

# Three 6 Mafia, Slang & Serve

(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  
Khen 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 suprised  
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)