

Mr. Serv-On

"Fake Homeyz"

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[PMD]

(Yo, nobody invited me to the party?)

Word em up

(Ya man)

Check it out

(Comin through)

[VERSE 1: PMD]

Well goddamn, another grand slam from the Zone

Black Benz with chrome, no time to phone home

Niggas try to push up, get that head flown like frisbee

Dick thee, flip the script like Bill Bixby

I ain't tryin to hear niggas, that's on the real, c-

d is in the store

So while you're steppin through, nigga, steppin through
hardcore

(What) P holds his own on this here microphone

You better check your clip for blinds, all them shots,

kid, still missed the dome

Fakin moves, put down the future of the funk, punk

Can't even sample, nigga, claimin to make trunks rump

You get jumped, yeah nigga, chill, I know my shit
thumps

Back from the Boondox wildin, peep the slam dunk

Lumps on your headpiece, back in 3-d

I let the brothers decide just like sweepie

But for now I lay low, act like you know me, homey

(*inhales*) here's a pull for my fake homeyz

[VERSE 2: Top Quality]

I be the Op-T Lity-Qua, the one you leaped

You gotta see the tricky techniques, creep but don't
sleep

Got the chunky dunky styles I like to drop

Makes heads bop across mad blocks because I got

That shit that knock, a-shippity-bop-bop the spot, still
hot

Ooh-ah-ooh-ah, no need to cock-block, equipped with
no glocks

I rather wreck you with my decker

And damage ya, I'm no janitor but I swept ya

I kept a record of the things you messed up
Niggas thought that he musta rushed
Cause I touched these ducks fuckin with yuk
So if you do not know by now you never knew
I'm straight like 0852
I welcome you but you still refuse to swing your dukes
You gotta do what you do
Get the boot if you can't troop for shit
We're gettin still get a lick with a bit
I won't switch cause P is not havin it
I catch you when the sun goes down on the night tip
I'm standin with my mic grip
Hardcore rugged, walkin down the aisles, make you
buckwild
Go check my files, you know my style
Here's a pull for my fake homeyz

[VERSE 3: 3rd Eye]

On the strenght, on the strenght
3rd Eye comin through..
Yeeeahhh, now let me kick a verse, gee
I'm thirsty, Lord have mercy on those who curse me
Peek-a-boo! thought I couldn't see through that gas up
Quick, I flicked a Bic and burned that wicked ass up
Who sent me, tempt me, gee, I flow till my dome's
empty
Test me, baggin brothers up like ???, yes gee
Bring it on, we play for keeps, creep
Can't read my mind, I got the antidote sleep, peep it
And I get funky ???? like a junkie I'm dope
When I quote shit I wrote I go for broke no joke
I choke rappers like a toke of smoke
Ooh, pass the buddah brick I need to take a hit
I think I wanna flare (is that right?)
Who want a bite, just to kiss that ass goodnight
Cause word is bond we gon' fight
It's from the heart, brothers getting papers, they ain't
paid no dues
I got some bad news, here comes the Hit Squad
And my shit's hard and it gets harder than that
Even ???? my shit's fat start believin that
You ain't even that fly enough to try and bluff
3rd Eye's rough enough to make you wanna bust that
rough stuff
So here's a puff for my fake homeyz
(*inhales*) you don't know me

[DJ Scratch scratches]

[3rd Eye]

Here's a puff for my fake homeyz

You don't know me
Here's a puff for my fake homeyz
Fuck all the backstabbers
[PMD]
Hit Squad is in the house, kid
[3rd Eye]
3rd Eye, 3rd Eye
[PMD]
Yeah kid
Shit is on

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