

## Mr. Serv-On "Tank Niggas"

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[Fiend]

Womp womp!

It's that, it's that nigga.

Womp womp!

Mr. Serv-On in this nigga.

Womp womp!

KLC on the beat.

It's Mr. (womp)

Chorus

I'm a No Limit tank nigga, tank nigga (do you what)

Actin bad, blowin dank nigga, dank nigga

You wanna war get stank nigga, stank nigga

And we ain't dying cause we aint nigga, we can't nigga

x2

[Mr. Serv-On]

Let's be realistic, if I slap the fuck out ya would you talk about it

Better yet, if I come to your motherfuckin house

Fuck your wife, piss on your grass, kick your dog would you cry about it

No doubt about it nigga, I'm a fuckin soldier

If one of us die nigga we roll the body over, kiss the tank

And pray to the motherfuckin ghetto saint

Be afraid to die bitch, I can't

Put a pistol to my head, why the fuck should I be scared, I'm heartless

I'm tired of doin three consectutive lifetimes, nigga respect this

I don't give a fuck about your life

I cut your motherfuckin wrist twice

Spray, all your homies bleed and make you scream through the motherfuckin

Night

I put it down like my homie Big Ed, I put it down like that

Nigga fuck that, I never leave my motherfuckin house without a motherfuckin

Strap

So I don't give a fuck if you north, west, south or east

Nigga disrespect the tank and believe me nigga I'm a

put one in your chest  
Nigga I'm the No Limit fuckin beast

[Fiend]  
Chorus

[C-Murder]  
Get em up cause we never die motherfuka  
I be the dumb nigga causing all the rucka  
C-Murder's my name and it's a shame how I make  
niggas past tense  
And leave em bleeding cause I ain't got no  
motherfuckin sense  
We hit the soundscan harder then a land mine  
I drop a disc and Blockbusters start forming lines  
>From the north to the south to the east to the west  
I'm a tank nigga, respect my tank up on my chest

[Fiend]  
I'm the motherfuckin baddest alive, ya heard me, and I  
meant it  
Nuttin but me and know that Fiend gonna represent it  
Independent like No Limit, you can start it I'm a finish  
Picture paragraph indented, thinkin that I'm timid  
I'm in the book of Guinness for leaving all my pray  
attended  
And a niggas ass for playin with my spinach  
Get to mixing like a chemist, if it's personal or business  
Blame on my cut throat act, signed the sharpest nigga

Chorus

[Mac]  
Who's that wanna murder Mac, niggas thinkin it's sweet  
Thinkin I'm a killer just on beats but not no killer in  
streets  
I'm World War three'ing, bustin at niggas like niggas  
Korean  
Me and my niggas, ride wit us or die wit us  
(woooooooo)  
I represent the shell shocked niggas, point me to his  
block nigga  
If I can't find ya murder your pops nigga  
No Limit soldier for life, they couldn't hold me  
I never die wodie, that's what my psychic friends told  
me

[Lil Souljas]  
I'm a soldier camoflauge my reprotore, seven guards  
Tell the world who we are, leave the war without a scar  
I been doin this, TRU to this, call your friends, make a

wish  
Singin tight when it come to this  
Ain't no limit, keep coming, competition running  
Moon to sun and, I can, you better come in

Specialist, you testin this, the best of this  
The more you might wanna diss  
My tank says No Limit bitch

[Fiend]  
Chorus

[Mia X]  
Four star major general, bitch of the tank  
Boss hard and souljarette, known for washin all of the  
dank  
Legitimize, monopolize, roadblock when we gotta  
Guerilla force, black power, I racotta on top  
It's mama drama and I'm ready for war  
Your goin mine and leave em in chalk lines when I  
throw off  
Show off and sho nuff we rip the  
N-O L-I-M-I-T and leave em testin shit up

[Big Ed]  
There's no one seein me when I'm comin, red rummin  
Bust you open in front of your woman  
Wear shades when I'm in the hummer, your done in,  
ain't no use in runnin  
Assassin, got you boxed up, the smoke infrared got  
you locked up  
Shoot your block up, bust your world like Tupac  
I bring the fire like ?????, ain't went hardheaded bar  
brawler  
I get to shooting revolvers, 450 for problem solvers  
But I bust back, lemme hear the sound, of the clack  
clack  
Nigga make some room, back back  
No Limit soldiers are on the attack

[Fiend]  
Chorus

[Kane]  
I kick this motherfucker off like the Superbowl  
Watch how quick this luger blow  
The world gotta know, I ain't a hoe  
I'm a go leave bullet holes in your vehicle  
Kane & Abel stay low, bustin shots at the popos  
Hundred shots in a row from the calicos  
Cut throat like autopsy, poppin this, stop me, bitch

watch me  
Call your baby mommy, identify the body when I get  
rowdy  
Kicking ass till my shoes get shitty  
Bullets trigger man city  
You with me  
Put your face up with steel make up, yall niggas wanna  
be pretty

[Abel]  
Sargent at arms, denate bombs, we lyrical warfare  
Blow up your mind with pipe bombs, you niggas wanna  
go there  
I cut your shit like Edward Scissorhands, I'm just a killer  
man  
Bustin hollow tip grips in the black land  
Smack your bitch with a back hand  
We soldiers

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