Fiend]

Womp womp!

It's that, it's that nigga.

Womp womp!

Mr. Serv-On in this nigga.

Womp womp!

KLC on the beat.

It's Mr. (womp)

Chorus

I'm a No Limit tank nigga, tank nigga (do you what)

Actin bad, blowin dank nigga, dank nigga

You wanna war get stank nigga, stank nigga

And we ain't dying cause we aint nigga, we can't nigga

x2

[Mr. Serv-On]

Let's be realistic, if I slap the fuck out ya would you talk about it

Better yet, if I come to your motherfuckin house

Fuck your wife, piss on your grass, kick your dog would you cry about it

No doubt about it nigga, I'm a fuckin soldier

If one of us die nigga we roll the body over, kiss the tank

And pray to the motherfuckin ghetto saint

Be afraid to die bitch, I can't

Put a pistol to my head, why the fuck should I be scared, I'm heartless

I'm tired of doin three consectutive lifetimes, nigga respect this

I don't give a fuck about your life

I cut your motherfuckin wrist twice

Spray, all your homies bleed and make you scream through the motherfuckin night

I put it down like my homie Big Ed, I put it down like that Nigga fuck that, I never leave my motherfuckin house without a motherfuckin

strap

So I don't give a fuck if you north, west, south or east

Nigga disrespect the tank and believe me nigga I'm a
put one in your chest
Nigga I'm the No Limit fuckin beast

[Fiend]
Chorus

[C-Murder]
Get em up cause we never die motherfuka
I be the dumb nigga causing all the rucka
C-Murder's my name and it's a shame how I make
niggas past tense
And leave em bleeding cause I ain't got no
motherfuckin sense
We hit the soundscan harder then a land mine
I drop a disc and Blockbusters start forming lines
>From the north to the south to the east to the west
I'm a tank nigga, respect my tank up on my chest

[Fiend]
I'm the motherfuckin baddest alive, ya heard me, and I
meant it
Nuttin but me and know that Fiend gonna represent it
Independent like No Limit, you can start it I'm a finish
Picture paragraph indented, thinkin that I'm timid
I'm in the book of Guinness for leaving all my pray
attended
And a niggas ass for playin with my spinach
Get to mixing like a chemist, if it's personal or business
Blame on my cut throat act, signed the sharpest nigga

Chorus

[Mac]
Who's that wanna murder Mac, niggas thinkin it's sweet
Thinkin I'm a killer just on beats but not no killer in
streets
I'm World War three'ing, bustin at niggas like niggas
Korean
Me and my niggas, ride wit us or die wit us
(woooooooooo)
I represent the shell shocked niggas, point me to his
block nigga
If I can't find ya murder your pops nigga
No Limit soldier for life, they couldn't hold me
I never die wodie, that's what my psychic friends told
me

[Lil Souljas]
I'm a soldier camoflauged my reprotore, seven guards
Tell the world who we are, leave the war without a scar

I been doin this, TRU to this, call your friends, make a wish
Singin tight when it come to this
Ain't no limit, keep coming, competition running
Moon to sun and, I can, you better come in

Specialist, you testin this, the best of this
The more you might wanna diss
My tank says No Limit bitch

[Fiend]
Chorus

[Mia X]
Four star major general, bitch of the tank
Boss hard and souljarette, known for washin all of the dank
Legitimize, monopolize, roadblock when we gotta
Guerilla force, black power, I racotta on top
It's mama drama and I'm ready for war
Your goin mine and leave em in chalk lines when I throw off
Show off and sho nuff we rip the
N-O L-I-M-I-T and leave em testin shit up

[Big Ed]
There's no one seein me when I'm comin, red rummin
Bust you open in front of your woman
Wear shades when I'm in the hummer, your done in,
ain't no use in runnin
Assassin, got you boxed up, the smoke infrared got you locked up
Shoot your block up, bust your world like Tupac
I bring the fire like ?????, ain't went hardheaded bar brawler
I get to shooting revolvers, 450 for problem solvers
But I bust back, lemme hear the sound, of the clack clack
Nigga make some room, back back
No Limit soldiers are on the attack

[Fiend]
Chorus

[Kane]
I kick this motherfucker off like the Superbowl
Watch how quick this luger blow
The world gotta know, I ain't a hoe
I'm a go leave bullet holes in your vehicle
Kane & Abel stay low, bustin shots at the popos
Hundred shots in a row from the calicos

Cut throat like autopsy, poppin this, stop me, bitch
watch me
Call your baby mommy, identify the body when I get
rowdy
Kicking ass till my shoes get shitty
Bullets trigger man city
You with me
Put your face up with steel make up, yall niggas wanna
be pretty

[Abel]

Sargent at arms, denate bombs, we lyrical warfare
Blow up your mind with pipe bombs, you niggas wanna
go there
I cut your shit like Edward Scissorhands, I'm just a killer
man
Bustin hollow tip grips in the black land
Smack your bitch with a back hand
We soldiers

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