

Georg Danzer

"We Got It"

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Chorus: [Fiend]
What 'cha need, need
We got it, got it (4Xs)

[Mr. Serv-On]
Ahh! Nigga you know what the fuck I came fo'!
I'm wearin this fuckin' Tank
Now tell me (what) the fuck it stands fo'!
N-O-L-I-M-I-T, S-E-R-V
Nigga salute the colonel
Nigga I'm lieutenant, don't give fuck
So nigga bow to me
Bangin' one of the click
Fuck yo' sound and yo' bitch
Nigga it's platinum Beats by Pound shit
A soldier marchin' wit' his knees high
1 to da 2 to da 3 to da 4 to da 5
From gang signs and gun fights
Bitch I den done it
When it comes to da streets to da music mutha fucka
NO LIMIT RUN IT!!
Nigga three #1's to da 2 to da 3 and a 4 and a 5
In the same year
So if yo' label can't tell ya da same shit
Then why in the fuck you came here
I den did it from Chi-town, Montgomery
I rather lose my life before I let you bitches run me
I know what I came for, so what 'cha lookin' for
What 'cha came for.....

(Chorus 2Xs)

[Big Ed]
What in Sam Hill are you thinkin'
If you step to us, you want be left stankin
Big Ed "The Assassin," Captain of the Tank is my rank
Step through yo' hood like a Tyrannosaurus Rex
Totin' two techs, camouflaged gear from toe to neck
Niggas don't know when niggas can sleep on my lyrical
capacity
That's when I swoop 'em like turbulence

Bust on mics and cause tragedy
The presents of thieves, hearts breeze and souls leave
If you stomp on my stees after verbals like these
Big Ed be puttin' it down like that
Wit' a fifty calibre
Niggas run off wild at 'cha
Why dey hang wit a bunch of niggas wit' a rowdy
manager
If you want the hook-up, we got it
Don't make me blast at 'cha
But if ya come short buncha No Limit Soldiers dirty
dance wit'cha

(Chorus 2Xs)

[Magic]

It's a WAR!! But I in da Tank nigga
Just can't lose
It's dis click of No Limit Soldiers givin' you fools the flu
I refuse to lose so I choose my move
Smokin a Kool, precicely selectin' my tool
Don't play by the rule, bustin first
Leavin' niggas wet up
Jump in my Cadillac and then I jet up
If it's a set up I'ma call a squad of head bustas and wig
splittas
Hope you ready to war cause these ain't bullshittas
TRU niggas we can fuckin' stand the rain
By bringin the pain, mentally destroyin' yo' game
Must be the Magic that I'm givin' or could it be my
deliverence
That got you niggas shiverin' or my Tank is glistenin'
Picture this, a new era and we on top of rappin'
Aint no use to you fightin' cause ain't no stoppin' what's
suppose to happen

(Chorus until fade)

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