

Mr. Serv-On **"From N.Y. To N.O."**

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[Mr. Serv-On]

Shh....Terror Squad.

Ha Ha Ha, No Limit.

You know you don't fucked up right?

Ha Ha, Pun.

S-E-R uh V.

Nigga, what up, what up, huh?

Nigga what?

[Mr. Serv-On]

From NY to NO, motherfucker biggy sized

My motherfuckin platinum, nigga this is for sho

Y'all don't know

Nigga Pun represent Terror Squad, I represent the tank.

Ya need to go to the drive, to hustle get the small change

Nigga we got the fuckin bank

Nigga ask P, if I ever broke rank, nigga I can't

Nigga I come to your muthafuckin town, slap the fuck out of you nigga

And surely put a tank on your chest

Who the fuck you playin with

Nigga why the fuck are ya'll scared when you see the tank around my neck

Nigga what ya'll wanna do, nigga I stay rowdy

Nigga I fucked up and talked about y'all bout it

Y'all don't know me, that's why y'all can't fuck with me

I was born not to lose

And how the fuck it gon hit me between this bitch, I choose

Nigga let's play a game of family feud

One, never see my real name

Two, how the fuck you gon bounce with a nigga like me when you can't take pain

Three, it ain't nuttin, that's why I'm fuckin with Pun

Nigga so I can get my muthafuckin money, get the fuckin job done

Chorus

[Big Pun]

Big stun with the big guns

[Mr. Serv-On]
Serv-On get yo swerve on
[Mr. Serv-On/Big Pun]
New York to New Orleans
Shit is dooper then morphine
Hit the streets gettin more creme
Making all the hoes scream x2

[Big Pun]
Ey man but the hardcore created of the side of
momma boritore
Why keep all the war, shit store to seperate corridors
Songs drippin the art of war, sympanies by morely
more
We got it all, pore, the squad follows the protocall
Speakin of protocall, I'm the protocall, when you go to
war
Cause my death count amount to war overall, so don't
abort
You can't handle the rock, I'm be standing a block
If you just hand me the glock
I be the rock like enro, glock like wino
Eye bumped, when your glocked get the drop top
demo
What's the problemo, dose of espanol
Anything is stutterin is Pun, the da, da
No Limit, scared to death, you ain't got no hair in your
chest
My shit is Chuck Norris, you look like two bears having
sex
Gots it outta here, like Samson I generate my power
and you outta here
I was around with two hundred bottles of beer
It ain't fair whoever said life was sweet, your wife with
cheat
Everything was nice in the streets, advice of the week
Pack the biggest bottles of the pills on the shelf
And swallow the muthafuckers cause you better off
killin yourselves

Chorus x2

[Mr. Serv On]
Shit.
Nigga I done come motherfuckin two thousand miles.
Just to make you bitch ass niggas understand.
Uh, Terror Squad, No Limit.
Ha ha, real shit nigga.
Ha ha, soldiers, players.
This nigga here.
I got the biggest muthafuckin man on the coast nigga.

Pun nigga, you fuck alot, I blast alot.
Put that together nigga, ain't nothin but money baby.
And number one and a fifties.
You bunch of bitches.
Bitch ass niggas out there.
Craig B.

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