

# Tank, Club

[Mac:]

No Limit black sheep, played the back seat for months  
Stayed away from the Tanqueray, bitches and blunts  
Still Mac nigga, ain't nothin changed  
Got the rings and the gold chains  
Now bitches wanna know my whole name  
I penetrate em, then I disintegrate em  
I let the next nigga date em, cuz I don't hate em  
I spit voodoo, to the most hard to get hoes  
And at the end of the night, I rippin off clothes  
You fuckin with the realest, from lyrical spillers  
To killers and dealers and cap peelers, and street guerillas  
From villians to chillers, we made millions  
And paid killers to protect scrilla  
So what the fuck you talk about winners?  
You hear that word camouflage when you hear my name  
I represent the shell shocked cuz it's in my veins  
(No Limit soldier) is on my left arm, I took it in blood  
Throw your hood up if you a thug  
And all them niggas say

[Chorus: Mac]

(Woah!)

You see a soldier on the streets holler

(Woah!)

You hear them soldiers on them beats holler

(Woah!)

Every time them soldiers speak holler

(Woah!)

[Kane & Abel:]

Load your weapons, grab your gats  
We sprinkle daily verbs over tracks  
Hit the chest like heart attacks  
When my lyrical hammer cock back  
And leave bullet holes in your Bourbons and 'Lacs  
The only thing we give them hoes is a dick and a smack  
Gangstafied Kane & Abel you know the camouflage assassin  
Blastin and mashin, kidnappin and head bashin  
Razor blade slashin, the endo blunt passin  
For the cash and, woah it's bout to happen  
What you want (?) ugly with that 223  
Hit em up in 3-d, now it's banned from tv  
Niggas playa hated, I sho hated  
Spark the weed, cremated  
See this game, we regulated

[Mr. Serv-On:]

Nigga, you know me

The nigga that spell everything out? (Nah)

The nigga that'll run through your motherfuckin set and bang  
your hoe motherfuckin out (Fuck yeah nigga)

The nigga that's catchin these niggas and beatin em down

Cuz they wearin Tanks, they don't know what the fuck it mean

Nigga, that's the fuck, that's about punchin your fuckin mouth

The nigga that'll tear the club up

Nigga, I don't give a fuck if you bangin or slangin

Nigga when I put this Tank up nigga you get rowdy as the fuck

But if you think I was gonna leave this motherfucker without  
spellin a line

K-L you done lost your motherfuckin mind

Stop the track cuz these niggas don't know about my click black

I down with the M to the A to the C

It's the S to the E to the R to the V

Fuckin with the T to the A to the N to the K  
And when I come through motherfucker and I raise my Tank up high  
You best believe some a you coward motherfuckers gon die

[Chorus]

[Big Ed:]

Nigga what I claim?

Nigga I claim TRU!

I hang with niggas that's killas with TRU tatoos

I got my name Big Ed from what I put between hips

I got my name Assassin from the way I empty out clips

Wear the No Limit soldier, thuggin at heart

Hittin niggas with throw aways when I toss em I break em apart

Niggas get your guns up if you rowdy

And when Assassin hit the stores, buy the album if you bout it  
bout it

[Snoop Dogg:]

Rowdy gangsta in this motherfucker, loco

So I can come through and keep it TRU and do what the fuck I  
must

I bust, I keep it TRU from the 'ginnin

Snoop Dogg, the representer from Long Beach city

A TRU tank dog, bank y'all in y'all face

If y'all try to come close, y'all can't run this race

I place my self above the stack

With my homeboys Mac and sack you fact, we strap for strap

We got your back, don't even flip out or trip out

Or dip out, these niggas lookin at me strange

My game to maintain, I let it go, I sell it don't tell it

Y'all can't touch it motherfucker, or bail it, for real

[Mia X:]

Biggest mama, drama two guns here I come

Put down for my last son, the camouflaged one

Mac the don, get your shine on cuz it's your time

And I'ma get my rhyme on and spit like nine

Cocked nine millimeters the ghetto diva

Mia X-rated, golden platinum plated

Face it, when they hear me on the K-L track

All them niggas grab they head and jump back

Hollin Woah cuz it's goin down like lips to dick

I'm so tight I make you bitches never wanna see the mic

And spit, the matter lesson rhymes next to mine

I'm mama superior, you hoes is fearin the

Lyrical warfare I exhale

Some fake bitches like you name is Mel

Battle anybody, hip hop or glock

On TRU I'ma close your shop, woah