

Jodeci

"Servin' Fools"

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[Royal T]

Now if you wanna get served step up trick
My homie Big June gots the fully automatic
No static, unless you're ready to meet your maker
Law breaker, put you in the front of the paper
Hot lead, know be drench like my tail
Khakis and Penitentaries on my back as I bail
One deceased, peep as I creep
Fools get put to sleep cause I roll hella deep
12 guage pointed out my window at your chest
Buck shots cause murderin that fool made me stress
Fool wit your girl, from hit hard
Pullin cards, talkin like a G in a prison yard
I back heat on a regular every night
One tight, bailin as it bucks and come for more
I'ma veterano from the old school
And ever since I remember I been servin fools

[Chorus 1]

Snoop Dogg Audio

When solo on that ass but it's still the same

[Chorus 2]

[Big June]

San Diego is the place where I serve my cane

[4x]

[Big June]

Now it's the capital B-I-G J-U-N-E, kicks down your door
You slippin wit your grip, then I guess that's what I be
gettin your for
Bang to the mothafuckin boogie and then the bang
I let my nuts swang, and then hit you with a bit of this
Southeast slang
Rollin by the four corners of death, I bangs a left
Hearin myself inside the speakers, am I being flagged
down by tweakers
Dope inside a beaker, being cooked up by a chef
Can't be fuckin around wit meth
Police thinkin there's bad things on my breath
Now as I step, you finish accumulatin hits by my brain

I'm not insane, but I'll pick up the dice
And have you breakin out the game
Ain't no slippin, gotta keep the clip in
When I'm dippin through these Diego streets
It's mandatory that I keeps heat, up under my seat
Cause niggas wanna test my skills
To see if I'm real, that nigga I killed
If you slip, get your mothafuckin cap peeled
Rap deals run on a daily basis
Nigga don't trip, tie your mothafuckin shoe laces

[Chorus 1 and 2]

[Royal T]

Well it's the R-O-Y-A to the L
The hell I got to bail, some dope I got to sell
Ready to drop shells hit the chevy hear it pop
You drop and then I pass it to my homie Lil Flac
No Chocolate joke I fade punks
Don't make me go for the trunk
Heard you tried to rap, you don't know I'm def to dumb
A vet, I'm feelin them vatos and cholo
I'm pressin the hammer, show you why I'm mafioso
I'm goin solo, representin Diego
619 menace, I'm always slangin yayo
Some in the streets, some of the homies cover the
water
Bringin a gang of pounds across the mexican border
And givin it to my homies cause I roll wit all Eses'
And I don't be slippin, I always gotta back my cuete
So when you roll, don't roll alone
Cause you might have might gat straight pointed at
your dome
Holmes, I got skills wit the trigger
Yellin you're down wit the Eses', and then you say
what's nigga
I doubt you really wanna dual
Cause I packed tools since High School
That's why I'm steady servin fools

[Chorus 1 and 2]

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