

Mr. Sancho

"We Got It"

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What you need, need
We got it, got it
(4X)
[Mr. Serv-On]
Nigga, you know what the fuck I came for
I'm wearing this fucking tank
Now tell me, the fuck you stand for
N-O-L-I-M-I-T, S-E-R and V
Niggaz salute the Colonel
Nigga, I'm the lieutenant, don't give a fuck
So, nigga, bow to me
The banging one in the clique
Fuck your sound and your bitch
Nigga, this platinum Beats By The Pound shit
A soldier marching with his knees high
1 to the 2 to the 3 to the 4 to the 5
>From gang-signs to gun-fights
Bitch, I done done it
When it comes to these streets and this music
mothafucka
No Limit run it
Nigga, three number one's
Took 2 and a 3 and a 4 and a 5
Shit, in the same year
So if your label can say the same shit
How the fuck you came here?
I done did from Chi-town to Montgomery
I'd rather lose my life than let you bitches run me
I know what I came for
So, what you looking for? (What you looking for?)
What you looking for?
I know what I came for
What you looking for?
[Chorus: Fiend (2X)]
[Big Ed]
What in Sam Hill are you thinking?
If you step to us, you won't be left stanking
Big Ed, the assassin
Captain of the tank is my rank
Step through your hood like a Tyrannosaurus Rex
Mowed with Tech's, camouflage gear from the toes to

the neck
Niggaz don't always know, niggaz still sleep on my
lyrical capacity
That's when I smoke em like Turbulence, bust on mics,
And cause tragedy
Ain't no presence w/ these, park 3's, and sow his knees
Lyricists tuck on my sleeves after verbals like these
Big Ed be puttin' it down like that w/ a 50 Caliber
Niggaz runnin' on rides wit ya, but hangin' wit a bunch
of rowdy niggaz
With a rowdy manager
If you want the hook-up, we got it
Don't make me BLAST at ya!
When it comes to a bunch of No Limit soldiers, we'll
dirty-dance witcha!
[Chorus: Fiend (2X)]
[Magic]
It's a WAR!!! But I'm in the tank, nigga
Just can't lose, it's this clique of No Limit soldiers
Giving you fools the blues
I refuse to lose, so I choose my moves
Smoking the coool
Precisely selecting my 2's
Don't play by the rules!
Busting first, leaving niggaz wetter
Jump in my Cadillac and then I jetta
If it's a setup, I'm a call my squad of head-bustaz and
wig-splitters
Hope you ready for war 'cause these niggaz ain't bull-
shitters
TRU NIGGAZ!!! We can't fucking stand the rain!
Bringing the pain, mentally destroying your game
It must be the matches that I'm giving
Or could it be my deliverance?
That got you niggaz shivering while my tank is
glistening
Picture this, a new era, and we on top of this rappin'
Ain't no use in you fightin'
'cause ain't no stoppin' what's supposed to happen!!!
[Chorus: Fiend (4X)]
Mr. Serv-On, Big Ed, Fiend, & Magic appear courtesy of
No Limit Records,
LLC. (1998)

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