

Mr. Serv-On

"Straight Outta N. O."

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[C-Murder]

Wassup niggas and niggets?
We got the muthafuckin infamous three in this bitch.
That Uptown nigga, that Third Ward nigga.
And that Ninth Ward nigga.
We represent for every hood on this muthafuckin
globe.
No Limit, nigga check this out.
I'm a tell you niggas like this.

[C-Murder]

Straight out the projects, a crazy nigga named C-
Murder
Quick to put a muthafucker in a death gerter
First we blank to smoke weed out of zig zags
And call it chop chop to meet me on the dope spot
In the projects we flip checks for the bricks
And beat dope fiends down with them iron sticks
My nigga Serv and Mr. Magic bout to cause havoc
Ready, aim, shoot, niggas jumpin like some jack
rabbits
I hit the third and I swerve with Serv
Pushin birds by the herbs, from the jets to the suburbs
A trigger happy muthafucka with respect, breaking
necks
Coming straight out the muthafuckin projects

[Mr. Serv On]

These motherfuckers don't know me.
You niggas don't know muthafuckin streets.
I'll fuckin survive.

Straight outta uptown, a rowdy muthafucka named
Serv

You niggas need to believe what the fuck you see,
And not what the fuck you heard
Before it's all said and done, nigga I'm a make you
stand and bow
When I flow all my muthafuckin raps on the tracks,
everbody get wild
(Uptown, uptown, we don't take no shit
Uptown, uptown, niggas staight jack ya bitch

Uptown, uptown, we don't take no shit
Uptown, uptown, niggas straight jack ya bitch)
Back to lesson at hand, bitches gotta understand
Fuck it nigga I accept this fuckin war, I'm the fuckin
man
You can go blow for blow, rap for rap, better yet blast
for blast
What up nigga, I'm talkin too muthafuckin fast
I tell you nigga I'm a slow it down
No Limit, I never fall, damn you hate to see some
muthafuckin' killas ball
So guess what niggas when I come around, you know
it's going down
Believe it nigga, I'm straight outta uptown

[Magic]

Man wait, hold on, hold on.
Ya'll niggas is something fuckin else bruh.
Man fix me a fuckin drink and roll me a blunt.
Let the downtown nigga do a little something ya hoid
me?

Straight out the Ninth Ward, remember me, It's Mr.
Magic
I'm here and I'm hittin harder than a heron habit
Got the world screamin Ninth Ward, bitch I might drop
it
When I'm driving in St. Clause, all my pastors die hard
Because I made it and I'm keepin' it real
Every song I scream Ninth Ward, I could imagine how
ya'll people feel
See my name all over t-shirts
Walkin with my CD's, coming to concerts
I can see em pushin in the crowd
Actin real ignorant, screamin real loud

(From the Nine, niggas don't mind dying
>From the Nine, niggas don't mind dying)
Huh, huh
(From the Nine, niggas don't mind dying
>From the Nine, niggas don't mind dying)

Now where my niggas at, what what
And where the bitches at, what what
Where my niggas at, what what
Where my niggas at, what what
Straight out the Ninth Ward
Yeah nigga

[Mr. Serv On/(Magic)]

That was aight nigga but Uptown run this muthafucka.

(Fuck that shit.
Fuck that Uptown shit.)

I'm from Uptown
(I'm from Downtown)
I'm from Uptown
(I'm from Downtown)
I'm from Uptown
(I'm from Downtown)
I'm from Uptown
(I'm from Downtown)

What what what
Nigga shit, nigga you know what, uptown run this
muthafucka.
(Man, downtown in this bitch nigga.)
You now what?
If you put both of them bitches together
Alot of money makers and killers nigga.
(That's right nigga)
Ha ha, nigga, keep it on the song nigga.
We all gon die nigga one day we gon die and ride
together.
(Uptown and downtown.
We all represent New Orleans in this muthafucka.
You know what the fuck I'm talkin bout.
We No Limit Soldiers nigga)
What, What, yo nigga.
It's Serv-On throw out to the NWA nigga.
Rest in peace Eazy.
Ya'll made it real but a nigga like me
Come along and handle my fuckin' business.
(Yall, it's Mr. Magic.
Rest in Peace to Eazy E.
Give it up to DJ Yella, MC Ren, Ice Cube, Dr. Dre.)

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