

Mr. Serv-On "Hit The Block"

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[Mr. Serv-On]

You niggas talkin'bout you run out of this and jump out
of that

And hit a nigga block, ha

But I don't really think you know what it means

To run up on a nigga's shit

And take what you want nigga

Cause as long as I can remember nigga

Down south, No Limit

We take what the fuck we want

[Mr. Serv-On]

Ha, I'm addressin to show a lot of niggaz in the rap
game,

Shit bout to change

Nigga you gotta know your pay, chose your side nigga,
foe or friend

I can't pretend to love a nigga when I know I don't

I can't pretend to love a woman when I know the fuck I
won't

Cause eveything I seem to love, seem to leave

And every nigga I see to trust,

Seem to scream jealously and betrail and bleed

How many niggas you know smoke weed to ease the
ghost in they mind

How many niggas you know smile when the judge say
99

I know a lot of niggas in the rap game look at the tank
on my chest

And you say to yourself nigga, you hate my kind

When you niggas sit on top of the rap game

Ya'll decided to sit back, get fat, smoke weed, get laid

Then we came, nigga starvin in the middle of the night

Like a new young rapper on a New York train

Then we stepped off, pay the toll, nigga you know
tanks roll

Why you niggas strollin in your videos in the park

We was wagin bloody war in the dark

And if you about that talk nigga, fuck you

Chorus

You don't know when I hit your block I hit right

You don't know when I hit your block, aight
You don't know when I hit your block, I hit it right
Cause everything in sight gotta die tonight x2

Now ease up nigga, don't make a sound, lay it down
I fuck with the Pound,
And any new other gang won't make me fuck with this
rap thang
I could take each one of my producers, send them
each to one of your labels
And you finally get the feelin of what it feels like to get
a real hit
And don't be afraid to look at that sound scan shit
Cause with the pound name nigga
You know you be shippin enough out the door
And pay you artist to a video, buy a house for your
wife, you know my ho
See I was like Randy Moss, the top draft choice
Alot of you niggas looked at me but you was too scared
to touch my voice
But that nigga with the gold teeth picked me late in the
first round
Now I get down with young savage niggas
From LA to smoking weed with that nigga Tony from
town 87, and Chi town
I even get down with Jack Town Ballers, Mississippi
niggas
Callin me on my beeper sayin Serv, nigga you need
extra trigger
Forever nigga, that's how I do it when I put it down
nigga
If you ain't fuckin with a nigga
I bang, hang, nigga lesson hang, sayin nigga

Chorus x2

You know what I'm saying motherfucker?
You goin know what's happening
Like that little nigga that like to bark say
Nigga talk is cheap motherfucker
You know what I'm sayin
So when I hit your block you goin know
To the niggaz in the rap game, I know you keep it real

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