

Lil' Wyte "Slang 'n' Serve"

Visit "[Slang 'n' Serve](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(x7)

ATL niggaz(them boys wild)

Im on a neva endin money mission,million dolla
premanition
Got my own coalition,pack my own ammunition
20's on the lexus glisten im driven the mob like
Hella niggas want me murdad but can't do the job right
Raise a blaze A.K.s if this be who i carryin
Killin for a hobby like a midevel barbarian
When will tha disater stop, now a nigga pass tha glock
Illustrated killin live and comin like his Magnavox
Now i gottem hot from tha platinum with tha black on
lock
Set up shop with over fifty thousand dollaz worth of
rocks
Ammunition cocked prepared pop I'll even shoot at
cops
Stash away the heat and then retreat of in my drop top
Mind your own bussines or the ghetto make your clock
stop
187 from the wesson get your fuckin block mopped
You wont have to tangle wit it hypnotized in suprise
Careful makin money off this shit to stay the fuck alive

CHORUS x4

Come smoke some herb with me (them boyz wild)
Come flip a bird with me (them boyz wild)
Step on the curb with me (them boyz wild)
Come slang and serve with me (them boyz wild)

I only fuck with real niggaz all tha haterz can burn in
hell
If you aint affiliated don't come wit packs to sell
Our check up is hustlin is bubblin stacks of mail
Situations turn sour robbers will blast and bail
When i hit the block im seein chains driven insane
Crunkin in my town with some hell of a ounces of cane.
ATL niggaz blowin brains simple and plain sippin
golden grain
Makin stains inflictin the pain smoke can get to the livin
room

If the fedz are clueless we the ones who keep the city
crunkin
Wit engine fluid hypnotized niggaz ridin vets sippin
moet strapped up with
A vest and giant techs to lower the stress
51 niggaz got my back so neva the less ima get this
centa off my chest
And smoke on the ses puttin bitches on the track
witness the pimpin in flesh
Solid as the rock for adversries who wishin to test
CHORUS

My scandalous recipe make niggaz be scared of me
Infested with trechery don't try to get next to me
Your life is in jeopardy when fuckin with family
We turnin psychotic fools in all of our insanity
Rankin off the greenery releasin the steam in me
Keep me from the weapons I'll be fuckin up the scenery
You poor bullets like imigrants bitch niggaz don't tempt
the finch
Money is the motive let the sentence end my innocents
Ima let the missle whip ballistic wit hollw tips
You wont see me comin keep your fingers on the pistol
grip
Smokelining my enemies give em fearful tendencies
You can kiss they life goodbye when T-roc hit the
henessey
Im in it for the presidents luxurious residents
Hooked up with the camp i been a mercenary eva since
Atlanta my stompin grounds ol' national where im
found
Movin bricks and fuckin tricks and flippin reefer by the
pounds
(ATL niggaz) x12.....

Visit [Lil' Wyte](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.