

## **Mr. Serv-On "We Got It"**

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What you need, need  
We got it, got it  
(4X)  
[Mr. Serv-On]  
Nigga, you know what the fuck I came for  
I'm wearing this fucking tank  
Now tell me, the fuck you stand for  
N-O-L-I-M-I-T, S-E-R and V  
Niggaz salute the Colonel  
Nigga, I'm the lieutenant, don't give a fuck  
So, nigga, bow to me  
The banging one in the clique  
Fuck your sound and your bitch  
Nigga, this platinum Beats By The Pound shit  
A soldier marching with his knees high  
1 to the 2 to the 3 to the 4 to the 5  
>From gang-signs to gun-fights  
Bitch, I done done it  
When it comes to these streets and this music  
mothafucka  
No Limit run it  
Nigga, three number one's  
Took 2 and a 3 and a 4 and a 5  
Shit, in the same year  
So if your label can say the same shit  
How the fuck you came here?  
I done did from Chi-town to Montgomery  
I'd rather lose my life than let you bitches run me  
I know what I came for  
So, what you looking for? (What you looking for?)  
What you looking for?  
I know what I came for  
What you looking for?  
[Chorus: Fiend (2X)]  
[Big Ed]  
What in Sam Hill are you thinking?  
If you step to us, you won't be left stanking  
Big Ed, the assassin  
Captain of the tank is my rank  
Step through your hood like a Tyrannosaurus Rex  
Mowed with Tech's, camouflage gear from the toes to  
the neck

Niggaz don't always know, niggaz still sleep on my  
lyrical capacity  
That's when I smoke em like Turbulence, bust on mics,  
And cause tragedy  
Ain't no presence w/ these, park 3's, and sow his knees  
Lyricists tuck on my sleeves after verbals like these  
Big Ed be puttin' it down like that w/ a 50 Caliber  
Niggaz runnin' on rides wit ya, but hangin' wit a bunch  
of rowdy niggaz  
With a rowdy manager  
If you want the hook-up, we got it  
Don't make me BLAST at ya!  
When it comes to a bunch of No Limit soldiers, we'll  
dirty-dance witcha!  
[Chorus: Fiend (2X)]  
[Magic]  
It's a WAR!!! But I'm in the tank, nigga  
Just can't lose, it's this clique of No Limit soldiers  
Giving you fools the blues  
I refuse to lose, so I choose my moves  
Smoking the coooool  
Precisely selecting my 2's  
Don't play by the rules!  
Busting first, leaving niggaz wetter  
Jump in my Cadillac and then I jetta  
If it's a setup, I'm a call my squad of head-bustaz and  
wig-splitters  
Hope you ready for war 'cause these niggaz ain't bull-  
shitters  
TRU NIGGAZ!!! We can't fucking stand the rain!  
Bringing the pain, mentally destroying your game  
It must be the matches that I'm giving  
Or could it be my deliverance?  
That got you niggaz shivering while my tank is  
glistening  
Picture this, a new era, and we on top of this rappin'  
Ain't no use in you fightin'  
'cause ain't no stoppin' what's supposed to happen!!!  
[Chorus: Fiend (4X)]  
Mr. Serv-On, Big Ed, Fiend, & Magic appear courtesy of  
No Limit Records,  
LLC. (1998)

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