

Mr. Serv-On "Fuck You Serv"

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You know you done fucked up right?
I got yo hoe.
I'm yo bitch nigga?
Aight.

(3X)
Back up off me, back up off me
When I step in this bitch I wanna hear you scream

Verse 1:

Nigga hoe this
Nigga what? Nigga bitch that In fact
Bigga I ain't yo' motherfuckin hoe or yo' motherfuckin
bitch
Betta yet let's sit where all the motherfuckin killers sit
So I can get in the middle; get rowdy push and shove
Nigga where the fuck I come from, we call it love
Nigga I'll never be caught in the back
Nigga that's where all the pretty muthafuckaz be sittin
at
You know the bitches that's scared to bust back
I fuck wit drug dealers, nigga cap pealers
If I come to yo' town and you ain't got one
I'ma leave wit a million motherfuckin killers
Tank soldiers, marchin, shit talkin
If you want me to holla at ya dawg nigga start fuckin
barkin (barking)
If you bustas bust first, and I bag shit
Or see a nigga with his hoe and you still talkin
Bitch you came to the right clique
I'm the type of nigga I don't fuck wit retaliation
Nigga I'll step in this bitch and I'll start a pistol whippin
session
Ya heard me?

Chorus:

Rowdy is the fuck nigga
Bout it is the fuck nigga
So what the fuck you said?
Fuck you Serv!

(repeat 3 times)

Back up off me, back up off me
When I step in this bitch I wanna hear you scream
(repeat 3 more times)

Verse 2:

I said I'm with No Limit and y'all niggaz hate me
I fuck wit the hoez y'all wanna fuck and y'all niggaz sit
Around like some bitches and talk about me
I fuck the hoes y'all love to fuck, now you ain't know
that
Go head nigga don't be like no bitch nigga
Come on now talk about me; I'm a War nigga, battle
ready
I'll step in the motherfuckin ring nigga
You bad as fuck come on and test me
Cutthroat drug dealer from St. Louis to Miami accept
me
Why the fuck y'all from the same place
And why the fuck y'all gon' sweat me?
His daddy's car, his daddy's house
I know some pregnant hoes who got some better shit to
talk about
Big Vi's told me killers don't talk
They just put 15 albums in the top 25 and every fuckin
music shop
And now I'm bout to add mines
And I can see it in your heart you fuckin hate my kind
Cause I fuck wit the pound, cause I'm wit No Limit
Cause I sell more records on yo' block than you did in
yo' town
You best to be leavin nigga don't be mad, ease up
clown
Nigga don't make me lay it fuckin down!

Chorus: repeat until fade

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