

Liebe

"Slang N Serve"

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[Hook]

ATL niggas (repeated throughout the song)

[Verse 1]

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 cant 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 its 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, Ill 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 suprisd
Good for makin money off the shit to stay the fuck
alive.

[Chorus]x4

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

[Verse 2]

I only fuck wit real niggas, all the haters can burn in hell
If you aint affiliated, dont 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
Ima get this anna off my chest and smoke on this cest
Puttin bitches on the track, when its a pimp in the flesh
Solid as a rock for advesaries who wishin to test
Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3]

My scandalous recipe make niggas be scared of me
If there has been treachery dont 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, Ill be fuckin up the scenery
Deport bullets like immigrants, bitch niggas dont
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, Ive 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!!!

ATL niggas (until fade)

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