

Three 6 Mafia, Slang And Serve

T-Rock
"Slang N Serve"
Choices Soundtrack
deciphered by Mista Flames

Im on an everlasting money mission,million dollar premenition,
got my own coalition,pack my own ammunition,
20's on the Lexus glisten,Im 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 f**kin block mopped,
you gone have to tangle wit a Hypnotize,get suprised,
good for makin money off the shit to stay the f**k 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 f**k 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 Im 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 its 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 dont try to get next to me,
yo life is in jeopardy when f**kin 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 f**kin 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,
Im 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 Im found,
moving bricks,and f**kin tricks,and smokin reefer by the pounds!!!