

Mr. Serv-On "It's Real"

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[Chorus]

Keeping this real
Oh baby, keeping it's real
Oh baby, keeping it's real
Oh baby, keeping it's real
Keeping it's real

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I put you up nigga, don't trip
You did your work for that mark and he left you in the
dark
Skydiving in a bulletproof parachute
No remorse left you hanging, easy aiming lockdown
Shoot, the clock sounds two
One minute till I'm in it got a business
Fill they ass to death and get my scrilla in the corner
none left
Shots out to my nigga in the penn getting switch
That whack bitch tried to stop a nigga from getting rich
You can dig a ditch but you won't find shit
Left you in flames, kept you roach, you can smell the
shit when I
Approach
I be off that stanky sack of indonesia
It's an evidential, I leave you hungry eat your cheesa
Heard you was sweet like an almond joy
And I know you heard of me cause I'm a west coast bad
boy
And I'm a sick nigga, sick made (made)
It gets real as I pull the pin out this grenade (nade)
Body parts like the movie old school oozie
Rip your arms out from the elbows nigga I smell those
green leaves
Those sick thieves, a twenty sack of green weed
Is all I need, I make you bleed, I take your green
I know you got it from the ice cream man
Before you make that transaction I need to cash in my
hand (god damn)
And if you don't we can do the murder man dance
Under any circumstance I'm a have your pans

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Brotha Lynch, I'm a make you a deal you can't refuse
My phone tapped the new code for hafts and hoes
Is t-shirts and tennis shoes from the yay I got the
sneaker
65 for a shoe nigga you got the tweaker
Meet me down south, new orleans we bumping
I get this bitch jumping, you got the money
I got the g's, flip the keys and the oz's
We can blow some weed, and talk about that shit
smoking some trees
But watch your back, keep your handlebar on cock
Too many federal agents pretend to be hustlers but
really cops
Send across the border nigga like taco bell
Pulling a plane or boat, UPS, nigga I could get it there
I'm surrounded by cocktails, i mean hoes in mini skirts
Aint no free dick out here, it's time to put in work
Put these hoes on a grayhound, fool if it's going down
And make em bring it back from my hood to your town
And it's all good, nigga it's like wax
And we can slang these records like motherfucking
crack
And if they bumping we gotta keep them jumping
Cause it's all about the cheddar, the cheese and the
money

[Chorus]

[Mr. Serv-On]

A criminal tatted from front to back, always bout my
jack
Doin a dope deal, forget to bring your strap, let it be
fact
I blast first, I know no nigga that slugs in a hurst, who
cursed
My dope and money
I'm leaving more blood stains then a stove
Be my wife, live your life
Till death do us part, start my gangsta bounce, 36
ounce
To a key, got this d.o. dick in your face to tell me the
fuck else you
Got free
A thousand pounds of that skunk, ready to jump,
smokin everything I

Can't hump
Master P and Brotha Lynch Hung
Let me serve some dip to these niggas with thier
tongues out
Eighteen five in the south
Twenty four in the east, see my scrilla blow like geese
Cross my fingers for my wife, it's hot tonight
A murder case got away with a hundred g's and a
couple of wild geeks
Headed west
Kapish, a hundred cluckers awaiting my arrival
Dirty survival

[Chorus]

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