

## **Mr. Serv-On "Strap Up"**

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[Mr. Serv On]

I like to get that wild thing, street or city.

Huh? What ya'll bout?

Huh? What you bout?

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta  
shit

They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta  
shit

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta  
shit

They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta  
shit

Ya'll niggas call your self killas,

But ya'll don't know the fuck a killa is

Oh I represent my block and I don't give a fuck about  
his

I done been in the Bronx with Fat Joe and Big Pun,  
And ain't no bitches on theirs

And I done roll through Watts where the mutherfucka  
killin

And never motherfuckin stop

Or in St. Louis, where a nigga break your muthafuckin'  
neck

And step in your chest nigga that's what the fuck I call  
respect

They ask me why the fuck I write these type of words

Go to Memphis nigga and ask every nigga

Why the fuck you steal so many quarter birds on the  
curb

Better yet, go to Chi Town and ask every nigga in the Y  
100's

Friend Town or Madison Ave., why the fuck they wanna  
put they pistol down

Cause we soldiers nigga, with out a fuckin life

And I don't give a fuck what city your from,

Nigga put em up cause it's on tonight

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers

Bitch I'm from Houston, and I don't like ya

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers

Bitch I'm from Dallas, and I don't like ya  
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers  
Bitch I'm from Atlanta, and I don't like ya  
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers  
Bitch I'm from Miami, and I don't like ya

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta  
shit  
They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta  
shit  
You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta  
shit  
They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta  
shit

[Fiend]

I, from the gumbo, where some for, smoke till they  
humble  
And when we rumble, and tumble, we strap till the sun  
go  
Ratta tatta pow, on my gun go, learned it from my  
uncle  
Get more then one shottie, maybe bout a trunk full  
Our love goes, duckin po po's, hoes on the go go  
Takin no no's, don't let the eyes close, with seven zeros  
Gotta hero, and sista, me, and only me  
Combat ready from the midwest to the California  
streets  
Nigga's that only take the heat, bring loud and foster  
beats  
Florida, Chi Town, to the Magnolia Leaf  
If you wanna keep your teeth, and have respect when  
you speak  
Represent your clothes and war that's hard as me

[Mr. Serv-On]

Strap up my tennis shoes, get choppers  
Bitch I'm from Baton Rouge, and I don't like ya  
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers  
Bitch I'm from Louisville, and I don't like ya  
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers  
Bitch I'm from Birmingham, and I don't like ya  
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers  
Bitch I'm from Mississippi, and I don't like ya

You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta  
shit  
They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta  
shit  
You bout some gangsta shit, I'm bout some gangsta  
shit

They bout some gangsta shit, we bout some gangsta  
shit

Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers  
Bitch I'm from Streetport, and I don't like ya  
Strap up my tennis shoes, get my choppers

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