

# Brotha Lynch Hung, Hunch

(chorus) x2

Die!!!, I choose before you  
One by one we will pick you  
You will die!!!  
(f\*\*k it...psychological)

Verse one:

Siccmade music comin up out yo seat  
Catch the reeper night crawler creeper  
Dig a ditch get a bitch nigga dig a ditch deeper  
I'ma take yo head with this street sweeper  
Leave yo brains on yo speaker  
Smash off in yo jeep  
Do the bitches i'ma get real hostile  
Get the signal model in stroddle  
Smash down on the throddle  
More scratch than lucky luciano  
Serve more mutha f\*\*kas than gronnup  
Creep up on ya like dunnup  
Send on to ya forehead and then like they said I fled  
Cause I'm the type of nigga that'll leave a horse head in ya bed  
Take ya wife rape her no caper  
Tie the bitch to the bed  
Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge  
Real lunatic and sicc-fed  
And thats some sentimental shit  
I just might drip cream from my dick  
When I'm off that  
Smirnoff gin mix with o.e. I'm hard and wet  
O.e. kept tellin' me no  
But this smirnoff gin kept tellin' me yes  
Mess maker raper  
All about my paper  
Throw yo hands over yo eyes  
As yo thoughts intensify yo will (die!!!)

(chorus) x2

(deep voice)

Greetings..have a seat  
Let me be the first to actually greet you to the basement  
We've heard you've been busy  
Ahaha we've heard you've been busy  
We've learn from above that you've been  
Doin' a little bit of this  
Doin' a little bit of that  
Stealing peoples scratch

Stabbin' in the back  
We don't think it's fair !  
When we found you you were nothing  
Now you are our nothing  
Is there room for unrest  
Die.... you will !!!

(chorus)

I promise

Verse two:

I'm wes craven on paper  
So plug yo pussy clips  
Cause I get sicker than a sifilous dick  
And yo mama won't like my shit nigga

Admit if you was sittin up in yo room hi  
Loaded up in yo tape deck ready to write yo tape next  
Me I do hot sex  
Razor blade and alcohol swarzanigga ceremonial ripsneck  
Then I write my shit next  
So feel yo insides and yo intestins when you mix me wit  
The whisky tell'em situation risky wit a nailgun through  
Yo eye you will  
I got this endo suckin me dry  
I got this slut bitch suckin me dry  
Bout to wet the bed up  
It was the perfect setup  
Bloody sheets (bloody sheets)  
No body (no body)  
No murder weapon  
I got this endo suckin me dry  
I got this slut bitch suckin me dry  
It was the perfect setup  
Bout to wet the bed up  
Bloody sheets  
No body (no body)  
No murder weapon

(chorus) x4  
Thats why we die x8

Thats my name don't wear it out  
You don't know about my whereabouts