

Mr. Serv-On F/ Big Punisher

"On F/ Big Punisher - From N.Y. To N.O"

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[Mr. Serv-On]
Shh....Terror Squad.
Ha Ha Ha, No Limit.
You know you don't fucked up right?
Ha Ha, Pun.
S-E-R uh V.
Nigga, what up, what up, huh?
Nigga what?

[Mr. Serv-On]
From NY to NO, motherfucker biggy sized
My motherfuckin platinum, nigga this is for sho
Yall don't know
Nigga Pun represent Terror Squad, I represent the
tank.
Ya need to go to the drive, to hustle get the small
change
Nigga we got the fuckin bank
Nigga ask P, if I ever broke rank, nigga I can't
Nigga I come to your muthafuckin town, slap the fuck
out of you nigga
And surely put a tank on your chest
Who the fuck you playin with
Nigga why the fuck are ya'll scared when you see the
tank around my neck
Nigga what ya'll wanna do, nigga I stay rowdy
Nigga I fucked up and talked about yall bout it
Yall don't know me, that's why yall can't fuck with me
I was born not to lose
And how the fuck it gon hit me between this bitch, I
choose
Nigga let's play a game of family fued
One, never see my real name
Two, how the fuck you gon bounce with a nigga like me
when you can't take pain
Three, it ain't nuttin, that's why I'm fuckin with Pun
Nigga so I can get my muthafuckin money, get the
fuckin job done

Chorus
[Big Pun]

Big stun with the big guns
[Mr. Serv-On]
Serv-On get yo swerve on
[Mr. Serv-On/Big Pun]
New York to New Orleans
Shit is doper then morphine
Hit the streets gettin more creme
Making all the hoes scream x2

[Big Pun]
Ey man but the hardcore created of the side of
momma boritore
Why keep all the war, shit store to seperate corridors
Songs drippin the art of war, sympanies by morely
more
We got it all, pore, the squad follows the protocall
Speakin of protocall, I'm the protocall, when you go to
war
Cause my death count amount to war overall, so don't
abort
You can't handle the rock, I'm be standing a block
If you just hand me the glock
I be the rock like enro, glock like wino
Eye bumped, when your glocked get the drop top
demo
What's the problemo, dose of espanol
Anything is stutterin is Pun, the da, da
No Limit, scared to death, you ain't got no hair in your
chest
My shit is Chuck Norris, you look like two bears having
sex
Gots it outta here, like Samson I generate my power
and you outta here
I was around with two hundred bottles of beer
It ain't fair whoever said life was sweet, your wife with
cheat
Everything was nice in the streets, advice of the week
Pack the biggest bottles of the pills on the shelf
And swallow the muthafuckers cause you better off
killin yourselves

Chorus x2

[Mr. Serv On]
Shit.
Nigga I done come motherfuckin two thousand miles.
Just to make you bitch ass niggas understand.
Uh, Terror Squad, No Limit.
Ha ha, real shit nigga.
Ha ha, soldiers, players.
This nigga here.

I got the biggest muthafuckin man on the coast nigga.
Pun nigga, you fuck alot, I blast alot.
Put that together nigga, ain't nothin but money baby.
And number one and a fifties.
You bunch of bitches.
Bitch ass niggas out there.
Craig B.

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