

Comming 2 Serve You

Flesh-N-Bone

Alright, now let's do this (Flesh)
Knocc Out and Flesh, my glock to techs
We comin' 2 serve ya (BG Knocc Out)
Knocc Out and Flesh, with tha glock cock
And you know I'm screamin' murda mo' murda

Rippin' up, it's yo' St. Clair
Takin' money that's straight, and gotta kick it, chill
Then makin' it real, to the pop on my slug for love
I'm gonna feed you with BG Knocc Out
Drop these bullets in a grill for the skill
Motha Fuckas with double, meat is when it's on
My fox cause to this, is a rock gets clock
And a grip now ready to rough house

Betta with coppas and his guns
Sendin' bodiez off yet, for the redrum
Six feet in a ditch is where I'm leaving you bitch-ass niggas
So come, come. Mo' victim to tha crome, it's on
Leavin' bodiez strapped up, and I kill 'em all, mo' mo'
Bitch-ass niggaz from the other side, want to try me, come rock
'Cause the nigga don't know

I really help, can't contain us, bring 'em out
Fuck with the sinners and rap shit, kick names out yo' mouth
I'm crossin' my nigga and he got rapid
To be killas that flip, every blood drip I pray
Like a self diplp Souljah Boy from makin' niggas
Won't grab, take it from here to Towhee

That's why I'm here, hit them down with than AK
Leavin' bodiez straight down in the wrong day
All you niggaz if you wanted that shit
Can't wait 'till you bitch-ass niggas come my way
To the hallway, nigga all day
To the peace treat, nigga ain't no love
Ain't no way in hell, you'll buck with B.G. Knocc Out
Flesh, and ah Mo' Thug, straight up