

Three 6 Mafia "Slang And Serve"

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ATL niggas
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I'm on an everlasting money mission, million dollar
premonition
Got my own coalition, pack my own ammunition
20's on the Lexus glisten, I'm driven to mob life
Hella niggas want me murdered, but can't do the job
right
Razor blades, Ak's, and ask me do I carry them
Killin' for a hobby like a medieval barbarian
When will the disaster stop? Never, nigga pass the
glock
Illustrated killin' live in color like it's magnavox

Now I got 'em hot, from the plot to put the block on lock
Set up shop wit' over 50, 000 dollars worth of rocks
Ammunition cocked, prepared to pop, I'll even shoot at
cops
Stash away the heat and then retreat off in my drop top
Find yo own bizness, or the gat'll make yo clock stop
187 from the west and get yo fuckin' block mopped
You gone have to tangle wit' a Hypnotize, get surprised
Good for makin' money off the shit to stay the fuck
alive

Come smoke some herb wit' me
Come flip a bird wit' me
Step on the curb wit' me
Come slang & serve wit' me

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I only fuck wit' real niggas, all the haters can burn in
hell
If you ain't affiliated, don't come wit' packs to sell
Object of this hustlin' is bubbling stacks of mail
Situations turn sour, rivals'll blast then bail
When I hit the block I'm seein' J's drivin' insane
Crunker than Montana wit' some anna for ounces of
caine
ATL niggas blowin' brains, simple and plain
Sippin' golden grain, makin' stangs, inflictin' the pain

Smokin', gettin' into it, livin' ruthless, the feds are
clueless
We the ones who keep the city crunker than engine
fluid
Hypnotize niggas ridin' vettes, sippin' moets
Strapped up wit' a vest and giant tecs to lower the
stress
51 niggas got my back, so nevertheless
I'ma get this anna off my chest and smoke on this cest
Puttin' bitches on the track, when it's a pimp in the flesh
Solid as a rock for adversaries who wishin' to test

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My scandalous recipe make niggas be scared of me
If there has been treachery don't try to get next to me
Yo life is in jeopardy when fuckin' wit' family

We turn to psychotic crews and all of our insanity
Break bread off of greenery, releasin' the steam in me
Keep me from the weapons, I'll be fuckin' up the
scenery
Deport bullets like immigrants, bitch niggas don't
attempt to flinch
Money is the motive, let my sinning end the innocence

I'ma let the missile rip, ballistic wit' hollow tips
You won't see me comin', keep yo fingers on the pistol
grip
Smoke blindin' my enemies, give 'em fearful
tendencies
You can kiss they life goodbye when T-Rock hit the
hennesey
I'm in it for the presidents, luxurious residence
Hooked up wit' the camp, I've been a mercenary ever
since
Atlanta my stompin' grounds, Old Nationals where I'm
found
Moving bricks and fuckin' tricks, and smokin' reefer by
the pounds

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