

Mr. Serv-On "Murder"

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Mr. Serv-On:

Say young Ken'oe
Give a little something I can fucking roll to
Some murderous type shit
I got a little something on my chest and I gots to get it
off
See niggas playing, you wanna play?
Y'all think we slow down here, tell you what
Ken'oe, we gonna turn my
Naw wait Ken'oe, Ken'oe, hold up
I got something, stay the fuck right here
Stay the fuck right here

Magic:

Serv, Serv on, Serv, say bro, let's go bro
I just saw them niggas bro,
Let's go get them stupid ass motherfucking niggas

(Chorus)

Murder, Murder, where they at?, (ah shit) I see em'
(there dey go) (there dey go)
Murder, Murder, pass me them thangs, I'm gonna get
em'
(pass me them thangs) (let me get em')

Mr. Serv-On:

See me, I'm a little nigga
And I ain't never had shit, but now I'm the best
So ain't shit for me to give it all up
For this motherfucking tank, around my fucking chest
When y'all see it, y'all see diamonds and gold
When I see it, I see a bunch of rowdy motherfuckers
just (???)
See the colonel, he don't start no shit, but wait a minute
You motherfucking talking about the motherfucking
tank, this nigga love
Me most of all, so watch this nigga finish
We like to go scrap for scrap, blow for blow
When I see you nigga, I told you I was gonna get you
I don't give a fuck about you or your hoe
Cause I'm the type of nigga that's gonna finish this shit
I go from town to town, if I want to fuck you up nigga

I slap you and your motherfucking bitch
See talk about niggas down south, we slow, (what's
happening)
But watch me wake up nigga
And I'm gonna show what we do nigga, what up, you
wanna go?

Chorus 4x

Magic:

Yo, you better back the fuck off me
If you know me then you know my rap
I be that step on your chest, until you lose your fucking
breath
Bitch, I huff, and I puff, until you shiver in fear
You looking for that Bulldoser, Mr. Magic is here
Now who want to test me?(Wha?), Who can the best be?
(Who?)
Who from that lower 9, a lot of fucking grass be
Who do them bitches be jocking and flocking round to
come see
Who got them thug niggas jumping (Magic!), that's me
Hi, what happening, have y'all seen me in them videos
Floss around with a lot of hoes, smoking on that fire
doja
Shit, you can come over here if you wanna, you's a
gonner,
I don't need no pistol bitch, I'll put these fucking hands
on ya!

Chorus 4x

Mr. Serv-On:

See I call myself a soldier, y'all call me a thug
Fucking young Silkk told me be the fuck you gonna be,
fuck the love
I (???) my tank, I only want love from niggas doing
time(25 to life)
Shit nigga, keep doing your push-up's,
I'm gonna keep busting these bitches, that hate my
kind
Some bitches told me when you see us, y'all gonna
start busting
Nigga, I heard that shit before,
Nigga my baby cry, my old lady at home [fuck for
show]
See nigga I got Pampers to buy,
My little nephew need a new pair of shoes
So nigga fuck you, the magazines, and the
motherfucking news
Y'all niggas make albums, put em' out, and they don't

sell,
(that ain't my fault)
I met a nigga two weeks ago,
Put em' out now nigga and this nigga got million dollar
stories to tell
I fuck with a nigga named P with gold teeth in his
mouth
And a nigga like C-Murder who love the motherfucking
south
So what the fuck y'all æ... 'out?

Chorus 4x

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