

36 Crazyfists

"Slang N Serve"

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I'm on an everlasting money mission, million dollar
premenition,
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 medeival 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 suprised,
Good for makin money off the shit to stay the fuck
alive,

Chorus 4X

Come smoke some herb wit me,
Come flip a bird wit me,
Step on the curb wit me,
Come slang n serve wit me,

I only fuck wit real niggas, all the haters can burn in
hell,
If you aint 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 tec's to lower the
stress,
51 niggas got my back, so nevertheless,
Ima 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 advesaries who wishin to test,

Repeat Chorus

My scandalous recipe make niggas be scared of me,
If there??? 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,
Ima let the missile rip, ballistic wit hollow tips,
You wont 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 mercerary ever
since,
Atlanta my stompin grounds, Old National's where I'm
found,
Moving bricks, and fuckin tricks, and smokin reefer by
the
Pounds!!!

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