

Mr. Serv-On "My Story"

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[KLC]

It was a long, long time ago
In the basement with no money but had talent to show
But the shit wasn't right because the money was tight
But a mill and some street skills got me feelin tonight,
right x2

[Mr. Serv On]

It all started in 92', just tight sounds there wasn't no
beats by the pound
Just a little light skinned nigga with light eyes and
blacks
I'm trippin, this nigga got a couple of g's worth of
equipment and no
Muthafuckin strap This nigga gotta be somebody real
Cause in south east and it cost ya dc
Some nigga be tightin up his muthafuckin grill
I'm seein shysty niggas run in and out
Now I'm thinkin this must be a muthafuckin crack house
This nigga say he like what I do, he see a little potential
Now I'm like nigga what's up with you
All we had between us was hundred bars and ruffles
I know ya'll out there fuckin laughing bitch it was real
All we had to do was hustle
I told em nigga do the music these bad times can't
hold us
I did everything from credit cards to bad checks to
bank tellers
Then we started dressin like goodfellas
Dressin in NBA teams uniforms everyday of the week
This nigga still doing fire music
And I'm pushin ounces of weed on the street
But we still ridin dirty and this old lady Caddy nigga
one head light
Fuckin around the club, killing rumors, where niggas
die every night
But we ain't trippin, we ain't got shit to lose
Cause if I kill a nigga fuck it, our shit gon sell
I know we got on Serv-On we on the news

Yeah that's what we talkin bout.

All you gotta do is catch one of your bitch ass niggas

slippin.

When I blast at that bitch that they talk with.

[KLC]

Chorus x2

[Mr. Serv On]

So now I got my tape dubbed, we gotta do something

This nigga KL got two daughters and he workin on a
muthafuckin son

Til we dead we ain't got no nigga to put g's up

Sleepy wanna lend a hand but the people fuckin with
him

He got his hands tied up

Shit, all we got between us nigga

Is enough money to get a kicken chicken plate

Me and these muthafucka's with child support are
always in my face

I still wanna call Boogie and Tarret,

But them niggas got problems of they own

Nigga they kill they homies time to leave they pistols on
em

I'm from 6th and Berome, I ain't off the way

But niggas like Booty, Bozo, Cujo, QB, Mo, Vito, and T-
Roy

They treat my like I'm they home boy

Now this nigga O-boy may he rest in peace

Talkin bout some jack the rapper shit

Fuck it, we doing bad plus this shit free

Now we three deep in the course, with a pack in the
spare tire

I hope these Alabama police don't stop us 'cause we
hot like fire

I think about all the niggas we done left behind

But fuck it nigga, I gotta go for mine

I don't know what I'm gonna do, I gotta go for mine

Nigga, MC Dart.

That's like the tightest muthafucka ya'll never heard of
nigga.

Ya'll never heard of.

[KLC]

Chorus x2

[Mr. Serv On]

Now we at the Mariott Marquis with no passes

Not for long, nigga I'm from New Orleans bitch we
whoop asses

I pussy ass label no name giving heard our demo

Try to beat us with hoes and limos, fuck em I don't miss

em
Now we in the lobby watchin Death Row and Ruthless
Records fightin
Tearin shit up, and right in the middle like when I was
young
That nigga P ran up with C-Murder with pistols in hand
Askin what's up nigga ya'll straight
Shit I remember a little group, now they platinum
I could keep a secret now I'm gon make my escape
P said nigga let's eat at this breakfast place
Nigga told me about No Limit and took my demo
Gave us two hundreds dollars a peice and pay for the
shit we ordered to eat
Now we back home still struglin
I got a pistol with two bullets
One for me and one for the nigga that fuckin with me,
I'm thuggin
I done beat some niggas out for some paper
KL got tax problems, don't trust me when we in the
money caper
Now P back home lookin for some niggas for some
Down South Hustlers shit
I'm lettin club rumors and I'm like dogg take me out
this bitch
He ask me if am I trippin on Chris, nigga fuck that bitch
hit me bustin
But I can't leave without KL
Now we on the plane with me and the rest ain't hard to
tell nigga
We made it

[KLC]
Chorus x2

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